

COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND THE HOME CIRCLE

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"Horrified, Gene rushed to the spot"-
See "The Shadow of a Cross"

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COMFORT

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A Million and a Quarter Homes.

Devoted to
Art, Literature, Science, and the Home Circle.

Its Motto is "Onward and Upward."

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Crumbs of Comfort

Afflictions clarify the soul.

Ambition is but avarice on stilts.

A face that cannot smile is never good.

Never to meet, or ne'er to part, is peace.

He lives who dies to win a lasting name.

Some there be that shadows kiss;
Such have but a shadow's bliss.

—Shakespeare.

Sin is a state of mind, not an outward act.

The farmers are the founders of civilization.

Nature never betrayed the heart that loved her.

Command large fields, but cultivate small ones.

Nothing is too late till the tired heart stops beating.

Absence of occupation is not rest,
A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed.

—Copper.

There is purpose in pain, otherwise it were devilish.

Just laws are no restraint upon the freedom of the good.

Better a little chiding than a great deal of heart-break.

There are epidemics of nobleness as well as epidemics of disease.

For virtue's self may too much zeal be had;

The worst of madmen is a saint run mad.

—Pope.

Patience is the strongest of strong drinks, for it kills the giant despair.

Each departed friend is a magnet that attracts us to the next world.

Gray hairs are like the light of a soft moon silvering over the evening of life.

More helpful than all wisdom is one draft of simple human pity that will not forsake us.

Silence in love betrays more woe
Than words, though ne'er so witty;
A beggar that is dumb, you know,
May challenge double pity.

—Sir Walter Raleigh.

When men once reach their Autumn, sickly joys fall off apace, as yellow leaves from trees.

Where all are selfish, the sage is no better than the fool, and only rather more dangerous.

Alas, for the unhappy man that is called to stand in the pulpit, and not give the bread of life.

Amusements are to religion like breezes to the flame—gentle ones will fan it, but strong ones will put it out.

Music! Oh, how faint, how weak.

Language fades before thy spell;

Why should feeling ever speak?

When thou canst breathe her soul so well?

—Moore.

None but God can satisfy the longings of the immortal soul; that as the heart was made for Him, so He only can fill it.

Most arts require long study and application;

but the most useful art of all, the art of pleasing, requires only the desire to please.

A Few Words by the Editor

All in the wild March morning, I heard the angels call;
It was when the moon was setting, and the dark
was over all;
The trees began to whisper, and the wind began to
roll.
And in the wild March morning, I heard them
call my soul.

—Tennyson.

WE are now approaching that portion of the church year, known as Lent. Easter comes early this year—on March 31st. Lent used to be observed only by Catholics and Episcopalians, but nowadays its observance is becoming more general.

In these days of hurry and scurry, when every nerve is strained to its utmost tension, and brain and body racked to the point of exhaustion, anything that calls a halt to the mad rush of life is to be welcomed. As the old saw says, "Life is not all beer and skittles," and neither is it all mire and strife, social functions and money getting. There is a deeper purpose in life, and it is during Lent that we should strive to give a little time to devotion, and we should endeavor to hush the warring elements in our nature, and listen to the "still small voice," and seek a little of the peace that passeth understanding. It will be all the better for us, if we do this. We shall gain, both physically and spiritually. For once in a while, as we hurry through life, we should all stop to note the road on which we are traveling, and mark where it leads to, and what is at the end of it. Perhaps such a period of reflection may show us that we are on the wrong road, that we have lost our way, and are far, far from home, deep in the morass that threatens our destruction, sinking in quicksands that will eventually engulf us.

Once a year men take stock of their business, and calculate their losses and gains, so they may know just where they stand. It is in Lent that a man should take stock of himself, and note where he is journeying. If he is not satisfied with the inventory he has taken of himself, if his footsteps are uncertain, the outlook dark, the storm clouds gathering, he need not despair; greater men than he have taken this self inventory, and have been harassed by doubts and fears, and disheartened and discouraged, have faltered, not knowing which way to go, or how to reach a harbor of safety, and a rock of security, which something told them was not far ahead, if they only knew just where and how to seek it.

No trial which has taken place in this country, except those of the assassins of President Garfield and President McKinley, has caused wider interest and comment than that of Harry Thaw, the young Pittsburg millionaire, for the shooting of Stanford White, the famous New York architect. It is hardly necessary to go into details. Evelyn Nesbit, a pretty chorus girl, was the cause of all the trouble. After a more or less scandalous career, Thaw married her, and then was her opportunity to have retired from public view, and as wife, possibly mother, to have lived down her past. But the young Mrs. Thaw was not made of such stern stuff. She could not make the sacrifice even in so good a cause. She came back to New York where White was, and her husband's jealousy grew until one night last summer he killed the man whom Mrs. Thaw swears first led her astray.

Whatever may be true of the shocking testimony with which all newspaper readers have been served, the lesson is in it against the modern metropolitan methods of living among those who exist in the glare of the lights which are red. This is the light which attracts so many young people all over this country, and it is the fierce blaze which scorches the virtue of so many girls who come to the city, and leads to destruction so many weak young men who cannot resist the temptations about them.

Thousands of young girls in every part of the United States, whose homes are comfortable, and whose lives might be fitly shaped for what is best in living, are drawn to the city by the promises of better opportunities and wider scope of mind and work, only to find disappointment and death, or the life that is worse, now and hereafter. These girls may read the dreadful story of Evelyn Nesbit and be properly shocked at it, but will they heed it? Will they listen to the words of the wise who would save them, or will they still want to try for themselves and weep the bitter tears of sorrow that must come to most who know not the lure of the city, and depend upon the careless, often the wicked, to instruct them in the ways they should not go? COMFORT has many readers among the young who are dissatisfied with the simpler life of the country, and long to go to the city, and to these this word of warning in all kindness is spoken. Better rust in the country than rot in the town.

Your editor has just been running his eyes over a number of magazines that compete with COMFORT in its particular field. It occurred to him that it would be unwise to take it for granted that good old COMFORT was so far ahead of its rivals, that there was no necessity of his spying out the land, and knowing what others were doing in the way of catering to your literary needs. The ostrich, you will remember in a time of danger, puts its head in the sand, and ignores its enemy. Your editor does not believe in imitating the ostrich, COMFORT imitates no one, but blazes a pathway for itself, a pathway most other publications are only too glad to follow. Your editor's main desire then, in casting his eye over the magazine field, was to note if anyone was giving a more generous literary dish, and setting a more bountiful table for its readers than COMFORT. While he was noting quality and quantity, it occurred to him also to notice price. The review was a conscientious and impartial one, fair and thorough, and we have much pleasure in making the result known to you, for that examination convinced your editor, and would also have convinced you, had you been here when it was made, that COMFORT leads all its competitors both in quantity and quality. Many publications, which charge nearly double what COMFORT charges you for a year's subscription, had not one half the reading matter to be found in one of our ordinary issues. Where COMFORT gave 32 pages, the majority of other publications gave only 16. One magazine whose yearly subscription rate is 25 cents, had only 19 columns of reading matter, while COMFORT had just four times as much. It is only natural that everyone should want to get the best possible return for their money both as to quality and quantity. The readers of this paper can rest assured that we give

them more for their money, both in quality and quantity, than any other similar publication, in fact, we give three and sometimes four times as much, as is given by other similar periodicals. We do not make these remarks from any desire to belittle other literary enterprises, but simply to place before you a plain statement of facts that is indisputable. Nearly everything in life depends upon one's point of view, depends upon the way we look at things. Some people regard the public as simply a mass of humans created by a kindly Providence to provide them with a living,—the public is to be squeezed at every opportunity. Such people embark in all sorts of enterprises, with but one idea, and that is to get rich as quickly as possible, and to get rich quickly means that one must make big profits on a very little outlay. It means considering only one's self, and ignoring the public utterly. In other words, one must work without a conscience, and have only greed as an ideal. COMFORT's point of view is the very antithesis of this. Our one idea is to give you as much as we possibly can for the money. We are not here today and gone tomorrow, but intend like the brook "to go on forever," bringing comfort into your lives that only COMFORT can bring. We are more intent on heap up friends than heap up profits. While others are striving to see how little they can give for the money, we are endeavoring to see just how much our plant and resources will permit us to place before you. You know COMFORT's heart is in the right place. Our interest in seeking to help the unfortunate proves that, and our generous methods of catering also substantially prove it. You can rest assured that no publication will ever do better by its readers, ever can do better by its readers and manage to exist, than will COMFORT. Every promise we make we keep. Some magazines make a specialty of proclaiming their generous intentions towards their readers only to still further curtail the scanty literary fare provided for them. Our word is our bond. COMFORT is the biggest and best, not because we say so, but because it is so, and no one knows this fact to be true better than yourselves.

A new department. Knowing nearly everyone is interested in the things that befall the life of women, we commence in this issue to give you a general review of the past month's happenings from all over the country, showing the many odd and curious things women are doing. We would like to know if our readers are interested in this style of information, and the Editor would be pleased to have all express their opinion on the subject. A postal from you, or a few words in a letter when you are writing, would be very acceptable.

Those who from force of habit have procrastinated in the matter of renewing their subscriptions, should do so at once. Directly your subscriptions run out your paper stops. We feel confident that if your subscription is not renewed, it is not because you cannot afford the trifling outlay, only 15 cents, necessary to secure our paper for one year, but simply because you have been unable to get to the post-office, or have been too pressed with other matters to spare time to write to us. Do not hesitate longer. We want to keep our family intact, and if we could eliminate procrastination from human life, we should never lose a subscriber except by death;—of that we are confident, for no one who has got used to COMFORT, ever drops it to take another paper, for no one would be foolish enough to stop an excellent magazine like ours, and to take in its place another publication of inferior quality and higher price. Once more then, let us assure our readers, there is no magazine in America, or in the world for that matter, that can touch COMFORT as to quality, quantity and price. It is the best, and you know it.

Your friend,
COMFORT'S EDITOR.



Child Labor

"One of the hard problems to handle," said the philanthropist, "is that of child labor—that is, making children under 14 do day's work, as an adult does. Most states have laws against it, but they vary, and in addition we must contend against the need of what the children may earn by working in families and getting no help in our efforts from parents. According to the latest census there were 1,750,178 children from 10 to 15 years of age engaged in various occupations, and in 20,452 families 35.7 of the breadwinners were under 15. Of the total, 1,054,446 were employed on the farms where they lived. Next to farm work comes servants and waiters, of whom there are 138,065, mostly girls. Of general laborers, principally working in cities, there were 128,617, all being boys except 17,059. In the gainful occupations about one third were 15 years of age, and more than one half above 14. Of working children about three fourths are boys. The per cent. of colored child laborers is much higher than among whites, but it is almost entirely on farms. More children are employed in cotton mills than in any other industry, and the majority of them are in New England, North and South Carolina and Georgia. Of the 71,622 messengers, errand boys and cash girls, 90 per cent. are boys. Of the textile workers and needle trades, 29,334 were girls and 5,123 boys. In 188 families the children supported them entirely, the size of the families ranging from five to eight dependents. In some families every member is a bread winner, and still the children have to work. However, this is merely for gain, and here is where the law should be exercised on the parents."

A Paid Sunday School

"As far as I know," said a clerical-looking party, "there is but one Sunday school in this country, or the world, where teachers and tuition cost money. Some say it is not a good plan, but I think it is. This school has competent teachers who instruct children on religious subjects of an entirely undenominational character, and the scholars pay a tuition fee of \$15. The school meets every Sunday morning, and opens with simple religious exercises of responsive Bible reading and singing of hymns. For the little ones there is a kindergarten with Bible stories and songs, and for the older ones the Bible is taught in all its phases, moral, historical and literary. The good part of the Bible is taught to the children, and they are shown how its precepts may make better boys and girls of them, and how they can improve all persons with whom they come in contact. It is simply teaching practical religion to the right kind of children by competent and liberal-minded teachers, and the result cannot help being of the greatest benefit now and hereafter. Pictures and lectures are constantly used to interest the children in their Bible studies, and the school is growing, with bright prospects of similar schools being established elsewhere."

Current Topics

Charles Curtis, who was lately elected United States Senator from Kansas, has served in the House of Representatives, fourteen years. His mother was a full-blooded Kaw Indian.

John F. Stevens, chief engineer of the Panama canal commission has resigned. The President has asked the canal commission to assign to the office of chief engineer, Major George W. Goethals, of the Engineer Corps.

The historic battleship Oregon that Captain Clark raced around the continent to bring in the nick of time into the battle of Santiago Bay, is to be modernized, and the Secretary of the Navy has authorized the expenditure of \$1,000,000 on her. She was one of the best battleships in 1898, and now has become almost obsolete.

During the present session of the Indiana Legislature an appropriation will be asked to care for the grave of Nancy Hanks Lincoln, the mother of Abraham Lincoln. That the grave of the mother of Abraham Lincoln should have been so long neglected does not speak well for public sentiment in that state, or for the whole country.

Sabatis Shay and Newel Ranco, full-blooded Indians, in Maine, are to erect a building for the manufacture of canoe paddles and cant dog handles—articles which require honesty in manufacture as a safeguard to life. A young Indian girl, a graduate of a High School and business college, is to be the stenographer and bookkeeper of the company.

Halley's comet, last seen in 1835, will be visible again in 1910, and astronomers are bestirring themselves in preparation of the event. It is the greatest comet known to have been seen at more than one return, its average period being about seventy-five years. The object of the astronomers at present is to predict the moment of its perihelion with the utmost possible accuracy.

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JERRY, THE BACKWOODS BOY

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By Horatio Alger, Jr.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Jerry Blue, a boy fourteen years old, lives with Squire Parkhurst. Going in search of a lost cow he finds hoof prints. He hears an odd sound, and "Stop, Nero! Stop, I tell you!" Suddenly a horse bursts into view. From one stirrup drags the form of a horseman. Jerry stops the horse, saving the man from death. Henry Maxwell questions Jerry as to his parents and his home. He is Squire Parkhurst's bound boy and was taken by him out of the poorhouse in New York City. Jerry does not know how long he was there. A man named Cass takes him away for two years; he is killed and Jerry goes back. Henry Maxwell gives him gold for his bravery. When Jerry is his own master he will try to clear up the mystery of his identity. When Mr. Maxwell goes back to New York he will look into the matter for him. Jerry offers the money back; the man refuses to take it and rides off. Jerry finds the cow, and he wonders about himself. He will find out some day, but he does not dream of the odd things to happen before the secret of his identity is revealed.

A few miles to the south of where Jerry meets Henry Maxwell, night and darkness overtake Dick Clarke, who meets Indian John, and asks him to guide him to a place of shelter. They arrive at Hill's Tavern. The landlord is curious as to his visitor's home and name. He may call him Clarke, as to his stay he will be guided by circumstances, and he inquires about the chief settlers. There is Isaac Davenport, an officer in the war, Henry, the Major's only son, a graduate of Harvard, Squire Parkhurst, and his daughter Mabel. The landlord often sees Henry Davenport and Mabel Parkhurst riding together. Dick Clarke retires for the night.

Squire Parkhurst's home is well chosen—two stories high, with a rustic piazza. Mehitable Higgins lives at Squire Parkhurst's, and at thirty-seven is unmarried, and unwilling to admit the years. In her secret heart she is jealous of Mabel Parkhurst. Jerry Blue annoys Mehitable.

Jerry Blue takes a gun to shoot deer. Dick Clarke inquires of the landlord the way to Squire Parkhurst's. It is the saving of distance to go through the woods. As he walks along there is the discharge of a gun, the bullet of which lodges in his hat. Jerry mistakes him for a deer. Dick Clarke asks the boy to conduct him to Squire Parkhurst's. Jerry tries to conceal the gun, but Mehitable meets him. Jerry relates his adventures and reckons he's in search of a wife. Dick Clarke meets Squire Parkhurst, and tells him he is a lawyer by profession. Though Squire Parkhurst lives in the wilderness, Dick Clarke knows he was born to wealth. Inheriting fifty thousand dollars from his father, his investments fail, and he leaves New York. His daughter takes the change more kindly than he. Mr. Parkhurst is anxious and ready to hear anything he may have to say. Dick Clarke has the power to replace him in his old position, and promises nothing he can not perform. Chance has thrown it in his way.

Dick Clarke buys, at auction, an antique desk belonging to Squire Parkhurst's father. He discovers a secret spring which reveals a hidden drawer, containing a paper, which tells the place of concealment of a large fortune left by Squire Parkhurst's father. Dick Clarke thinks the finder should receive some reward and seeks the hand of Mabel Parkhurst. Her father yields so much that he agrees to give him the marriage portion, ten thousand dollars. Dick Clarke refuses the sum, without Mabel for his bride. Unless the father yields, he has gained nothing by the discovery, and is powerless. Dick Clarke knows where the money is concealed. He takes up his residence at Hill's Tavern, where Squire Parkhurst may see him at any time. Jerry's opinion of Dick Clarke is not favorable; he thinks he has seen him before at Dan Cass's, or the poorhouse. Jerry starts fishing; he meets Henry Davenport who inquires for Mabel. He finds her near the wilderness home. He declares his love, and steals the first kiss. Jerry, perched on one of the upper branches, witnesses all.

CHAPTER X.

SECOND THOUGHTS.

THE lawyer's visit had operated upon Joseph Parkhurst as a stone thrown into a pool—producing movement and agitation, a general feeling of unrest, which time alone could calm. There are some natures that seem made for a particular sphere and are not pliant enough to adapt themselves to the requisitions of another. So it was with him. He had been bred to all the privileges which wealth and high birth bestow, and in a quiet way had been in the habit of looking down upon all who did not move in the same circle with himself.

To such a man the sudden downfall which has already been described proved a severe blow. The thought of ranking with those whom he had regarded with condescension only, and of being treated as an inferior by those with whom he had hitherto moved on terms of perfect equality, was indeed bitter to one of his disposition. He could no longer endure to live where he would be subjected to such mortifications. But for that imperative reason he never would have brought himself to what in his case might be fairly considered a desperate step—namely, a home in the wilderness. It was a sacrifice which he made upon the altar of his pride. He had indeed exhibited a little interest in fitting up the cabin, but after that was completed he sank into a state of lethargy which gave Mabel, when she observed it, a vague feeling of uneasiness. But she, herself, was so thoroughly contented with the change she was unable to enter into her father's feelings. She had no longings after the old life which she had led in the city. This was particularly the case after her acquaintance with Henry Davenport had ripened into intimacy, which led to their being almost daily together.

Both Henry and Mabel had many tastes in common. They delighted in long walks, or gallops upon the soft turf, and scarcely a day passed without some such mutual engagement. In addition to this, Davenport had placed a boat on the little sheet of water near the house, and would often row his fair companion across it. He had even taught her to manage an oar with considerable dexterity, so that she would sometimes laughingly order him to take his turn as passenger while she plied the oars.

But Mr. Parkhurst had no such pleasant associations with the country. The cultivation of land he regarded as irksome but essential to the support of the family. He therefore committed it to other hands, nor did he even reserve to himself the general superintendence of the farming operations, for which indeed he was as little fitted by experience as by inclination.

As long as he regarded his present state as inevitable, these feelings were kept under some restraint, and he submitted, though with an ill grace, to what he knew no complaints could remedy. But after his conversation with the lawyer the feeling of disgust for his present circumstances and yearning for the past came upon him with redoubled force. The longer

he thought of the possibility which existed of regaining what he so much coveted, the more desirable it seemed—the more unendurable it appeared to get along without them.

"To think," he murmured to himself, as he paced his apartment with hasty steps, "to think that I may again live in the old mansion which I was compelled to surrender; that I may again keep my carriage and entertain my old friends, and live as befits a gentleman of my rank and breeding! One year of my former life is worth five, may ten, in this out-of-the-way place where I am deprived of all that I value. Yes, I may get it all back. He says so, and though he is not a gentleman, yet his story is a plausible one. But the condition—"

Here his countenance changed, and with some heat he exclaimed: "The low-born fellow has actually the audacity to demand Mabel's hand in marriage, and to make that the condition of restoring to me what is rightfully my own. I have a great mind to have him arrested!"

A moment's reflection was sufficient to convince Mr. Parkhurst that such a proceeding would be ill-advised, inasmuch as he would be utterly unable to prove anything. The lawyer would undoubtedly meet his charges by a cool demand. He could hardly be expected to admit anything to his own detriment.

What, then, could be done?

There seemed to be but a single alternative, either to give up all thought of obtaining the money and its contingent advantages, or to submit to the condition imposed.

The last Joseph Parkhurst could not at first endure to think of; but being a man who had

brooding over his own peculiar troubles, had he probably noticed the extent to which their intimacy had gone. He did not therefore anticipate the disarrangement which his plans were likely to receive from this source.

But this discovery was not long to be delayed. The avowal of love which had been made by Henry Davenport was followed by a subsequent conversation, in which both parties agreed to make the matter known to their respective families. The necessity of this communication troubled neither. No opposition was anticipated as both the families were on intimate terms, and in other respects there seemed to be no real difference except that Mr. Davenport was unquestionably much the wealthier. But, as he had no aristocratic prejudices to contend against, it was not likely that this would have any effect upon his mind.

"Father," said Mabel in a tone of hesitation, arising from the knowledge of the purpose for which she solicited an interview, "I should be glad to see you in the study a few minutes."

"Certainly," said her father, surprised that she should have anticipated a request which he had himself thought of making.

Mehitable heard this request through the half-open door, and the curiosity of the handmaiden—a quality of which she certainly had her share—was greatly excited.

"I wonder what she's got to say to her father," thought that lady. "Maybe she's going to complain of me. She told me yesterday that she thought the meat was overdone. A pretty chit she is to talk to me, that knew all about cooking before she was born."

Mehitable forgot that her expressions were



"FATHER," SAID MABEL, "YOU FORGET THAT I LOVE HENRY DAVENPORT!"

been accustomed through life to regard his own comfort and advantage of paramount importance, he began little by little to reconcile himself to it. Then he was the better able to do because the objections were merely from his own prejudice, not from regard for his daughter's feelings. It then ultimately resolved itself to this, and in this form he submitted it to himself for consideration.

Would it be a greater sacrifice for him to put up with an unacceptable son-in-law, or to spend the remainder of his life in a wilderness and a state of society which he detested?

It was not difficult to decide what the answer would be. It required only little time to arrive at it.

The lawyer had had the foresight to see this, and for this reason he had had the good policy not to insist upon an immediate answer to his proposition, but to give time for Mr. Parkhurst's selfishness to present the matter in its bearing upon his own comfort.

After Joseph Parkhurst had begun to reconcile himself to that branch of the alternative which would require from him the least sacrifice, the process became rapid.

"After all," he thought, "there is nothing in this man's profession which should interfere with his being a gentleman, and if he is lacking a pedigree the deficiency can easily be supplied by money. It can be reported that he has high connections in England, and as no one will take the trouble to go over and ascertain the incorrectness of the report, it will pass unquestioned. It is, I admit, presumption in him to make the demand; still, it is better to sacrifice a little pride for the sake of a great advantage. And besides, I don't know that Mabel is likely to make a more advantageous connection in this wild place."

Mr. Parkhurst had never suspected the strong interest felt by Henry Davenport, nor, indeed, so much had his time been devoted to

of a nature to throw doubt upon her often asserted claims to juvenility.

In compliance with his daughter's request, Mr. Parkhurst proceeded to the study.

Mabel followed with a flushed cheek, yet with a happy light in her eyes. She dreaded the task of opening to her father the subject of her love, yet she would not for a large sum have foregone the occasion of her embarrassment.

"I'd like to know what it is they're a-going to talk about," repeated Mehitable, as she prepared to clear away the table. "Perhaps the squire may say something about that fine young man that came here yesterday, and seemed so struck with my appearance. I'd give a good deal to know who he is, and what is his business with the squire, and whether he thinks of settling down in this desctrict of country, and whether he's married, though I don't think he is, and whether he isn't in search of a wife."

Mehitable's volubility in wondering was very great, but it was at least fully equalled by her curiosity. Accustomed as she had been for many years past to consider, in regard to every man, whether he was available in a matrimonial way, the politeness of the lawyer, added to Jerry's hint, had worked upon her imagination to such an extent that she was already half persuaded that it required but an effort upon her part to bring the lawyer to her feet. That effort she was willing to make.

"Poor man! Perhaps he's had a misfortunate attachment, like my Joshua that I rejected because I didn't love him. But I'm sure I didn't object to somebody else making him happy. So I think, if I could see it to be my duty, that I should be willing to marry this gentleman that seems so pretty and polite in his manners. I can't say but what I'd like to have a house of my own. There's some satisfaction in working for yourself and your own family that there

isn't in working for other people, that don't know how to appreciate you."

These thoughts were soon terminated by the closing door after Mabel and her parent.

"I wonder if I couldn't creep up to the door and hear what they're a-sayin'," thought Mehitable to herself. "I've a great mind to. I guess I'll take the dust brush with me, so's if the door should suddenly open, they'd think I'm a-dustin'" and she lost no time in putting it into execution.

"The dishes may stand," she muttered. "Jerry hasn't had his breakfast, and I guess I'll let the table wait for him a few minutes."

Seizing the dust brush Mehitable passed cautiously into the entry, treading on tiptoe and avoiding carefully even the least noise, intent upon gratifying her natural desire for information without the somewhat awkward accident of discovery.

She leaned her head forward so that her ear was close to the keyhole, and in this attitude listened eagerly to what was said. What she heard was of even greater interest than she had anticipated.

But, alas for poor Mehitable! In her plans of avoiding detection there was one element of uncertainty she had quite forgotten to take note.

Jerry had gone out early in the morning in search of birds' eggs, of which he had already collected quite a variety, and this made him late for breakfast.

Entering the kitchen with bare feet he did not make sufficient noise to attract attention. This was an unfortunate circumstance for her, as it proved. Entering the kitchen, Jerry naturally looked about for Mehitable. Not finding her he stepped to the entry door, and there, to his surprise, found her in the act of eavesdropping.

"I'll fix her," thought the boy, after pausing a minute or two, hoping that she would look up and learn to her confusion that she was discovered. Jerry finally got tired of waiting and determined to precipitate matters.

Accordingly he gave a slight cough, which was sufficient, however, to draw Mehitable's attention.

Turning suddenly she saw the boy looking at her with a whimsically knowing air, that clearly indicated that he very well understood what she was about.

Mehitable started with a guilty look, and her sallow face actually flushed.

"Why, Jerry," said she in a flustered manner, "have you got back? I thought I'd let the breakfast things stand till you got home, and as the entry needed dustin' I'd go to work doin' it."

"Do you generally dust the keyhole, Hitty?" asked the boy, his eyes twinkling with mirth.

"What do you mean, Jerry Blue?" inquired Mehitable with offended dignity.

"Oh, I don't mean anything, of course," said the provoking boy. "Only I saw you bending down with your ear close to the key-hole."

"I suppose you hain't any objection to my stoopin' over and tying up my shoestrings," said Mehitable, in an injured tone.

"It took you pretty long to tie it, then. You didn't seem to be doing nothing for about five minutes while I was looking at you."

"Oh, you audacious boy!" exclaimed she. "How do you dare to say such things about a poor, unprotected girl that hasn't done you any harm! I've lived for years and years—"

"There's no doubt about that, Hitty," said Jerry with a meaning look.

"Don't you interrupt me, you little wretch. I ain't too old to be your sister."

"Oh, my gracious!" exclaimed Jerry. "I should as soon think of being brother to my own grandmother."

"You can't have any tea this morning," said Mehitable spitefully, "for it has got cold."

"Then you'll warm it for me," said Jerry quietly.

"I will, will I? And who's to make me, I'd like to know?"

"I am."

"You!" retorted Mehitable in a shrill voice, turning up her nose in ineffable contempt.

"Yes, that is, unless you'd like to have me tell Mabel about you listening at the door."

This produced another outbreak from Mehitable, who nevertheless thought it most prudent to comply with the boy's demand—feeling that she had placed herself in his power. Nor was this the first occasion on which Mehitable had to rue the results of eavesdropping.

CHAPTER XI.

A HARD ALTERNATIVE.

When the father and daughter found themselves together a mutual feeling of embarrassment affected both. Each was considering in what way it would be best to open the conversation. At length the father spoke:

"I had a visitor yesterday, Mabel."

At that moment Mabel could only think of one person. She thought it possible that Henry Davenport, in his impatience to have the matter decided, might have called upon her father without her knowledge. In this case her father's answer, when she had requested a private interview, could readily be understood.

"Was it Henry Davenport?" she asked in a low voice, endeavoring not to look unduly interested.

"Henry Davenport!" repeated Mr. Parkhurst in some surprise. "Certainly not. I know of no especial reason for his calling. It was a lawyer from New York."

"Was he a man, of about forty, with a rather forbidding aspect?" inquired Mabel.

"No," said Mr. Parkhurst, hesitating, for it was his desire that his daughter should look as favorably as possible upon the stranger. "I should not describe him in that manner. He was not absolutely young, to be sure, nor I suppose what the ladies would call handsome, but you know beauty is not expected of a man."

"I won't quarrel with you on that point, father," said Mabel, laughing, "nor oblige you to defend him. Whether he is as homely as a rail fence or as handsome as an angel, he is nothing to me. I was only going to say that I caught a glimpse of him as he was walking in the direction of the tavern. I did not know that he had been here until I listened to Mehitable's enthusiastic praises of him after I returned. By her account he was very polite to

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)

IN & AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. chain; ch. st. chain stitch; s. c. single crochet; d. c. double crochet (thread over once); tr. c. treble crochet (thread over twice); dtr. double treble crochet (thread over three times); l. c. long crochet; r. st. roll stitch l. loop; p. picot; r. p. roll picot; sl. st. slip stitch; k. st. knot stitch; sts. stitches; stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Terms Used in Knitting

k. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. pur; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; b. bind; stars and parenthesis indicate repetition. * indicates a repetition.

Terms Used in Tatting

d. s. double stitch; p. picot; l. p. long picot; ch. chain; d. k. double knot; pkt. picot and knot together. * indicates a repetition.

The Art of Netting

OME time ago we published an article on netting, but as this is an art which the younger people are not very familiar with, we will give again the method of doing this work for the benefit of all who have made inquiries in regard to it.

The making of twine or thread into meshes is a contrivance of ancient date for catching fish, birds, and even enclosing tracts of land into which wild animals were driven.

Hammocks or tennis nets can also be made by following the succeeding instructions:

The cord employed should be of a soft cotton variety. For a measure take a smooth piece of hard wood, eight or ten inches in length, one and one half inches wide, and three quarters of an inch thick, having it planed off thin toward one edge, about an eighth of an inch in thickness. In making fancy netting round wood, steel or ivory sticks, or flat ones, in two widths are used; and they may be obtained in almost any fancy work store. A shuttle will also be needed, and if it cannot be obtained elsewhere, can also be manufactured at home.

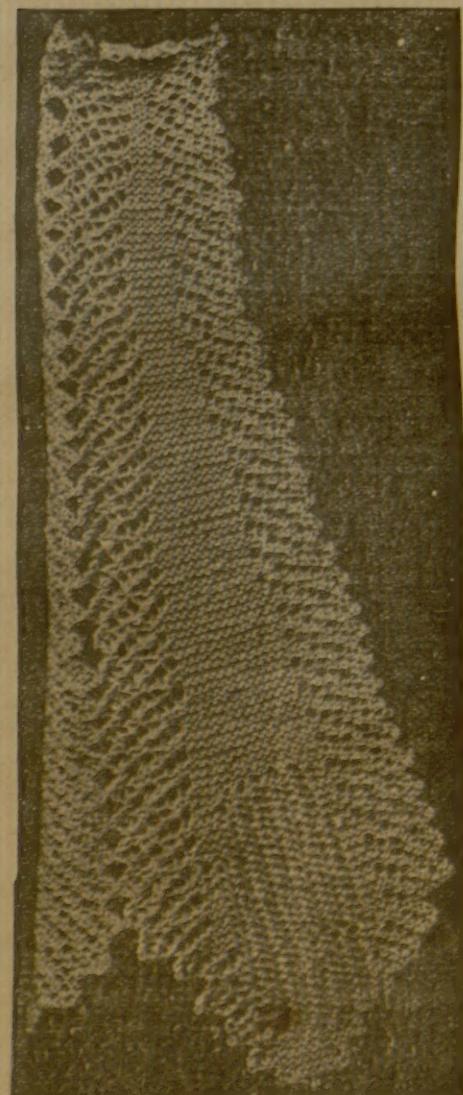
To make a shuttle, take a smooth piece of hard wood ten or eleven inches long, a little less than an inch wide, and only thick enough to be supple and not break; at one end cut it out so as to form a deep curve or heel and shape the other end off to a long point; about an inch and a quarter below the point cut away the wood about an eighth of an inch from each side of the center for four inches down to form a prong about which the cord is to be wound.

In winding a shuttle remember that it should be held in one position so as not to twist the cord, and wind tightly so it will not slip off during the knotting.

Knitted Shoulder Cape in Double-edged Sections

Cast on twelve stitches and knit across plain. 1st row.—K. 6, o., n., o., n., o., k. 2. 2nd row.—K. 7, o., n. 2, o., k. 2. 3d row.—K. 8, o., n., 2, o., k. 2. 4th row.—Bind off 3 sts., k. 6, o., n., o., n., o., k. 2.

5th row.—Bind off 3 sts. Continue back and forth, and by following the directions the center stitches will widen one stitch, each row. When as long as desired, o., n. four times in the center, back and forth for 10 rows; then o., n. twice on each side, back and forth. To form the pointed end, simply bind off 6 instead of 3 sts. for the points on each side, following the exact directions to n. 2, o., k. 2, down to the last point in the center. Bind off, secure the end of the thread. Knit as many sections



SECTION OF SHOULDER CAPE.

as required to fit the shoulders. Run ribbon through and through the points sewed together for dressy effect. MRS. G. T. DRENNAN.

In netting some weight is needed, anything staunch enough to resist the strength of the worker; in fancy netting some use a cushion, filled with sand others simply pin it to the knee.

To make a hammock, tie the cord selected around the wedge, making an ordinary knot on the thinner edge. Have ready a good-sized hook in a convenient place; slip the loop off the wedge and throw it over the hook, then take the wedge in the left hand and hold the thick edge toward you; bring the cord from the loop on the hook over the wedge, carry the shuttle up underneath and press it through the loop on the hook; pull the cord tightly so that the sides of the loop through which the shuttle passes will be straight and tight, and the end of the loop even with the top of the wedge, holding the end of the loop so that the knot at the hook will not slip away from the hook. Place the thumb close to the end of the loop, holding the cord drawn through the loop down tightly; now throw the cord up over the loop, pull the shuttle through, carrying it downwards and to the right and underneath the two threads under the thumb, close to the

same; take up the next two wedges in the same manner and again throw the cord over the hook, continue in this way until all the meshes in this end are taken up, to form the guys. Now wind the cord tightly about the guys far enough below the hook to have a ring sufficiently large to suspend the hammock, throw the cord closely for several inches; then lift the ring off the hook and wind it the same way.

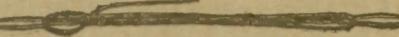
Finish the other end in a similar manner. If one prefers, metal rings can be used, and will be more durable.

Steel Needles for Fine Netting

We illustrate here the regular Steel Netting Needles, such as are sold at Fancy Work Stores in the large Cities. They are very necessary in

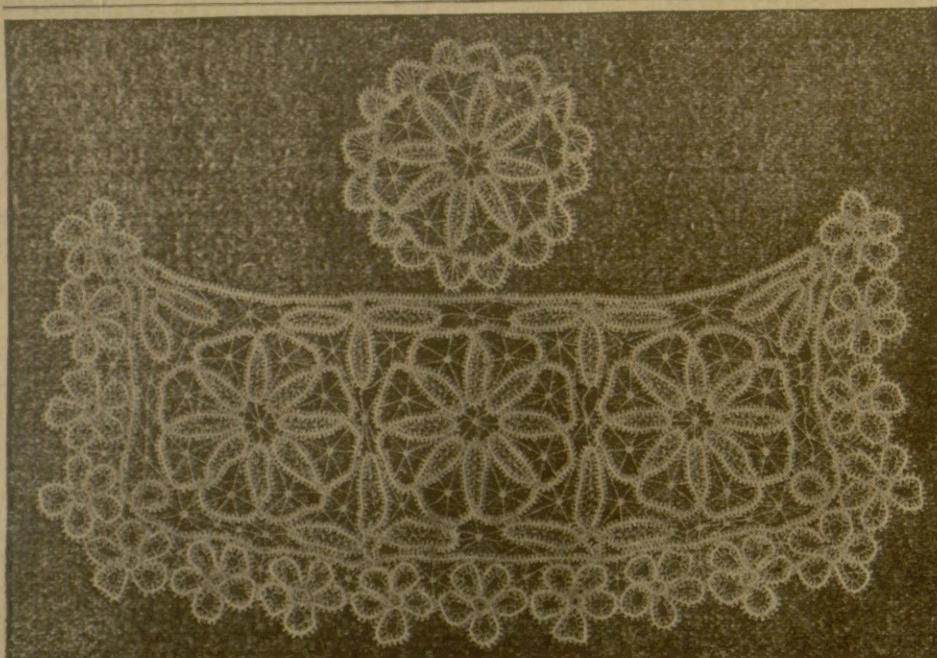


STEEL NETTING NEEDLE.



NEEDLE PARTLY FILLED.

doing the fancy netting described below. To fill a netting needle, pass the end of the thread through the little hole or eye, and tie it, and then wind the thread through the prongs, as shown in partly filled needle. The Publishers of COMFORT will send one of these needles free for a club of only Two Yearly Subscribers at 15 cents each.



BABY'S LACE CAP IN FEATHER-EDGE BRAID.

This lovely creation for a baby is made of the finest feather-edged braid which is basted upon a pattern, as for point lace. Lace stitches are used the same as in point lace. This cap was especially designed for our readers by Mrs. H. L. Miller.

hook; now take hold of the cord and pull it as tightly as possible, still holding the thumb in the position directed, so that the cord will not slip. The thumb must be pressed firmly over the cord and the cord drawn as tightly as possible, so that a slip knot will not be produced; now slip this loop off the wedge and carry the cord over the wedge, close to the knot last formed, then carry the shuttle up underneath and pass it up through the loop last removed from the wedge, carry the shuttle downward over the wedge, also allowing the wedge to slip downward; pull the cord tightly so as to draw the loop down straight and tight and bring it close to the top of the wedge, then place the thumb close to the end of the loop and press it closely over the cord, as previously directed. Bring the cord up over the loop, pass the shuttle under the loop drawn down, taking up both sides of the loop, then carry the shuttle downward over the wedge, and pull the cord tightly to make another knot, always holding the thumb closely till the knot is made. Now slip this loop off the wedge and continue in this manner to make knots and loops until the required width of the hammock is obtained. Thirty-six meshes make a good width.

Knots formed as described are known as netting. When you have finished the thirty-six meshes, take the loop off the hook, but do not cut the cord. Then take a piece of cord half a yard or more in length, and pass it in and out through one of the two rows of loops. Tie the ends thus, run through in a knot, and place the shuttle in hand, pass the cord over the wedge, carry the shuttle up underneath, and pass it up through the mesh nearest the working cord, carry the shuttle downward over the wedge, pulling the cord tightly so as to draw the loop firmly, and bring it close to the top of the wedge; throw the cord up over the loop and pass the shuttle under the loop, holding the thumb, and drawing the cord in the same way as above directed for making the meshes. Keep this loop on the wedge and take up the next and each succeeding mesh in the same way holding a convenient number on the wedge. Returning the loops or meshes to the wedge is only to secure regularity in size and avoid entanglement.

When a convenient number of meshes have been taken up this way—and extreme care must be used not to skip any—take the wedge in the right hand, and with the left take hold of the first loop or mesh to the left on the wedge, and pull all but the last loop off; continue to take up the remaining meshes in the same way. Then proceed to the next row and continue knotting until the hammock is as long as desired; one thirty-six meshes wide should be seven or eight feet in length.

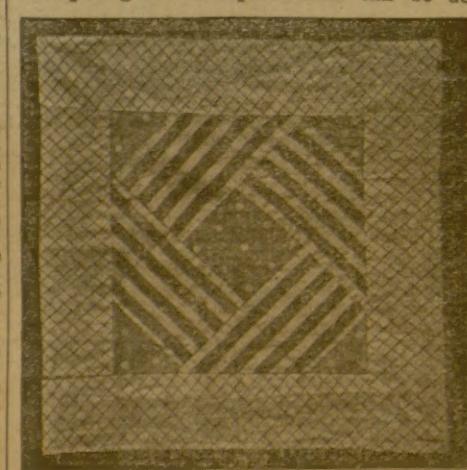
As the work proceeds the cord may be taken off the hook and run through a row of meshes nearer the netter, so it will be easier work.

When the hammock is done take out this cord, smooth out each end of the net, then take a piece of cord, tie it so as to make a long loop, throw the loop over the hook, and hold one end of the net straight in front of you, pass the shuttle through the first loop at the left side of this end, from underneath, and also through the next wedge in the same manner; then throw the cord over the hook and carry it down

round wooden needle one half inch in diameter. Turn, and net back and forth for ten rows. Then with double thread net over a mesh one and one half inches all round the tie, making three stitches in one at the corners. Net all round over small mesh. Double thread, and net a round over the large mesh. Then a round over small mesh. Double thread, and net a round over large mesh. Then net two rounds over small mesh. Widen in three corner stitches when working over large mesh in the last two rows.

Quilt Making

Striped goods for patchwork can be de-



ZIG-ZAG.

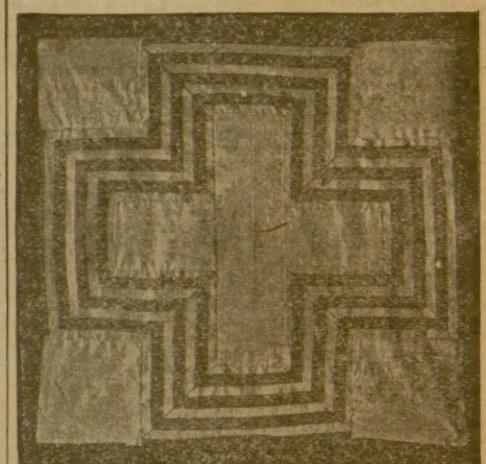
veloped into attractive blocks which look much more intricate than they are.

The zig-zag is composed of four striped pieces, combined with dotted goods of the same color as shown in the design, and then bordered with white, checked off in the same color. A quilt made in this way is odd.

Duplicate Cross

This is easily made, but care needs to be exercised in cutting the pieces so that the strips will exactly match.

A handsome quilt which I call The Wave



DUPLICATE CROSS.

may be pieced by cutting diamond-shaped pieces of blue and white striped goods and piecing so the strips will match and run in points across the whole quilt.

Another called

Cross Roads

Is a simple design of straight strips set together as shown in illustration with a dotted center and suitable border.

Numberless

other designs

may be evolved

by patient

study. There

is no limit when

one will exercise

patience and ingenuity,

and these two

qualities are

shown in some

of the quilts

made by our

grandmothers

and great-

grandmothers

and preserved with loving care,

as priceless heirlooms.

They exhibit a skill

which would put to shame many, who in these

later days have had advantages, which they did

not, in developing a talent for designing.

The Arrow Heads

The name of this design undoubtedly comes from the seams in the corner squares, pointing to the center, and from the solitary dot in the squares. Many ideas will develop as the work progresses. In this design, there must of necessity, be five colors.

For the center white with a blue dot, navy blue for the cross, red and white for the corners, and

white with a polka dot for the crosspieces. It may be set with Turkey-red, or navy-blue; it is merely a matter of taste. When done one will really have an attractive quilt. MRS. B. J. CARL.

Crocheted Insertion

This pattern of insertion is made from No. 70 crochet cotton for an apron; or of linen thread for tides or lunch cloths.

Make a chain of forty-two stitches, then make a single crochet in each stitch which is the best way to begin and end any length of crocheted lace.

1st row.—

Make a ch. of

4 sts., put a d.

c. in the third s.

c. on ch., d. c. in

the next; ch. 2

sts., sl. 2 s. c.,

then put a d. c.

in each of the

next 10, ch. 10

sts., sl. 10 s. c.,

and put a d. c.

in each of the

next 10, ch. 2,

sl. 2 s. c., put 2 d. c. in the next 2 s. c., ch. 2,

put a d. c. in the last s. c.

2nd row.—Ch. 4, put 2 d. c. in the 2 d. c. of

first row, ch. 2, put 2 d. c. in the next 2 d. c.,

ch. 2, sl. 2 d. c., put 2 d. c. in the next 2, ch. 2,

put 2 d. c. in the next 2, ch. 5, catch in the middle

of ch. of the other row, ch. 5, then put 2 d. c. in

each d. c., and in each stitch between the d. c. of last row, until you have 10, ch. 2, then 2 d. c., in the next 2 d. c., ch. 2, put a d. c. in the last d. c. of second row.

3rd row.—Ch. 4, put 2 d. c. in the first 2 d. c. of last row, ch. 2, put a d. c. in each d. c., and in each st. between the d. c. of last row, making 10 d. c. in all, then ch. 5, catch in the middle of ch. of the other row, ch. 5, then put a d. c. in each d. c., and in each stitch between the d. c. of last row, until you have 10, ch. 2, then 2 d. c., in the next 2 d. c., ch. 2, put a d. c. in the last d. c. of second row.

4th row.—Like second row.

5th row.—Like third, only let the ch. 10 hang loosely.

6th row and following rows can be readily

seen from the pattern to be a repetition of the

previous rows, only changing the position of

the open and the solid blocks.

MRS. O. L. SATEREN.



Points to Remember

Always write on one side of the paper only and leave space between the lines.

Write recipes, hints and requests on separate paper instead of including them in the letters.

Mail all letters at least THREE MONTHS before the issue for which they are intended.

Always give your correct name and address, this enables the sisters to write directly to each other.

Do not write us for samples or patterns of the fancy work which have appeared. When publishing any particular piece of work, we give the plainest possible directions for making and usually illustrate it. It is absolutely useless for you to write for more information, or for samples or patterns of anything unless stated that they can be supplied.

As it has come to our notice that sisters have been asking certain sums for information and patterns that should have been furnished free, we here give notice that no charge should be made or money asked for any offers of assistance or information which have or will appear in any letters here published; should there be, kindly notify us, and the writer will be asked the writer to use of these columns. As this department is not solely to afford an opportunity for the mutual exchange of ideas, recipes, and helpful information, we do not intend it to be used by anyone for a commercial purpose.

Do not send us exchange notices; we have no exchange column, and cannot publish them.

Do not ask us to publish letters referring to money in any way, such as asking donations or offering articles for sale. Much sympathy is given to the suffering and unfortunate; it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenirs unless you have complied with the conditions which entitle you to such a notice. See offer.

All subscribers are cordially invited to write to this department and all stand an equal chance of having their letters appear, whether they are old or new members. As our space is limited, naturally the most interesting helpful letters are selected.

Write fully of your views and ideas, yourself and home surroundings, "give as freely as ye receive," but if your first letter does not appear, do not feel utterly disengaged. Remember the old adage, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

DEAR SISTERS:

As many of you have been disappointed by the non-appearance of your letters, I will try to make amends somewhat by a little explanation. You all must realize that with the enormous subscription list which COMFORT has, a goodly number of letters come to this department each month, many more in fact, than we could possibly publish, if every page were devoted to them; so you see, as this is not possible, in choosing those which shall appear, it is simply a survival of the fittest, that is, the letters which are really the best and will give the most pleasure and information, are naturally and rightfully chosen. Then the others are considered and each recipe request, or bit of experience, or help is weeded out and appears in its proper place, thus we try to be just to all and make this corner as interesting and helpful as possible. Do not feel badly if your first letter failed to find a place, just make the next one so good, it can not meet a similar fate.

Maggie Forier and Eleonora R. Weatherholt. Your letters received and I thank you for sending the letters inclosed. As stated above and as I have said so many times, such changes are wrong and we do not intend these columns to be used by anyone who breaks this rule, for this reason.

Mrs. Clara Olsen. I can not give you Mrs. Griffitt's address.

Dear J. A. D. Please do not refer in your letters to persons whom you know persist in these methods.

Mrs. Arrilla Moore, Fredonia, N. Y. The paragraph to which you refer was simply a suggestion for Christmas presents for an elderly couple; read it over again and you will understand.

Mrs. Jesse Hathaway. Mrs. L. M. McGee's address is Gage, R. F. D., 4, Okla.

Nellie F. O'Connell. Your letter received; do write a long letter, I know all the sisters would enjoy a description of the "Windy City."

Miss Lucy A. Hoover. I could not tell until seeing it, whether we could use the rose design of which you write. If you will submit it and inclose postage, we will return it to you, and if available for use in the fancy work columns, pay for the same at current rates.

To R. E. Dallas, M. Wyman, Mrs. L. T. Walker, Nellie Bliss and numerous others who have written, requesting patterns of different kinds, and asking questions all of which are fully answered above, I would repeat, please read these Points to Remember, very carefully, and you will be saved the trouble of writing for a reply which will not come, as our object in publishing them each month is to give you just the desired information and save this correspondence.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a subscriber to COMFORT for the past nine years and think no other paper, for its price, can compare with it, as it seems so home-like and brings so many cheerful hearts together.

I am a resident of the stricken city of San Francisco; if this should meet with favor I will write again and describe how the city managed for a few months after that eventful morning of April 18, 1906. I am also a member of the League of Cousins and feel highly honored to belong to such an interesting band.

I am twenty-six years of age, an artist by occupation; if I can help any of the sisters with any suggestions in any line will gladly do so (providing they will inclose a stamp). I make all kinds of satin, silk, or velvet hand-painted pillows, also paint on porcelain, but no china or any other material that the oil paint won't absorb without spreading.

Mrs. Van Dyke and others. Many thanks for generous favors, greatly benefited by same.

Mrs. Dickens. Please try steeping fresh celery root and drinking the liquid for your poor nerves.

Miss Emma Gerlach and others. Would you kindly try alum (powdered if you wish, but sew it between a thin cloth), and place it near the afflicted parts and in all the pockets and if possible keep the hands in them as the heat of the body dissolves the alum. It cured a colored gentleman here of many years' rheumatism.

Mrs. J. R. Robbins. A good transparent tracing-paper can be made by using varnish formed from Demarara resin. Place amount of tissue paper required in a flat pile spreading the varnish evenly over the paper with a soft-haired brush then remove sheet by sheet and hang it up to dry. For a colored tracing, I generally use colored chalk rubbed smoothly over common wrapping-paper, turning chalk side down, but please be very careful

and not press too heavy on the article as to put extra chalk on your material.

MISS CARRIE VAN WIE, San Francisco, Cal.

DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:

I am deeply interested in the Sisters' Corner, and love to read letters from all parts of the United States, and I will join in with the rest of the sisters and represent Washington. We are living in Palouse, Washington, second best town west of the Cascade mountains. It is situated on the north slope of Palouse River, one of the most beautiful places for natural scenery of all kinds in the state.

We can take an electric car at six P. M. and attend a good theater at Spokane, and be home at twelve, midnight. We were out to our country farm today. It was a beautiful day, which made the trip indeed pleasant. We will sooner or later move out on the farm, and I will go into the poultry business, as I dearly love to look after little chicks.

We had beautiful weather till the middle of November, then the snow came and covered the mountains, and along the foothills it is very deep, and the sleigh-bells jingle all around. Sisters, to ride in a light sleigh with a pair of horses and sleigh-bells, so like Uncle Josh when he rode in an automobile, or a kerosene buggy, as he called it, it makes you feel like you are going to lose all you have.

I will give the readers of COMFORT a recipe for cleaning a clothes wringer. It is very simple, yet few know it. Saturate a soft cloth with kerosene, and rub on the rollers, you will find it very satisfactory.

To Mrs. Belle Rush of Hansen, Idaho, Mr. Coigny says he claims you for his first cousin, and says your description is correct. We would like to have had the chance to spend the 4th of July at the Shoshone Fall. Write and tell us of your trip to Twinfall, Ill.

We have no sage-brush to burn here, and though we have thousands and thousand of acres of heavy timber near us, you may be surprised that wood is eight dollars a cord, coal ten dollars per ton.

Mrs. VENEVA COIGNY, Palouse, Washington.

DEAR SISTERS:

In response to my letter in May COMFORT, I received many letters telling me how to raise Angora goats, but it was goats, not cats, that I was interested in; now who can help me out? I enjoyed all the letters and thank you all for the many helps and hints. I was especially interested in letters giving methods of raising poultry and nursing the sick. Let's hear from some of you on bee-keeping and the rearing of goats, and the cultivation of flowers. I think raising goats would be a profitable business for women. What do you think about it, sisters?

welcome, also thank all that remembered me Christmas. I'm sailing down life's swelling tide; may our vessels safely glide, and may they anchor, side by side, in Heaven.

MISS EMMA GERLACH, Newburg, Wis.

Watch the number on your wrapper. If it is 222 or less, it means that your subscription has or is about expired and you should renew at once so as to not miss any papers containing the great story, "St. Elmo," which will be continued for some months during 1907; it only costs 15 cents to do it now.

DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:

I'm a stranger in the letter department, that is, in writing, but not reading. I enjoy all the letters, and especially those from Missouri and Indiana, as these states were both my home for some time. My husband and family lived in Missouri about five years, near Breckenridge. His mother is living there now, then we lived in Indiana seven years. We came to Dakota two years ago and we are living now within one mile of the Missouri River and it's very beautiful here in summer. The steamer travels up and down the river until fall, then all through the long winter the children have to walk three miles to school, that is, when it is not too bad.

I am the mother of four, three boys, Oren, Estle and Paul and one girl named Edith. The two oldest were born in Missouri, and the others in Indiana.

I suppose there are a great many here in Dakota, who take COMFORT and I surely think it a comfort to have it in the house these long, dreary winter nights in the far West when the prairie chickens fly over your house and the hungry coyotes can be heard growling around, the wind playing hide-and-go-seek here and there.

We have had lots of snow, and it has been falling all day.

Now for a pencil description of myself. I am quite tall, with brown hair and blue eyes, generally good-natured and full of fun.

I firmly believe in looking on the bright side, or in other words, "Stay on the Sunny Side," and help all you can as you go along if you wish to be happy.

MRS. MAE TUTTLE, Geddes, So. Dak.

DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:

I have been a subscriber to COMFORT one year. I take several magazines. COMFORT is my choice and preference, and I echo the wish of other sisters that it might come every week, I read everything from beginning to finish.

I will try to be helpful to all. I have always tried to do all the good I could in all the ways I could, at all the times I could, to all the people I could, and I mean to just as long as ever I can.

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ELIZABETH C. HENRY, McGregor, Iowa.

Comfort

Grandma sits in her easy-chair
By the firelight's ruddy glow.
And in and out her needles flash
Knitting the stocking toe.
Her hair is soft, but thin and white,
And her eyes hold a merry smile;
Ask her whence comes her sweet content-
"Why, I take Comfort all the while."

A baby lay in his downy bed,
Gazing with wondering eyes—
Some pure angel, passing by.
Must have dropped him from the skies.
A mother knelt by the cradle low,
And joy in her dear eyes came,
"My hope, my pride, for years to come,
And Comfort shall be his name."

Old Dame Puss in her basket lay,
Old close to her furry side
Was a little bundle as soft as silk
That wiggled and squirmed and cried.
That it would be a cat some day
You'd never, never guess,
"What will you call it, dear?" I asked,
"Comfort," said little Bess.

Roy goes down to sail his boat
Where the wild waves wash the beach.
And the water stretches far away,
As far as the eye can reach.
Such a dear little boat, with white sails spread,
Such a beauty never was seen,
See how she rides the tossing waves,
He calls her Comfort Queen.

A farmer sat by the evening lamp,
A paper in his hand,
His hair thrown back from off a brow
That was majestic—grand!
"What paper do you read, my friend?
What's best for wife or son?"
"COMFORT," answered the farmer low,
"COMFORT, 'tis the only one!"

So, friends, if you are tired of life,
If your lot is hard to bear,
If you are bowed beneath a load
Of overwhelming care,
If you'd lift your life to one
Of happiness and cheer,
And brighten others as you go,
Take COMFORT for a year.

ELIZABETH C. HENRY, McGregor, Iowa.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:
Here I am again. Do I come too often? I hope not.

Mrs. B. L. Griffitts. I agree with you, mothers should teach their children to do all kinds of housework and make good cooks of them. I have two little daughters and when they are old enough I shall teach them to be model housekeepers so when they marry they will not be like the friend you wrote about who did not know how to make pancakes.

Miss Azubal Lee. I am sorry for you with all your suffering. I enjoyed your letters, please write again.

Mrs. A. Pitts. I am going to make some paper racks as you suggested. I wish I could see your pretty rooms! I will try to remember and send you a quilt block.

Estella Freeland. I liked your letter so much I would like to hear from you again personally, if you feel inclined to write, I will surely answer it.

Mrs. John J. Myer. You certainly must live in a lovely country. I would like to visit Niagara Falls. I am anxious to hear more about that watch-chain.

I am sending in a recipe for making liniment that I make and keep on hand all the time; it will cure almost any pain such as headache, backache, sideache, and toothache. Rub it on where the pain is, rubbing hard and always downward, apply several times and rub until it is dry and the skin burns.

Liniment

Three eggs, beat well, then add two tablespoonsfuls of ammonia, beat well, one teaspoonful of vinegar, one cup of turpentine, five cents' worth of sassafras oil, shake well in bottle before using. Keep corked up tight. I know this is good and hope it will relieve some sufferer.

Sometime I will tell you of a cholera cure, which never fails.

I would be pleased to hear from any of the COMFORT family and would welcome pieces of silk or ribbon any size or color for sofa pillow.

HARRIET M. KLISS, Box 113, Crozet, Va.

Don't fail to promptly renew your subscription to COMFORT while the present low 15-cent yearly rate is in force. We may be obliged to advance at any time; if you send 25 cents now, it will pay for and extend your subscription for two years from the time of expiration.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:
I have never read a letter in COMFORT from North Platte, so thought I would write one. I have been a COMFORT reader for several years. I have enjoyed it very much, especially the Sisters' Corner, and have corresponded with a good many shut-ins, and in every letter I sent a remembrance and a stamped envelope. If any of the sisters want a sample of smocking on gingham for sofa pillow covers, write to me and I'll send it.

From time to time during the years I have been reading COMFORT, I have read of the good sisters who have been doing. A little here and a little there all help to make sunshine.

Every day should be distinguished by at least one particular act of sunshine for someone. As my year will be out soon, I want my name down for another year, fifteen cents for a whole year's good, solid reading. Everyone, young or old, can find something to interest them in your paper. When one sees COMFORT, and reads it, they will be convinced that they could not get as good value elsewhere for fifteen cents.

I would like the sisters to give me a nice letter party on the 24th of April. I will try to answer all.

MRS. MINNIE PERKINS, North Platte, Neb.

DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:
I want to tell some young housewife how to prepare an easy dinner for washday, when she has much to do with. We call the dish potato soup with dumplings.

Cut up a little meat into bits (salt pork will do), add one dozen potatoes and half a dozen onions, sliced; pour over them sufficient water for soup wanted, then season with salt and pepper. When it is nearly done add a few dumplings, made exactly as you would make biscuit dough; cover kettle and cook the required time. The soup will be nicer if you use beef or veal instead of salt pork.

MRS. MABEL PERRY, Flushing, Mich.

DEAR SISTERS:
Will you allow a Hoosier to join your circle? I don't see very many letters from Indiana, so I thought I would write and tell you how much I enjoy your cheery letters.

The little town where I live is not very old and there are not many industries here. There is a gas pumping station west of the town which employs a few of the men of which my husband is one. He is chief fireman. They work two twelve-hour shifts; changing shifts, one month at night and one in the day. There are two railroads through here, an elevator, a sawmill, stave factory, and a canning factory.

I have a little girl almost eighteen months old. She tries to say almost everything.

How careful we ought to be of our actions and words before these little ones, for we are making them what they will be in after years.

Perhaps I had best describe myself. I am five feet four inches tall, weigh about one hundred and ninety pounds. I have brown hair, and light blue eyes. I am twenty-four years old, have been married three years last January.

Did any of the busy housekeepers ever try washing dishes in hot suds, then scald in hot water, and drain upon a cloth. It makes them as nice as if washed and saves so much time when one is busy.

When potatoes are slightly scorched in boiling, set the vessel in which they are, in another of cold

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)

THE SHADOW OF A CROSS

A Religious Quarrel and Separation

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

The tall athletic figure of a young man is seen leaning against the trunk of a tree. Half aloud he soliloquizes and wonders what is keeping him. He asks himself by a woman who Mrs. Bosslyn, Puritanic strength of character should embrace the Catholic faith. "Is it for this I am to be separated from the object of my dearest desire?" The sound of many voices chanting the Ave Maria is borne to his waiting ears. The service ends, and Theta Bosslyn meets her lover, Gene Warfield. There is an opening for him in the West in Judge Blodgett's office. He will win wealth and fame, and coming back make Theta his wife. As he pleads he sees a small chain about Theta's neck, and asks what talisman is hiding there. Pulling at the chain he finds a tiny gold crucifix; he snaps the chain and dashes the crucifix to the ground. With a cry like a wounded animal, she catches the crucifix to her breast. "God forgive me!" she cries for a little while, let your love words deceive me into forgetting the depth of the grief which lies between us." Gene pleads with all the fervor of youth, but the girl dare not yield, and his pride battles with the anguish which kills the soul, though the body yet lives.

Gene finds his mother waiting for him; she sees the stricken look, that goes to her heart, and she tries to comfort him. He will carry the scar to the grave. He feels all is lost save ambition. Gently the mother chides him. Ambition will never make him happy. Could she have her way she would have him a simple farmer, marry and settle down for a long and happy life. Her uncle John is a good manager, but has applied him for the happy contented life. If she were to use the forces of his nature well always to be employed on the side of right, she would not mind. She is assured he will never yield to the power of gold, but she knows his weakness—the invincible appetite for power, and this fear comes, because he has broken with all religious traditions. The mother's heart is breaking because she knows that the width of poles lies between them. The parting comes; the mother cries, "I didn't know it would be so hard!" Theta Bosslyn hears the cry, and laying her hands on the mother's shoulders softly says, "God will take care of him."

Years pass and Eugene Warfield is in Excelsior, the home of the Harvester Trust and no longer an anonymous lawyer. The boyish look is gone forever and the lines of power deepen. He finishes the last page of a paper and with the exclamation, "I am glad it is finished!" the door opens and Judge Blodgett enters. Gene tells him he has arrived in the nick of time.

CHAPTER III. (CONTINUED.)

"I HAVE noticed," the Judge remarked sententiously, "that the man who arrives in the nick of time, usually finds himself in a tight place. You are at it, as usual, I see," with a glance at the manuscript on the desk.

"Yes, writing them out and sitting up all night like Webster to learn the speeches I expect to deliver impromptu next day," Gene replied, smiling.

"A good way, Warfield, a very good way. A speech is always better for a careful preparation beforehand, and then in the heat of an argument if you want to branch out you can, but you've got the main thread to come back to. You begin your legal battle next week I believe?"

"Yes, but I confess it seems an almost hopeless undertaking. No, not that chair, Judge—it's got a round gone—take that leather-covered one, it's more comfortable. Yes, I'm to begin my fight next week. The evidence has all been collected; it seems meager enough, but it gives me a fighting chance when court convenes. I've done what I could to marshal my forces, but I begin to feel the pressure of Corcoran's power. I suppose I'll go on fighting then, though, until among them they crush me." As he spoke he took a piece of paper from the desk, rolled it into a tight ball and let it drop to the floor.

The action was significant and the Judge looked grave.

"Ca—areful, Gene, ca—areful," spreading out his hands on his pudgy knees as he spoke.

Gene's broad shoulders squared themselves and his lips tightened.

"You certainly wouldn't wish to have me truckle to them, Judge?"

"N—" the Judge brought out the word slowly, "and yet, Gene, I've seen young men as able as you get caught between that upper and nether millstone, the Trusts and the people, and I've seen them ground up a heap finer than anything the mill of the gods ever did grind, and I say now, I hope you'll feel your way carefully. I've never had a son," he went on, his voice softening, "and all my girls are dead and under the grass roots, and somehow you've come to be almost like a son to me, and I'd hate to have you get into a mixup with Corcoran. It isn't the Trust I fear. It has bought legislatures and bullied courts until it imagines the public is powerless against it. Soulless, blind, molelike it burrows and knows not its digging betrays it to its own destruction. No, it isn't the Trusts I fear, but the brains which conceived 'em, the stupendous power summed up in that one word—Corcoran. Mind—I wouldn't want you to do anything against the dictates of your own conscience—and yet I want you to be careful. There are more ways than one of downing a man, and if smirching his character doesn't work there are always ruffians to be hired to strike a blow in the dark. It is a sad commentary on our boasted civilization but it is so."

Gene made no reply to the Judge's warning, though he felt a vague uneasiness creep over him. A sense of his own hopelessness to cope with the power against which he was arrayed was strong upon him. He turned back to his desk and collected the scattered sheets into a pile.

"Here, Judge," he said as he handed them over, "just look this over and polish it up a bit for me, if you please. You'll find it pretty rough. I wish sometimes I'd taken my four years at The Latin."

"Nonsense," said the Judge as he adjusted the gold-rimmed eyeglasses on his nose. "You wouldn't be any better off if you had taken them. Ingersoll says—the Judge was fond of quoting Ingersoll—"Ingersoll says: 'Thousands of men go to college and get a certificate that they have an education and that certificate is in Latin, and they stop studying, and in two years to save their life they couldn't read the certificate they've got.' If you'd gone to college the chances are about this time you'd be starting on a long and dusty hunt for something to do, instead of being well started on your career as you are. Now, here is a sentence," running his pencil through a few words, "that I think I'll have to modify, and here," writing a few words, "is a place where a

Written in Collaboration

By Mrs. Dora Nelson and
F. C. Henderschott

sentence can be added to bring out the meaning a little better." The Judge kept up a running fire of comment as he looked over the manuscript and when he had finished he handed it back to Gene with:

"Well, that is the best I can do for you. It isn't well to polish too much, it's the rough surface that sticks, and holds the public attention. I think that's all the revising it needs. About the most curious instance of speech revising I ever knew of happened when I was a member of the North Dakota Legislature. Did I ever tell you about that, Gene?"

"No, Judge, I can't say you ever did. Let's have it!"

The Judge took out a cigar, chewed the end of it reflectively a moment and began:

"It happened as I said, when I was a member of the North Dakota Legislature, or rather the senate of that body. There was a character from somewhere up in the north part of the state, a good old soldier with a wooden leg whom we called Colonel. How the Colonel ever got elected was a mystery to him as well as to the legislature and its associates, but elected he was and the one consuming ambition of his existence was to make a speech. The opportunity never seemed to present itself till someone from his county petitioned to have a game law passed. This appealed to the Colonel and he made a speech and such a speech! After it was over the Colonel walked over to the reporter's desk and complained he wasn't quite satisfied with it. The Colonel had gotten onto the fact that this reporter—he has since become famous as a novelist—had revised some other speeches. At any rate the Colonel asked him if he could give an hour or so to the revision of his speech, and laid a ten dollar bill on the corner of the desk, stating something about people not being expected to work for just the pleasure of it. The reporter saw the ten and told him he could. The next day the Colonel's speech in full appeared in the local press. It was a glorious day for the Colonel. Then the reporter helped him draft a bill and the bill came up for its first reading the following day.

"A newspaper man was reading clerk in the senate and he heard the speech, heard the Colonel cry and felt with him his anguish. I don't know just why, but something prompted the fellow in the reading of the bill next day to add on a few words which read something like this: 'Be it enacted etc., that it shall be unlawful during certain periods to shoot buffalo, geese, (wild) etc., incorporating quite a list of game and then adding, 'fish, tadpoles, cows and craps.' About this period in the proceedings the senate broke out in hilarious uproar despite the vigorous rapping of the Lieutenant Governor.

"The Colonel's heart was broken. Getting up on his one limb and stamping vigorously with the stump of the other, he said in loud and not too modest tones that there wasn't anything in his bill prohibiting the 'shooting of craps.' This, of course, was the added fuel necessary to cause a complete collapse of the senate and they adjourned amid wild uproars and hearty congratulations for the Colonel both upon his speech and his bill." The Judge paused and Warfield paid tribute to the story by a hearty laugh.

"What, you are not going yet!" he exclaimed as the Judge arose and lit his cigar.

"Yes, I promised to do a little commission for my wife. Now where, I wonder, did I put that piece of cloth—" feeling his vest pockets—"Oh, yes, here it is. She wants a pair of gloves to match an especially fetching costume she is to wear to a blowout up at the Huston's this evening, and if I don't get the right shade—" he broke off with a comical gesture of dismay, then went on: "It is a reception given in honor of Mrs. Huston's sister-in-law, Mrs. Moore, widow of the late General Moore, and her daughter Miss Victoria of Washington, D. C. The daughter is said to be a great beauty. You've been invited, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Gene with a touch of annoyance, "and that reminds me that I meant to have seen regrets, and I haven't and now it is too late, and I'll be expected to attend. What a bore!"

"Nonsense, Warfield, it isn't natural in one at your time of life to shun women. As Ingersoll says: 'The grandest ambition any man can possibly have is to so live and so improve himself in heart and brain as to be worthy of the love of some splendid woman.' Take my advice, young man. Array yourself in purple and fine linen and go to the party." And so saying, the Judge opened the door and tramped away down the corridor.

CHAPTER IV.

MEETING WITH VICTORIA.

Gene went over to the telephone and ordered his horse brought from the stable, mounted and rode slowly out of town. As he passed along he nodded to several acquaintances and once he stopped for a few minutes' chat with an old countryman he met on the way. His horse, a big Kentucky-bred chestnut, carried him swiftly over the ground, and once beyond the thickly-settled, farming district he struck out across the open prairie.

Warfield loved horseback riding, and it had really been the only recreation he had allowed himself since coming to Excelsior. He loved that long easy gallop over the rolling swells the billows left there in ages past, and he loved the feeling of the free wild wind on his brow, a wind that stung often like the lash of a whip. At these times he was no longer Warfield, the man of action, who had won his way by sheer force of personality, pluck and endurance, but Gene, the dreamer, who held that the solution of the life-problem would ultimately prove to

be but a mere matter of chemistry, or possibly of electricity.

On the afternoon of which we speak one of his old musing fits was strong upon him, and as he dismounted, leaving his horse to graze at will, he stood on the rising swells and broke out into one of those odd half poetic rhapsodies in which he was wont to indulge when alone.

"After all," he exclaimed, "what is man but an atom blown about by every wind of chance, like a grain of dust on the world's highway," as a fitful wind tore a cloud of dust into his face, "then settling down into silence, the end alike of man and of dust! With all our boasted learning how little we really know of that old problem which Sphinx-like stands ever before us. We see through our telescopes giant balls of vapor resolving themselves into fiery planets, cooling down until they become fit to bring forth life, then growing cold and rigid, finally floating like black and battered hulks across the sea of space; we know, too, that when the last faint spark has expired they will fall in upon their central sun and the whole dead mass thus regaining heat will rearise in blinding, bewildering mist and the whole process of evolution will be repeated over again, but the meaning of all this turmoil we strive in vain to solve. Is it, as Fiske has said, that through countless eons of time the last consummate work of Creation, the Human Soul might be wrought? This alone we know: Above all, and beyond all, there is a Fate, mighty, compelling, and strive against it as we may, which sweeps us onward like the dust before the wind. The atom Man, who fondly imagines himself the lord of his little day, what power has he against the force of Fate? That day so many months ago, up there on the mountain, I felt myself strong to conquer, yet a Fate that was mightier than I came between my love and me. Theta! How her memory haunts me! How often I have lived over again that little hour when she yielded to my caresses and I felt her give back kiss for kiss! Yet is she now as far beyond my reach as you white cloud which floats across the blue! Am I to live always in the memory-haunted cells of the past? Is there for me no sweet woman waiting—somewhere? The Judge was right, I have shunned women—and yet I long for love—my nature craves it as the flower craves the sunlight. Yes, I have shunned women. I have put down with resolute hand the passions which would have interfered with the accomplishment of my ambition. My ambition! Here again Fate steps in to my undoing. Once more a power that is stronger than I confronts me. Corcoran! That man of might! He comes to see me tomorrow, and I did not tell my old friend—for the first time in my life I felt him—of my ambitions and furtive. Corcoran! Will he conquer me, or shall I use him as a stepping-stone to reach—?"

He broke off suddenly and stood silently gazing out across the prairie. He had prated of fatality but he did not know even then Fate was bearing down upon him in the shape of a fair woman.

Out of the west came a speck which rapidly grew larger until it resolved itself into a superb female figure, mounted on a sorrel colt which bore "thoroughbred" in every line of its sinuous body. As the horse and its rider came into Warfield's range of vision an exclamation of admiration broke from him.

"What a splendid horsewoman!" he thought, and then he shuddered as he added: "But at what a tremendous pace they are coming—the ground is uneven hereabouts—if there should be a misstep—?" The words had scarcely left his lips when the expected happened, for as the horse drew opposite him it stepped into a gopherhole, swerved, lurched sidewise and came down to the ground.

See first page illustration.

Horrified, Gene rushed to the spot, but great was his surprise to see a tall handsome young woman rise lightly from the side of the fallen horse and stand calmly regarding him.

In that flashing glimpse Gene saw a pair of magnetic blue eyes, and hair of an auburn so darkly bright it shone blood-red against the whiteness of the fair face it framed.

"Are you hurt?" Gene inquired anxiously.

"No, but I think my horse is." She was perfectly cool as she said this, only her slightly accelerated breathing betraying any agitation, which may have been caused more by the rapid ride than by any fright.

A glance at her smiling lips which had not lost a tinge of their rich color assured Gene she was uninjured, and he turned his attention to the horse which was making frantic efforts to get on its feet, only to fall back each time.

After a careful inspection he announced ruefully:

"Your horse is badly injured. The poor brute has broken his shoulder."

"It can't be helped," she rejoined coolly.

"Take your gun, please, and put him out of his misery."

"My gun! I never carry one." Gene's face was a picture of astonishment.

"You haven't one?" She arched her finely penciled brows. "Then take mine." And from among the folds of her well-fitting riding habit she drew out a silver-mounted derringer and held it out to him in a small, gauntleted hand.

An odd sensation came over Warfield. The thought of inflicting death on anything was repugnant to him. He made no move to take the weapon, but said temporizingly:

"He is such a beautiful animal it is a pity to kill him. Maybe if a veterinary—?"

"No use," she cut him short, "if his shoulder is broken. He would always be lame, and no one could expect me to ride a lame horse. If you are afraid to do it," she looked daringly at him, "stand aside and I'll shoot him, myself!" And she half turned as if to put the threat into execution.

He became angry—as she had expected he would. As he took the deadly toy out of her

hand his manner had in it as much of sternness as he ever permitted himself to use toward a woman.

"Go over there," he said authoritatively, pointing to a little dip in the land, "and stand with your back to me!"

She gave him a look which seemed to carry with it a challenge, then her eyes drooped and she meekly obeyed.

Bending over the prostrate animal it required the exertion of all his will to steady his hand when he caught the look of almost human pain in the beautiful eyes upraised to his; there was a blinding flash, a few struggles, and the poor brute was dead.

He was pale when he rejoined her.

"I have killed your horse as you bade me," he said shortly.

She gave him a smile.

"I knew you would," she said, "but there is another thing you can do for me. My saddle—it is one I fancy, and it is possible I may not be able to get another that will suit me as well—take it off, please, and I can send out tomorrow and have it brought in." This was said with the precision of a military general giving an order on the battlefield.

Her coolness had an odd sort of fascination for Gene, and at the same time her seeming heartlessness—for she expressed never a word of regret or pity for the noble animal—repelled him.

"Is she utterly devoid of sentiment," he thought, "or is it that she possesses such perfect control over her nerves she will not exhibit any feeling?" It pleased him to think the latter.

"Certainly," he said, "I will take the saddle off for you." And without further words he obeyed the order.

When he came back she took a bit of pasteboard from a tiny chatelaine that hung at her belt.

"We ought to be introduced," she said, "and in the absence of Mrs. Grundy perhaps this will serve," and she held out the card.

Miss Victoria Moore,

Washington, D. C.

As he read the name a flash of intelligence was conveyed to his mind.

"You are the young lady visiting at Mr. and Mrs. Huston's," he said as he offered one of his business cards.

Glancing at the card she regarded him earnestly. During the past week she had heard much of this Eugene Warfield. Around her uncle's dinner table she had heard him discussed as a possible candidate for Congress.

"You have guessed rightly," she rejoined, "but the question now arises, how is that young lady to get back to Excelsior?"

"You will have to ride my horse." And as he spoke he looked about for the animal.

The horse had run away at the sound of the pistol, but had come back and was standing over the dead one regarding it strangely.

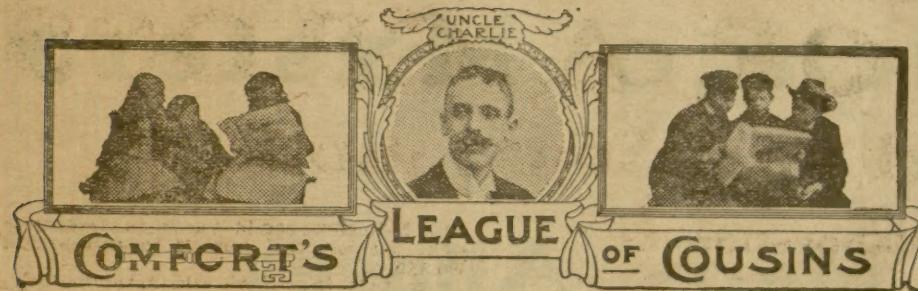
Warfield easily caught the chestnut.

"Can you—" he said diffidently—"can you ride this kind of a saddle?"

"Can I?" she echoed. "Yes, I rather think I can. But you—what are you going to do?"

"I can walk," he said airily. The prospect of a ten-mile tramp had no terrors for him at that moment.

"Nonsense! you would be half the night getting back. There is really no need of your walking," with a critical glance at the chestnut, "your horse is big and strong, and



LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents. To be kind to dumb animals. To love our country and protect its flag.

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 20 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

MARCH is here, and we are marching into the New Year at a great pace. Only the other day the New Year was born, just a bald-headed infant not a day old. Today the New Year is running around in long pants, and wearing chin whiskers, and sporting a plug hat. That shows that Time is fast and ever flying, and before long the baby year will be bent with age, and marked with wrinkles and dying in the snows of Winter. I want you to make good use of your Time, with a capital T, as it is the most precious thing you possess. Get up and do something and be somebody. Don't be a bump on a log, and for Heaven's sake, think once in a while. You all have brains, but only about one fifth of your brain capacity is ever used—the other four fifths might just as well be fried, put on toast, and served to the cat. Now that is so, and I know it, because I read your letters. The trouble is that no one but your Uncle Charlie dare tell you the truth, but I dare, and I am just going to do some straight talking this year to most of you. It is straight talking the world wants, but those who are paid to talk, and paid to write, are so mortally afraid of treading on somebody's toes, that they only deal in mushy platitudes that do no good, and puts people to sleep. I have got the biggest audience of any living man wielding a pen. I'm mighty glad to say that, but at the same time, that statement implies a tremendous responsibility, and if I don't make good use of the privilege bestowed upon me, and shake you up once in a while, God is going to shake me up later on for neglecting my duty. I want you to remember that all of you have brains, hearts, and souls. I want you to remember that you are expected to make the best possible use of these three things. You have a brain to think with, a heart to feel with, and a soul to save. Remember that life at the best is a very short affair (the average is about forty years for all of us) and then the curtain falls on life's drama and we go elsewhere. Most of us live as though we expected to buzz around on this earth for nine billion years, and the only God or ideal that we have is the dollar. That is bad enough, but the worst of it is this dollar-chasing turns the hand of everyone of us against his neighbor, and our neighbor against us. It turns that brain that should be full of sublime thoughts, and lofty ideals, into an adding machine and a cash register. It makes that heart that ought to be throbbing with love, a stony abode of hate and malice, and as for the soul—well, it dries that into husk.

Now all of you, do for Heaven's sake get a wiggle on you, and do something worth while during the little space allotted you on this planet. The fly is born in summer, he buzzes around and tickles bald heads, annoys everybody, spreads diseases, and dies of his own gluttony in the molasses barrel, or cream pitcher, and that is the end of him. There are a lot of humans that live just such lives as the fly. They buzz around, lying, drinking, blaspheming, they don't work, they eat up good victuals others provide, spread disease and ruin, and finally they die victims of their own drunken and dissolute habits. Let me ask you, who belong to this League—boys especially—how many of you are going to imitate the fly, and go to your graves with nothing but a life of wrong-doing, gluttony, debauchery as your contribution to the world's uplifting? Now wake up—shake up—all of you. Get a new set of ideas—read—think; yes, for God's sake use your brain capacity and THINK. Think how you can improve yourself, think how you can improve your condition in the world, think how you can influence your friends and neighbors, so they'll improve. Set a good example to your associates, be kind and helpful, and be thoughtful. We don't need to die to go to Heaven. We'll have Heaven on earth, as well as beyond the grave, as soon as you, everyone of you, use your brain capacity to its fullest, and THINK, your Heart capacity to its fullest, and LOVE, your soul capacity to its fullest, and get filled with noble thoughts and lofty ideals. The latter is the part of you that is immortal—the part of you that lives on after that precious carcass you pamper and pet, has been a luncheon for worms. You had better look after the part of you that lives forever, as forever is a whole heap longer than the few years you buzz around here dollar-chasing. Now take this little talk to heart, everyone of you, and do something, and don't be a selfish, hogwash, grouchy, grumpy old bump on a log. Now I've preached my first sermon, I hate preaching, but somebody's got to get after you with a big stick once in a while, and I'm going to do it, for it seems to me that if I don't nobody else will.

We have an enormous letter list containing hundreds of names of those desiring correspondents. All League members, in good standing, whose subscriptions are paid up, can obtain same by sending in a stamped addressed envelope.

Once more twenty cents must accompany all applications for membership in the League.

An exciting and interesting letter from old Mexico will now delight us.

waited to see Esther I would have been as dead as Queen Anne's goat.

The nights are delightfully cool, and require a light blanket for covering do they? Willie, I'd like to see you covering the cool nights with a light blanket. You must need a big blanket for a job like that. Eggs at four cents, that is pretty stiff. The hen can't be very busy at that rate, or prices would be lower. Maybe the hens are so busy seeing Esther, that they don't have time to lay. Anyway, Willie, we thank you for your lovely letter, and please give my love to Esther, and tell her to wake up.

Here is a little note from a cousin who mines coal.

MINDEN MINES, Mo., Dec. 12, 1906.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I received my membership card and button O. K. and am well pleased with them. I am seventeen years old and have worked in the coal mines for three years, and read COMFORT every month, and like it very much. Minden Mines is not a very big town but has its share of saloons and wholesale liquor houses. I do not drink liquor or use tobacco in any form. I have no pets except a dog and a cat. Father keeps game chickens and fights them.

I read most all the time that I am not working. We work eight hours a day out here, starting at half past seven and quitting at four o'clock. I like to write and will answer all letters. I would like reading matter from the cousins and will try to return all favors as quickly as possible. I remain your loving nephew,

W. L. PAGE (No. 16,399).

Willie, they had no right to put you to work in the coal mines when you were only fourteen. I hope the state of Missouri will pass a law prohibiting the employment of children under sixteen, in coal mines. The way children are put to work in mines and factories in this country is enough to call down the vengeance of Almighty God on this republic. There are two millions of children under the age of fourteen who are being chained to the wheels of remorseless industrialism. Their young lives are blighted and ruined, and their very souls crushed out of them to pile up the dollars for conscienceless employers. Think of this when you sing "Star Spangled Banner," and let off firecrackers on the Fourth of July to celebrate our Independence. Independence—rubbish—what sort of independence have two million child slaves? It is a national sin, a national disgrace, that this proud republic should permit this atrocious crime against poor defenceless children. We have the worst and most inhuman child labor laws of any nation calling itself civilized. Our national conscience is so great, we are blind to our sinful shortcomings. When we turn the lifeblood of our children into dollars we are a nation of criminals and hypocrites, not a nation of Christians. Thank God public sentiment is being aroused on this point and President Roosevelt is aiding the National Committee of Child Labor in its efforts to put through a National Child Labor Law that will protect the helpless little ones. We waged the bloodiest war of history to free the black slaves, and then went right to work and made slaves of our helpless white children, so that we might have a few more dollars coming into the house, and bigger dividends on investments. We want another Abraham Lincoln to free our child slaves, and God grant he may come soon. We prize about giving our children an education. Education—rubbish—not three in a hundred of those who go to school ever get through High School, and anything short of a High School graduation is only the mockery of an education. As I said before, we don't use our brain capacity—not a fifth or fiftieth part of it. We build magnificent schools, and that satisfies the national conscience, but the children who should be in these schools, are forced into mines, factories, field, and sweat shop before they get an education. Our legislators know all these facts, but they won't do anything, because it would hurt cotton and coal dividends, and they would rather crush out the life of a million children than have a million dollars lost in dividends. The Israelites of old sacrificed bullocks and animals to God on their altars. We sacrifice our children on an altar of gold, in our blind worship of the great and pitiless God Almighty Dollar.

Now I've had my say on a topic on which I feel deeply, and which I have sworn to do my level best to remedy, and which you can help to remedy by writing to your State senators and representatives, your congressmen and assemblymen; it is in the power of everyone of you to help alter this condition, so do your part, and do it at once.

Now, Willie, please tell us why your papa fights chicken. Why don't he fight somebody his own size. It is no credit to any man to fight a live chicken. I've waged many a battle with a dead one, but I'll be jiggered if I could be paid to fight a live chicken. What weapon does your Pop use when he goes into the ring for a scrap with the chickens. Willie, I am shocked to hear you say that you read most all the time that you're not working. Who is it spreads those false reports about you? It must be intensely annoying to pick up the paper, and there read all the time that you are not working. I suppose the report runs thus: "We regret to say that our distinguished fellow citizen, Willie Page, is not working today." When a man reads all the time that he is not working, it surely must discredit him in the eyes of the community. What's that, Toby? You say I am all off on the wrong pike, and that Willie means that he spends his leisure hours in reading? Thank you, Toby, for your correction, but I am not here to guess what people say, I'm here to take them at their word. I am also here to denounce a merciless system of industrialism that hustled poor Willie into a coal mine before he had been able to acquire the education that would enable him to express himself in better English, and wield a pen with more dexterity and skill. Willie is made of good stuff, though, for he neither smokes nor uses liquor, and in his spare hours he tries to acquire by reading the education of which his country robbed him. Good boy, Willie Page. Here is a Page that has indeed turned over a new leaf.

A nice Illinois boy will now do a stunt in the great C. L. O. C. circus.

METAMORA, ILL., Dec. 30, 1906.

MY DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I thought I'd try again knocking at your door as you were very busy the other time I knocked for admission. I am five feet ten inches tall, weigh one hundred and fifty-one pounds, twenty-two years of age, dark eyes and light, curly hair. I have four brothers and five sisters. We have a large orchard. We had over three hundred bushels of the big Elberta peaches this year, the first crop.

Our little town has nearly one thousand inhabitants, three fourths of the people are retired farmers. We have three churches, two elevators, four grocers, four dry goods stores, two hardware stores, one butcher shop, a bank, three saloons, printing office, harness shop, two doctors, two barbers, and a beautiful park in the middle of the town. We also have the Orphans' Home.

My father and older brother run the meat market, which is the only one. My other brothers do the farming and orchard work, and I am a school teacher, also two of my sisters teach, but we all stay at home, making an even dozen. Most of the time we have a hired man as two of my brothers are quite young, that makes thirteen at the table.

We have taken the COMFORT ever since I can remember. Metamora used to have the Court House, but Eureka took it about ten years ago. Lincoln practiced law in Metamora, and a great many other great men. I am going to send you a postal card with peaches on it; there are twenty bushels in the picture. I took them to Peoria, twenty miles away, got \$1.75 a bushel.

In December issue you hit it just about right about young couples living in a boarding house.

We have a large Collie dog weighing about twenty pounds. Your loving nephew,

Leo J. THEENA, (No. 9,039).

Leo, I received your picture postal of those peaches, and I want to tell you that that was the only dessert I had for my Christmas dinner. I ate the postal card with the picture of the peaches, and it was just dandy. If you have any more canned peach postal cards, send them at once, and if you have any of the \$35 you got from the sale of those peaches you can send that, too. If the peaches taste as well as their pictures, they must have been dandy peaches. If I had only had a picture of that turkey I might have had a complete Christmas dinner, but anyway, we found a map of Turkey in Billy the Goat's atlas, and we ate that. Gee! but it was dandy!

Here is a letter that is a decided novelty.

NORTH DUMPLING LIGHT HOUSE, FISHERS ISLAND, N. Y., Nov. 23, 1906.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I wonder if you or any of the cousins ever lived in a light house? As I have never seen any letters from any of the cousins living in one, I thought I would write. I am living on a little island, in a light house, called North Dumpling light house. It is three and a half miles from the mainland, and sometimes it is a week before we can get ashore. I have lived on this one dumpling for nearly twelve years, and there is enough of it left for Uncle Charlie to live on it for twelve years longer. I would like to hear from all cousins living in a light house and I will answer all letters. If I see this in print will write again and tell you more about this place. Your loving niece,

MISS ANNIE FOWLER, (No. 11,990).

Annie, I am ever so glad to hear from you, and I'd give anything if you'd send us a picture of your light house. Oh, yes, I know all about light houses. I lived in a light house once. It was out in Kansas, and I never knew how light that house was until one night there was something doing in the wind line out on the prairie. I did not have time to skidoo to the cyclone cellar before old "Si" hit that two-story frame a biff in the slats that sent it whizzing at a ninety-mile-an-hour gait through space. Here was a house doing the balloon act, and flying like a bird with sixteen wings, and it flew and flew until it couldn't fly any longer. After traveling several hundred thousand miles, it flopped down on terra firma to take a short rest. It did not rest long, however, as the wind got busy again, and there was I holding that house down, sitting on the roof, and clinging to it for dear life. It was the lightest house I ever saw until Mr. "Si" clone quit business, and then you could not budge it with dynamite. No more light houses for me, though. I have a friend who has gone light housekeeping, but the other night when I called on him, there was not a light in the place. My friend explained to me that his wife and he had an oil stove, a couple of crackers, and a cent's worth of pickles, and that was what they called light housekeeping. Queer ideas some people have, don't they?

Annie, I think it is absurd to have a light house on a storm-swept island. It is more than absurd, it is criminal foolishness. Give that old light house away and get a heavy house, or some of these cold days you'll be careening over the billows, bound for nowhere, and going there fast, and a watery grave will be the end of your promising career. I lived in another light house once. It had sixty-two windows on the parlor floor, twice as many on the ceiling, and Heaven knows how many on the sides. That was indeed a light house. Fancy, Annie says she has lived on one dumpling for twelve years. That's tough diet, even Toby would kick at that. Annie, if your light house gets too light, put the dumpling on the top of it, that will hold it steady for a while.

Our next letter is a thriller and no mistake.

NEWMAN, STANISLAUS CO., CAL.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: Here is a maverick from California who wants to break into your circle.

In Feb. 1899, my regiment landed and took possession of Iloilo, Panay Island a little island about three hundred miles South of Manila. I was put on guard the first thing, and as I was a raw recruit, my first time on guard, I felt that I was just a little better and of more importance than the President of the United States. In the evening, I was notified that my post was to be changed, and that I was to be placed on out post duty. Then I did throw out my sheet. I took my post at six in the evening and stayed there until eight; it was about half a mile from town and on a road that led down to the beach. On one side of the road was a thick forest of palm trees overgrown with vines, and on the other side was an old abandoned convent, surrounded by a high cocaine wall. The big wooden doors or gate had long since rotted and fallen down, and through this gate could be seen the court, all a mass of palm trees and matted vines. A more God forsaken spot I never saw.

When I had taken charge of this post, and I was left all alone, all my courage began to desert me. I managed to get along all O. K. until night, and then I was relieved and went back to camp, and to sleep. It seemed to me that I had hardly got under

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 2.)



COUSIN EFFIE TURNER (23),
Box 50, Connerville, R. F. D., Indiana.



COUSIN LILY SUMMERBELL (18),
855 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

The Great Chicago Mystery or,

The Man With Many Aliases

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Crit Truman and his assistant, Ralph Dayton are called from New York to Chicago, by the Chief of Police to assist in supressing crime. The leader is variously described, and one asserts he has a harelip. For a moment the men are silent, then the well-trained minds recall the recapture of "The Man with Many Aliases," Jim Hollis, Jim Holmes, Chris Dougherty, and the blow which splits him from the nostril to his mouth, and which, when healed, might pass for a harelip. "How is our work?" asks Crit. "Are the officials satisfied with the return of the money?" They ought to prosecute Percy Mandeville; he has the markings of a confirmed criminal. There are several cases in their line. There's a missing girl, and a robbery on Fifth Ave., but they can be left for a few days. Truman makes up his mind to catch this man who twice escapes, and he tells Ralph to wire the Police, get Peter, and we'll outline a plan.

Percy Mandeville calls to see Sylvia Lyster; she tells him the call must be final. He insists she encourages him. She calls a servant to show him out. Sylvia, befriending Kathie Mandeville, confides to her that her husband makes a proposal of marriage to her. Sylvia still loves her husband. Custer Quex is engaged to Sylvia; he will go to her at night. It's the last happy afternoon he has for many a long day. While Crit and Ralph are on the way to Chicago, the former has a telegram. "Percy Mandeville disappeared. Then he went to Chicago. Took Sylvia with him," signed by the President of the bank. It's the girl, whose people will Crit to look up. The Chief of Police tells Crit of holding up a saloon, a month previous. Four guys, all masked, line the customers up—nothing is overlooked—even a pair of diamond cuff buttons is taken. As they emerge from City Hall they are joined by Peter, who is waiting. He tells Truman, Jim Hollis, swears he gets free! he'll never let you take him alive. The chief tells Truman of a crook, Christie Ferris, who has three or four names, although only twenty, who is in for "dipping." Truman "sweats" him and asks him, "Do you want to know who it was got you in here this last time?"

It's Jim Hollis. Christie will get even with him. Crit wants Christie to locate Jim Hollis. Ralph and Peter enter a saloon. They are attracted to a newcomer, who is the worse for liquor and well supplied with money. Ralph recognizes him as "Fake" Pete and "Snowflake" Mike. He has not seem worried. If the "old man" sees him the way he'll go out of business for a bit. The drunken man is not afraid of him or Jim Hollis either. Ralph and Peter strike a cue.

Custer Quex refuses to credit the rumor concerning Sylvia Lyster's disappearance with Percy Mandeville. The detectives summon Kathie Mandeville, who admits Sylvia receives a registered letter.

Ralph and Peter listen to the conversation, Mandeville sinks down lower in his chair dead to the world—his two companions grow impatient. The detectives notice he does not drink. Jim Hollis never permits his associates to drink while on a job. Christie Ferris comes hurriedly into the room, giving a gesture Ralph has seen before; there is instant confusion. Crit Truman in the guise of "Hang-eye" John enters, and makes his escape from Joliet.

Custer Quex receives a letter from Sylvia Lyster. She loves him still, but from the moment he receives this letter she will be as the dead to him. The lover declares he will search the world until he finds her.

Crit Truman talks with the warden of Joliet penitentiary, and finding that "Hang-eye" John is serving sentence exacts a promise to keep outsiders from communicating with the warden for a few days. He conceals the disguise of "Hang-eye" John. Christie Ferris leads Truman into a trap. Without waiting to be caught he leaps out of danger. He assumes the disguise, and entering a saloon sees Christie Ferris, who drinks water. A crook who will keep from drinking brandy after pulling a man, where he did me, is under Jim Hollis. Truman reasons Ferris produces the hat Truman leaves. The barkeeper utters a curse, and Truman follows Ferris and hears him tell "Four-time" Jim that he "dropped" Crit Truman. He hears the low cry and earnest pleading of a girl. She comes out. Crit Truman offers assistance and tells her to go to the number on the card. The girl hurries away and Crit slips back into the hall. He hears Jim Hollis order Ferris to tell "Fake" Pete and "Snowflake" Mike to bring Mandeville there. Crit Truman hurries into the street. Ralph Dayton sees Crit Truman borne away in triumph by "Fake" Pete and "Snowflake" Mike, the last two supporting Mandeville.

CHAPTER XI.

A STRANGE SITUATION.

THIS case was to be a war of wits, that Crit knew from the beginning, but he believed, and truly, that he was the match for any criminal, however quick-witted he might be.

In the first place, I'm in the right," he contended, "and in the second place, I'm willing to back myself against Jim Hollis, 'The Man with Many Aliases,' or any other crook."

So far his playing had taken every trick, but he well knew the extremely dangerous game he was playing.

"A man's life is the stake," he thought, even as he was enthusiastically escorted by the crooks he had met in his assumed character of "Hang-eye" John.

Crit thought to himself that if he were really that infamous criminal, he would not walk so openly along the Chicago streets, but then he appreciated how well he was protected by men who would go to any length to save him from recapture, or rather the man they deemed their friend.

The men were jubilant, and kept saying:

"What will Four-time" say?"

Crit was wondering a little himself. If he could fool that astute criminal, he knew it would be easy sailing, but could he do it?

As he passed, the great detective recognized his faithful boys in their disguises, and managed to communicate to Ralph his desire to have him go to the number to which he had sent the hapless girl whom he had found emerging from the room of the man he was hunting down with the scent of a bloodhound.

The woman residing at this number was a Mrs. Haddam, long prominent in settlement work in New York. When she had removed to Chicago, she gave Crit her address, and told him that if any time he needed her assistance, to feel free to call upon her. It was on account of this that Crit had taken the risk of sending the girl to her motherly care.

Crit also indicated to Peter to follow the little procession. These detectives have certain signals, a regular code, so they can communicate with each other without anyone being at all the wiser. Of course Ralph did not know why Crit wanted him to go to Fifty-fifth street, boulevard to Mrs. Haddam, but he started there immediately. His work was to obey.

Peter, skillfully concealing the fact that he was following, kept up with the gang until it came within a block of the place in which "The Man with Many Aliases" had hidden himself.

"We'd better separate," "Fake" Pete suggested, and the rest agreed.

"Fake" went with Crit, and to the latter's delight, said half apologetically:

"We had to make a few changes, so I'd better go ahead," and "Fake" appeared in his every-day suit.

"Sure," Crit replied cheerfully. He wondered how he would have managed if he had been requested to take the lead.

He had thought the way a complicated one when he followed Ferris, but the way he and his guide went in and out, through tunnels, damp and sweating with vile moisture, sagging to a danger point; through one passageway which was a huge pipe, suspended between two buildings, about four feet

By Rosser W. Cobbe

Author of "The Mark of the Beast"

apart. They ascended and descended countless numbers of stairs; opened door after door, which although old, were lined with iron, and furnished with dead locks. At last, after an unusually long climb, "Fake" put a key in lock, turned it, and flinging open the door, said dramatically:

"Welcome, John, to your own!" and Crit found himself standing in one of the most luxuriously furnished rooms he had ever been in. It was lighted from above by a huge skylight. If there had been any windows they were filled and covered, but there could be no fault found with either light or ventilation. The floor was covered with a priceless velvet carpet; the walls were hung with masterpieces, and the furniture was worth a fortune. Here and there gleamed a marble statue, and costly bits of china, showing that someone with taste presided over these apartments, and opening from this central room, which was as large as an ordinary-sized hall, were half-a-dozen rooms.

He had barely time to take this in, when he heard a voice he well knew say:

"Welcome, indeed!" and he saw before him the sinister, yet in a way handsome, face of Jim Hollis, who had sworn never to be taken alive.

It was the same old face, a little more worn; a trifle more reckless, and strangely marred by the wound which had cleft the upper lip, and yet the same criminal whom he was going to take back to just punishment, even if he lost his life in so doing.

Jim Hollis held out his hand, and Crit unhesitatingly placed his own within it. "Hang-eye" John had a peculiar grip. It had been given to Crit one time by a dying confederate of this same criminal, and he had practiced it. Possibly, he counted more on the effect of this grip than anything else. He also knew the answering grip, which those in the confidence of "Hang-eye" returned.

A great deal hung on that moment. If Jim Hollis

but Crit felt thankful that she did, and that if everything had gone as he planned, she was before this comfortably and safely housed with one who could protect her.

"Anyway," Jim continued, "we have more important matters to attend to now. I want 'Hang-eye' to help, for I have half a dozen jobs on."

"He'd better not be seen, had he?" "Snowflake" asked a little doubtfully.

"He can be masked. I want your steady hand, your clear head and your courage, John," Jim said, "and I want you to pull off some good things."

"You lead," Crit said with determination.

An expression of satisfaction came over the sinister face, although the crook pretended to doubt:

"But your experience," he commenced, but Crit shook his head:

"You're the boy that got up the bunch, and you must keep on leading. I'll fall into line," and over this the gang shook hands very gravely.

Crit discovered that the gang consisted of "Snowflake" and "Fake" Ferris, and a young fellow with a face like a ferret, who was called "The Graftor," and Crit knew that it was he who was sent in first to buy the drink and get the lay of the land before a hold-up was made. The boy, for he was not yet eighteen, was as sharp a crook as Crit had ever seen. His face and eyes, like those of the others, showed unmistakable signs of the excessive use of morphine, but even that drug could not change the general appearance of sagacity. "The Graftor" never made a mistake. With one sweep of his keen eyes, he could size up a bunch, and decide whether it was worth while to try to stickup the saloon.

"He is as much to be feared as Jim Hollis," Crit decided.

It was horrible to see these two boys, Ferris and

Crit felt that a special providence had suggested his disguise.

"My plans are without end, and I think we can retire after a time, if we can be sure that Crit Truman is out of the way."

"Then you think there may be a doubt?"

"He's come out of so many tight places in such remarkable ways, that I will not feel sure of him until I see his body. Think I will have the pit dragged for his body. If we find it, all right and good, but if we don't, then I'll know that Crit has been too much for us again, that's all."

Crit could not help wishing that Jim Hollis displayed more confidence in his confederates.

However, he settled himself to listen to a long list of diabolical plans, each one of which seemed a little worse than the other, and at last he fairly gasped:

"Where did you get them?"

"In here," Jim Hollis said with a laugh, laying one long, slender finger on his right temple, "but let's go into the Turkish bath. I've had some extensive improvements made especially in there, for it's worth money in our pockets to have a place like this to use in straightening out a fellow."

Always watching, and yet never displaying any undue enthusiasm or keenness of manner Crit followed where he was led, and had to admit that the room which the crook had prepared was perfect of its kind.

Laughing, the two men watched Mandeville in the terrible heat, and engrossed as he was in the scene, Crit Truman was off his guard. His disguise was perfect in a normal atmosphere, but subjected to the heat and humidity, the pigments began to run, and just as Crit suddenly became aware of this terrible fact, "The Graftor" came in saying excitedly:

"No one went into that pit today."

"Then Crit Truman is on the loose," said Jim Hollis, turning towards the supposed "Hang-eye" John.

He stood with his eyes bungling, his mouth half open. Suddenly he gave a terrible cry and sprung forward. Mandeville not fully recovered, was standing in front of the supposed "Hang-eye" John.

"Lads, this is Crit Truman!" he cried, and the men who had adored at the shrine of their presumed criminal associate, turned menacing faces toward the disguised detective.

Too late Crit realized how foolish had been his step in entering this place full of heat and steam. He knew his rightful danger. Here he was cooped up with some of the most desperate men in the country, to whom the worst of crimes were as nothing. They knew him in his true character; feared him, and had already tried to murder him. Another thing. They all prided themselves on their astuteness, and it was no little blow to their pride to realize how he had completely pulled the wool over their eyes, when he had made them believe he was "Hang-eye" John.

Still Crit never flinched, but smiled back at Jim Hollis as the latter said through clenched teeth:

"I told you I would never be taken alive, but I think you'll be the dead 'un in this case," and he foamed at the mouth in his rage.

"I don't know, Jim. So far I have managed to do pretty well in getting ahead of you. My hand has always been a bit better than yours, although you do try to stand pat."

"You talk this way when you are breathing your very last breath," said Jim Hollis, "The Man with Many Aliases," cried looking like a fiend as he spoke.

"Am I?" Crit smiled, his courage not deserting him for a moment.

CHAPTER XII.

A SAD STORY AND A TELEGRAM.

In the meanwhile Ralph, obeying the instructions of his superior, boarded a Cottage Grove Avenue car, and in due time reached the home of Mrs. Haddam, where to his satisfaction, Ralph found a very grateful, although somewhat incoherent girl.

"Then it was Mr. Truman, himself, who directed me here?" the girl asked eagerly.

"I suppose so," Ralph returned, thinking her one of the sweetest girls he ever saw.

"And you are a great detective, too?"

"I am Ralph Dayton, detective," Ralph said redning a little, he scarcely knew why.

"Then you live in New York?" this was a question.

"Yes."

"Did you ever hear of the Lysters?"

Ralph looked up quickly. He remembered the name very well, and knew that Mr. Lyster had applied to Crit Truman to have a search made for his missing daughter, Sylvia.

"Yes, I know Mr. Lyster," he returned, his eyes fixed upon the bright, girlish face.

"Then, I want to tell you something, Mr. Dayton.

Had a bullet struck Ralph he could not have been more stunned, for he had heard the girl's story of her rescue by Crit, although she did not tell how she came to be in a position requiring Crit's intervention.

"Miss Lyster, your father is searching for you, and is almost broken-hearted."

"I know it," the girl replied, her head drooping. "He asked us to take the case of looking for you, but I told Mr. Truman that from the facts given me it did not seem to be worth while," Ralph continued.

"Why not?" the girl asked, her head drooping still lower.

"Because it seemed just an ordinary elopement affair, and we are so busy with matters of vital importance that we seldom ever enter into anything of an ordinary kind," Ralph explained.

Miss Lyster sat very quiet for a few moments, then she said in her well-bred voice:

"I am going to confide in you because I must in someone. This is no ordinary runaway affair of a silly, lovesick girl, Mr. Dayton, for I fear immense interests are back of my disappearance."

"Miss Lyster!" Ralph cried.

"Let me tell, and then you can judge," was the simple reply.

"I am not Mr. Lyster's daughter, except by adoption," she began, her voice shaking slightly as she pronounced the name of the man who loved her dearly as his own, as Ralph felt sure.

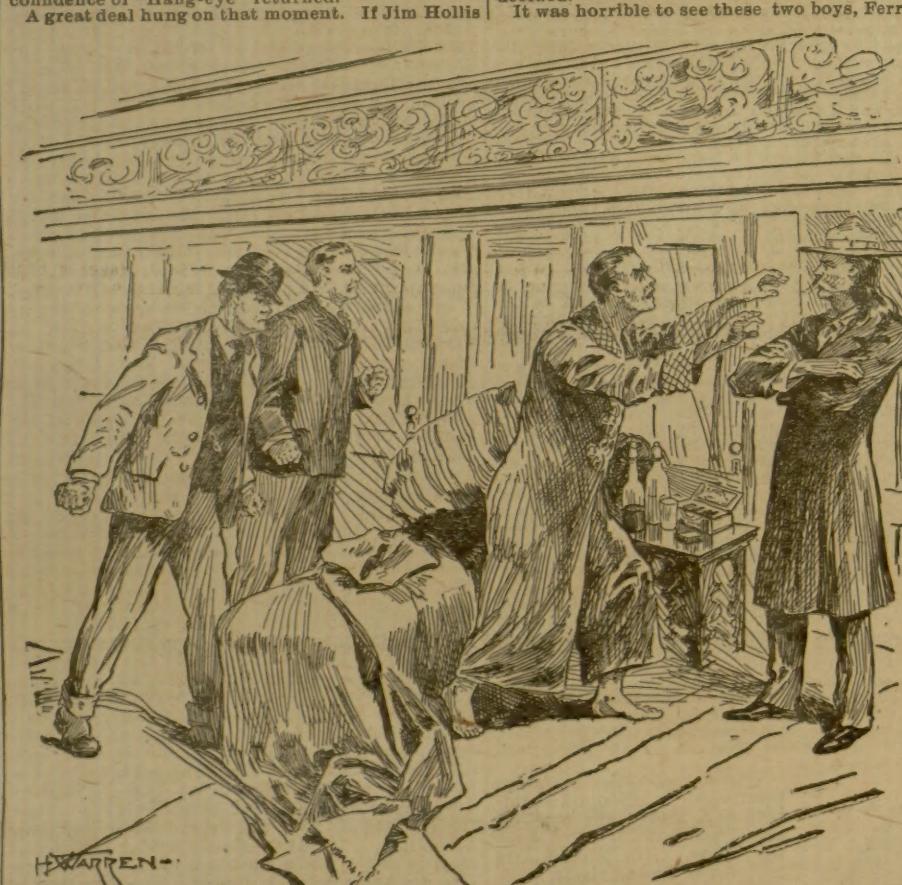
"He adopted me when I was only a baby, and I did not know any difference until less than a month ago I was shown papers, showing that I was the daughter of a criminal and a poor woman who died in the workhouse on Blackwell's Island where she was committed for vagrancy. I was placed in an orphan asylum, from which I was taken by dear Mr. Lyster and his sweet wife," there were sobs in the girl's voice although no tears in her eyes.

"I was told of this stain on my birth, just as I was so happy, for I believed that I had won the love of a good man."

Ralph remembered that Mr. Lyster had mentioned a man whom they had all believed to be a favored suitor, and who was prostrated with grief.

"I was told that my father was in trouble and needed me. I can not now go into all the details, but my wretched pride was worked upon, and I was so pestered and driven, that at last I came to Chicago."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)



"LADS, THIS IS CRIT TRUMAN!" HE CRIED, AND THE MEN TURNED MENACING FACES TOWARD THE DISGUISED DETECTIVE.

accepted him for what he pretended he was, there would come the answering grip. For the slightest part of a second, Crit could have heard his heart beat, for so much hung upon that one thing, then came the answering pressure, strong and hearty. For the time being Crit Truman had vanished, and "Hang-eye" John was in his place.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

my blankets until someone poked me in the ribs, and a rough voice said: "Git up! Time to go on guard!" I got! We had a new sergeant of the guard, and an old soldier at that. When we arrived at my post, it looked more dismal than ever, and this old sergeant proceeded to give me a heart-to-heart talk. He said:

"Now, my boy, you must be strictly on the alert, for this is the most particular post of all, and remember, the lives of all these men depend upon your watchfulness," and said he, "besides the dangers of sneaking insurgents there are others such as big snakes, lions, and tigers, and other dangerous beasts." About that time yours truly was wishing himself back in the United States. As long as the other soldiers were near me, I felt brave enough, but as soon as they marched away, oh, mammy!

I began to look around for lions or snakes, but couldn't see any, but I could hear noises, and then I could feel my hair gradually raising up, and the chills began using my back bone for a step ladder. I managed to get along until I think about half past one, and then as I was passing this gate in the fence, I heard the worst shriek I ever heard in my life, and with that, something heavy came tearing out of the underbrush. I just managed to charge bayonets, and then a heavy body struck my leg, and ran up to my shoulder. I could feel its hair and hot breath against my cheek and neck, and its claws gradually sinking in my back and shoulder, and I expected every minute to feel its teeth sink into my throat, and what made matters worse, I could hear the soft pat, pat of another large animal, as it walked around me sniffing and growling. I don't know how long I stood that way, but it seemed to me hours, and I could not possibly bear the heavy animal on my shoulders any longer. Just then a search light from one of the warships in the bay swept up the road, and directly on me, making everything as light as day. Heavens! what do you suppose was on my shoulder—a poor little baby monkey, about as big as my two fists, that had run to me for protection. But what do you suppose was the large animal walking around me. It was a poor, half-starved mongrel dog, chasing that monkey. I just gave one yell and fell to the ground, and as I did so my rifle exploded.

Now, a rifle shot on out post, is a cause for a general alarm or call to arms. That I knew very well, and a new fear began to come over me, and I began to think, what will the men do (how they will laugh), and the captain maybe he will have me court-martialed and shot. About this time I could hear the relief guard come running, and I could hear the different guards challenge them. First, No. 1 and then No. 2, No. 3, and so on, until I could hear, the men running, and I knew that it was up to me to say or do something, but what I was going to say or do, I did not know. I could not think of anything, and I sure wasn't going to tell them I had been scared by a monkey. Very soon I heard the officer call the guard near my post, and then he called my name. All I did was to give a loud groan. Then they all come running up to me. The officer said: "What is the matter?" and I let out a few more groans, and said that I felt very sick, that a few minutes before I had fired my rifle, I had felt very thirsty, and had gone into the court of the old convent, and taken a drink of water out of an old well that was there, as I had seen the well early in the evening.

"My God!" said the captain, "he has drunk poisoned water! hurry and get him back to camp as quick as possible." So some of the men crossed their rifles and I was put upon them, and they proceeded to double time back to camp.

Have any of you ever rode in a big wagon when it was empty and trotting over rough roads? My ride back to camp was ten times worse than that. I thought my back would surely break, and several times I was almost tempted to tell them what was really the matter, but fear of the consequences kept me silent, but worse was to come.

At last we got to camp, and the doctor was called. Here is where the real trouble began. When he heard me groaning (in earnest this time) as my back was nearly broken, he said, "Very bad case!" and as quickly as he could, he got a stomach pump and started to work on me. After he had finished, he made me drink a lot of stuff, I think it was soapsuds, and then he went after me again with that pump. It was fierce again, I had to drink a lot of suds, and again came that pump. I thought that if he started to use that pump again, I would explain everything. But after he had finished the third time I heard him tell the steward that he would wait a little while, and see if I got any worse. Believe me, I got better mighty fast, and after a while the doctor left, and said that if I got worse to be sure and call him. They didn't have to call him.

In the morning he came around to see me and said: "My boy, how are you feeling this morning?" I said: "All right, doctor, only, only I'm rather sore inside." "Glad to hear it," said the doctor. "That was a very bad case of yours. If you had been brought in ten minutes later you would have been a goner sure." I thanked him very much and said I would be careful of the water I drank in the future. "Oh! by the way," said the doctor, "where did you get that little monkey you had inside your shirt last night?" I said: "Oh! that was a poor little fellow that I found, and I put him inside my shirt to warm him." After prescribing some medicine and toast, and warm milk, for a diet, he left me.

I kept that little monkey for nearly two years, and many is the time I have felt like wringing his neck, for he got me into all kinds of trouble after that, but his first was the worst of all. A recruit stepped on him one day, and that was the end of Mickey and my troubles. But for all of his bother I was very sorry for the little fellow, for he had been lots of company for me when I was away out on some lonely post, for he went with me everywhere, and I always carried him inside of my shirt, and whenever he got hungry, or wanted to play, he would begin to kick, scratch and squall for all he was worth.

Now, Uncle Charlie, I hope I haven't written too long a letter, but it is like this, I am away out here on a ranch and it is very lonesome, and I have nothing to read and hardly ever see anyone to talk to except the men that work here, so it is a pleasure for me to write letters.

Some time I will tell you of a little adventure I had down in Panama, unless you do not care to hear it.

Hoping to hear from some of the cousins, I will say good night.

HARRY BENNETT.

Harry, I certainly have enjoyed your letter; and I am very fond of soldier boys, as some body's got to do the fighting, and I had rather you did it than me. I wish people would quit fighting anyway. The best way to fix matters is for every country to join and become one of the United States of the world with Uncle Charlie as President, and a Red Cross with a

background of white for the flag. Billy the Goat says he would rather see a flag with a tin can on it, but his opinion don't go on such matters. Anyway, Harry, I have done some soldiering myself, and know something about that blue funk you got into in the Philippines, and though your story is vastly interesting and exciting, the trouble is you have not told the truth. You tell us that you put up a yarn about swallowing poisoned water, but the fact is the monkey!" The monkey has a sister in the New York monkey-house, and she informed me that your mouth was open so wide from fright, that the monkey thinking it was a hole in the ground, ran into it to escape the dog. The doctor also tells me that he pumped the monkey out of your dough tank, so you'd better fess up. They put soapsuds inside you, so the monkey could slide out easier, without stubbing his toe, or getting entangled in your internal regions. Another thing I would like to know, what you were doing out on some "lonely post," and why did they change your post, and also why did you have charge of this post. Your letter is full of posts, so I postponed this matter until last. Do you mean to tell me that the United States Government sent you all the way to the Philippines to swallow monkeys and to take care of a lot of posts. The idea of a soldier being out on some lonely post, when he ought to have been fighting the enemies of his country is preposterous. It seems to me you must have been under the Post Master General, instead of the Secretary of War. Billy the Goat says he thinks the Post Office took charge of the campaign, and they sent you out to stamp out the insurrection with postage stamps, and the stamps got licked and not the Filipinos. Billy's explanation is ingenious, but wide of the mark. I wish you would keep us posted on this post business, as you're supposed to know all about

it, and I'm op'pos' to mysteries, and I hate to see an army of soldiers fooling around with posts. I suppose, Harry, if you had been on that post much longer, you'd have swallowed the post as well as the monkey, and then they would have held a post mortem examination, and you'd have gone to a better world post haste.

When next you go into the army (if you ever do), you must sing that beautiful and patriotic song, "Just Before the Battle Mother," that has re-echoed on every gory field for the last half of a century. Here is the verse I sang at the battle of Squirt, where everybody was killed, but nobody hurt.

Just behind the battle, mother,
I am eating kidney stew.
I have eaten all the meat, mother
And I've left the bones for you;
Do not fear, my darling mother
You will lose your only son,
For tho' I can't fight much, dear mother
Bet your sweet life I can run.
So do not think, my dearest mother
You won't see your boy again,
For tho' I'm numbered with the missing,
You'll never find me with the slain.

That's a great battle song, Harry, I've sung it in the rear of many a gory field, as I made tracks for home and mother, and left the foolish to stay behind and get killed. I don't believe in getting killed, Harry, I can do a darned sight more to help humanity by remaining alive. I never saw the country yet, that was worth dying for. I can picture a country that would be worth the sublimest of sacrifices, but it hasn't arrived yet. I wish men would make their countries worth dying for, before they start out to give their lives for them. Fancy a man having to die for a rotten, barbarous country like Russia, as millions have done. Even in this country of inexhaustible riches, we have half of our vast population that is never free from the carking care of want, and never quite sure whether they will finish up in a pauper's grave or not, and one in every ten of us goes there anyhow. I would never fight and die for a country that put half of its wealth into the hands of a dozen billionaires, and permitted eleven millions of its citizens to exist, and raise families on the princely sum of eight dollars per week, and send two millions of its children into white slavery in mines and factories. We've got the best country on earth, but we have got a lot to do before it is worth dying for. Men should live for their country, as well as for themselves, and live pure honorable lives, loving God, their neighbors, and doing their best to uplift humanity, and advance civilization. If men would do that, they would never need to die for their country, and there could be no international disputes, and bloodshed with other nations, because we should have enough love for all mankind to submit all troubles to arbitration. My ideas are a little ahead of the times, but humanity will catch up to them after a while, and until it does, and nations disarm, armies and soldiers will be necessary, and poor Harry will have to sit on a lonely post and swallow more monkeys, and have his tummies kalsomined with soapsuds. Never mind, Harry, you are all right, and if you have got that lonely post mail it to me. How will you mail it? Why on a post card of course.

A chatty letter from a Montana lassie will now delight us.

FOREST GROVE, MONT., Dec. 31, 1908.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am very glad that I joined the C. L. O. O. I think Comfort is one of the nicest papers printed either for the young or old.

I am a little bit of a girl, only five feet nine and one half inches tall. I weigh just one hundred and sixty pounds. Just a nice lassie. I have golden-brown hair and dark blue eyes and am light complexioned.

I would like very much to sit on Uncle's lap, of course you would not care although you might too, if you saw my feet first. I only wear a number

eight shoe. But the saying is, if anyone has big feet it shows that they have a good understanding. This is the nicest country that you ever saw. There is real pretty scenery here.

I was born in New Hampshire in Merrimac County in the town of Waterloo, near Maine. Isn't it a shame that I didn't come to see you? We came from there when I was three years old, and I have been back twice since.

You, Toby, Maria, and the Goat had better come and go to some of the dances that we have here. I will hitch up the mules and take you. Did you ever ride behind a mule, Uncle Charlie? I only have a mule to ride. I wish someone would loan me a horse, won't you?

I went to a dance last Thanksgiving and I had a lovely time.

I would like to correspond with some of the cousins. I remain your eighteen-year-old niece,

MARION HAZEL BEAN (No. 16,225).

Hazel, your letter is charming, and I am so glad that you are not sensitive about the size of your pedal extremities, and are willing to let us gaze at them in all their redundant beauty. I have a very fair pair of legs myself though they are not quite as big as yours—say about two miles shorter, and about a mile less broad across. Anyway I have to sleep with my feet out of the window, when I go to bed, and I have let out the soles of my cockroach crushers for advertising purposes, and there is no room in the house for them anyway. On the bottom of one foot I have painted. "Send seven 'subs' to COMFORT and get Uncle Charlie's poems." The other foot I have let out to a pill company. They wanted to pay me fifty dollars a square foot for advertising space, but I told them they could not pay me by the square foot, as I had a long foot, so they pay me ten dollars an acre instead. Everybody that passes my hencoop has to see my feet, and the advertising brings me money, as the advertisers have to foot the bill. I should think Hazel dear that your feet are quite the biggest feature of your section. Talking of feet I was in a circus once, and they had a mule that would only go in harness hitched up to a wagon. He had to see and feel a pair of shafts rubbing against his hide, or he'd kick the eyebrows off the man in the moon. Scores of people tried to ride the mule, and were taken to the hospital or the mulespital—I'm not sure which, both I think. Anyway at last I got on that old mule's back, and when he felt my feet rubbing against his carcass, and sticking out in front of his nose about sixteen feet, he just chortled with delight, and we galloped around the ring to the echoing plaudits of the assembled multitudes. I got my fifty and divvied up with the mule, who had a large family of poor relations, and needed the money. The mule thought that my feet were shafts. I should like to go to a dance with you, Hazel, but I don't think our feet could both dance at once. We might get a couple of big toes on the floor at the same time, but if we did, the company would have to dance on the roof. Our best plan would be to dance out of doors, and then we'd have to be careful, or we'd be tangling our pushers in the surrounding scenery. Never mind, Hazel about those poor little toots being only number eights. You are only eighteen years young, so there's lots of time for them to grow. Don't be disheartened or admit defeat. Keep up your heart, and maybe in ten years time you will have an 88 foot instead of an eight. A foot should be in proportion to the rest of the body, and Hazel is built on superb lines, is a veritable Juno, a Goddess of the Golden West, and her tootsies are just the proper understanding for such a beautiful superstructure. Half the boys in America, I bet, would give their life to have the proud privilege of buying the casings for those toots—but your boots they would. Hazel, my life is yours, and if you want to put your toots in my shoes you're welcome, that is if you can get them in.

Our next letter will bring tears to many an eye.

3 GREENOAK ST., ASTORIA, L. I., CITY, N. Y.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I write you now to inform you that at 6:30 P. M., Jan. 2nd, Herbert J. Hippie died. His number in the COMFORT League was 2,221.

I wish I could express in words, the pleasure that you and the League gave him. He so often spoke of you, and had you been his own Uncle Charlie, he could not have thought more of you.

Through the generosity of a man who signed himself Mr. Good, Herbert received a book, "Uncle Charlie's Poems," and that brought him many hours of pleasure.

Herbert was born at Whitestone, Queens Co., L. I., Aug. 3rd, 1888. When he reached the age of five years, we (his parents) noticed that he was weak in the back. We took him to a specialist, who recommended plaster of Paris jackets, which we had put on him, about every six weeks for more than five years. But it was no use, softening of the spine set in, and no relief could be obtained. He gradually got worse, and nine years ago was the last time he stood alone.

Since then he has been helpless, gradually getting weaker, but always had a very active and well-developed brain. He was taken sick a few days before Christmas, and died of pneumonia trachea.

Will you please notify members of the League of Cousins of his death, so they will not write him any more: we do not like to open his mail. If any of the League members care to write to his brother, and only companion (except his parents) we will be very well pleased. His brother's name is Walter, his League number is 10,495. Walter is in the same condition. Herbert was at his age, and there being no relief for him, we wish to make things as pleasant and comfortable as we can for him, while he is with us, and I think if he heard from a League member once in a while he would be pleased.

Please pardon me for being so lengthy in this my first letter to you. Wishing you health and happiness, HARRY H. HIPIE, (Herbert's father).

In the rear of many a gory field, as I made tracks for home and mother, and left the foolish to stay behind and get killed. I don't believe in getting killed, Harry, I can do a darned sight more to help humanity by remaining alive. I never saw the country yet, that was worth dying for. I can picture a country that would be worth the sublimest of sacrifices, but it hasn't arrived yet. I wish men would make their countries worth dying for, before they start out to give their lives for them. Fancy a man having to die for a rotten, barbarous country like Russia, as millions have done. Even in this country of inexhaustible riches, we have half of our vast population that is never free from the carking care of want, and never quite sure whether they will finish up in a pauper's grave or not, and one in every ten of us goes there anyhow. I would never fight and die for a country that put half of its wealth into the hands of a dozen billionaires, and permitted eleven millions of its citizens to exist, and raise families on the princely sum of eight dollars per week, and send two millions of its children into white slavery in mines and factories. We've got the best country on earth, but we have got a lot to do before it is worth dying for. Men should live for their country, as well as for themselves, and live pure honorable lives, loving God, their neighbors, and doing their best to uplift humanity, and advance civilization. If men would do that, they would never need to die for their country, and there could be no international disputes, and bloodshed with other nations, because we should have enough love for all mankind to submit all troubles to arbitration. My ideas are a little ahead of the times, but humanity will catch up to them after a while, and until it does, and nations disarm, armies and soldiers will be necessary, and poor Harry will have to sit on a lonely post and swallow more monkeys, and have his tummies kalsomined with soapsuds. Never mind, Harry, you are all right, and if you have got that lonely post mail it to me. How will you mail it? Why on a post card of course.

That's a great battle song, Harry, I've sung it in the rear of many a gory field, as I made tracks for home and mother, and left the foolish to stay behind and get killed. I don't believe in getting killed, Harry, I can do a darned sight more to help humanity by remaining alive. I never saw the country yet, that was worth dying for. I can picture a country that would be worth the sublimest of sacrifices, but it hasn't arrived yet. I wish men would make their countries worth dying for, before they start out to give their lives for them. Fancy a man having to die for a rotten, barbarous country like Russia, as millions have done. Even in this country of inexhaustible riches, we have half of our vast population that is never free from the carking care of want, and never quite sure whether they will finish up in a pauper's grave or not, and one in every ten of us goes there anyhow. I would never fight and die for a country that put half of its wealth into the hands of a dozen billionaires, and permitted eleven millions of its citizens to exist, and raise families on the princely sum of eight dollars per week, and send two millions of its children into white slavery in mines and factories. We've got the best country on earth, but we have got a lot to do before it is worth dying for. Men should live for their country, as well as for themselves, and live pure honorable lives, loving God, their neighbors, and doing their best to uplift humanity, and advance civilization. If men would do that, they would never need to die for their country, and there could be no international disputes, and bloodshed with other nations, because we should have enough love for all mankind to submit all troubles to arbitration. My ideas are a little ahead of the times, but humanity will catch up to them after a while, and until it does, and nations disarm, armies and soldiers will be necessary, and poor Harry will have to sit on a lonely post and swallow more monkeys, and have his tummies kalsomined with soapsuds. Never mind, Harry, you are all right, and if you have got that lonely post mail it to me. How will you mail it? Why on a post card of course.

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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

water a little while and the potatoes will not taste. I will send in a fine cake recipe which I hope you will all like.

MRS. W. M. HEAL, Box 56, Fowlerton, Ind.

Dear COMFORT SISTERS:

I am a Kentuckian. I am five feet six inches in height, one hundred and twenty-five pounds in weight, brown hair, gray eyes, and am nineteen years of age. I live on a large farm with my parents and brother. We live six miles from Crab Orchard the nearest railroad station, and twelve miles from Stanford the next nearest. I too, must say COMFORT in the dearest paper I've yet seen. I have been a subscriber for two years, and will never be without it again. I'm a member of Uncle Charlie's family also and like his witty replies.

I'll give a few suggestions which I hope will prove helpful to some of the sisters.

If you want a fine white face or hands, then take a slice of lemon and rub the face and hands every night before going to bed, and the first thing you do in the morning is to wash it off with hot water, afterward with cold water to close the pores, do this for about two weeks.

For stains of any kind on clothes, pour boiling hot water through, holding the cloth over a dish. This must be done before trying to wash out the stain.

For sweet potato stains on hands, rub coal oil over them and they'll soon disappear.

Here is the direction for those that wish to make paper flowers. The Easter lily is composed of six petals, cut from fine grain white crepe paper, and to the back of each is glued a vein of white covered wire stretching about an inch below the base of the petal. Stamens are formed of light green tissue rolled almost to a thread, and cut four and one half inches long. The pistil is made in the same manner, leaving a roll or head on the top, and should be cut five and one half inches long. Glue the edges of the petals about half way up from the base and form around the center (composed of the pistils and stamens), and close the bottom around a stem previously formed by winding a stiff wire with crepe paper until the required size; then finish by winding stem neatly with green paper. Cut leaves from dark green crepe, three inches long by three fourths inches wide.

Sisters, try and make some Easter Lilies, they look just natural. I have a vase full, and my friends think they're natural, only from the first sight you know. The next time I will give some other direction, as I can make most any kind of flower. I would like to hear from some of the sisters about my own age. I wish success to COMFORT and all its readers, especially the shut-ins.

MISS CLARA BLISS, Ottenheim, Ky.

Dear COMFORT READERS:

I live way out here in Nebraska six miles from Herman, a small town of two hundred population, about three miles west of the Missouri River.

I am a farmer's wife, and enjoy reading the COMFORT's Sisters' Corner very much.

How many sisters have tried putting fine loose dirt on the cabbage plants when they first begin to head, it stops the white butterfly from disposing her eggs on the plant before the head is started. I have always done this, and the worms never get my cabbages.

Mrs. Thomas Hogan. Did you receive the pieced quilt block pattern of the Log Cabin. I have never heard from you. Will some of the sisters please be kind enough and send me a few light pieces of calico for my postal card quilt, the pieces are the size of a postal card, and I will return the favor any way I can.

Can any one living near Walla Walla, Washington tell me if they know my sister-in-law, Mrs. Levi Willey, her maiden name was Fanny Atherton.

MRS. CARRIE ATHERTON, Box 21, Herman, R. F. D., 2, Neb.

My DEARS:

This month we celebrate St. Patrick's day. I wonder if some of us would not like to know when and where the great saint was born, lived and died. The year of his birth is variously assigned to the years 377 and 372 (if which the latter of the dates is more probable), near the site of Kilpatrick, Scotland. His father was a deacon named Calpurnius, his mother Conches or Conchessa, Patrick's original name being Succat, Patricius being the Roman appellation by which he was known. In the year 431 he went to Rome and the Pope Celestine sent him to Ireland to preach. According to the accounts of his Irish biographers he founded three hundred and sixty-five churches, and baptized with his own hand twelve thousand people. He died at a place called Saul near Downpatrick, and his relics were preserved there down to the period of the Reformation. The date of his death is much disputed, the Bollandists placing it in 460, while Usher holds it at 493. He was a grand good man, his name and his memory is revered and venerated the world over. God bless old Ireland and all connected with it!

How that wind does blow, draw up close to the fire and let us have a little chat. I want to say to those living in the pine-woods region that write me, "What can I do to earn a little money at home?" You are walking right over an income, tramping it under foot every day. Do you know there are invalids, nervous, worn-out people, that would be glad of the opportunity to get some of those fragrant, spicy pine needles for cushions, to put under their tired, sleepless heads, imagining that they are in the odorous pine forests. Gather the fir balsam needles green, right from the tree, sell them by the bulk or make them up into cheap cushions; they are light, and can be sent by mail. Put in a few fragrant boughs with each order, do not be stingy, send good measure. Anyone wishing to make further inquiries, regarding the pine needles, write me, inclosing stamped, directed envelope, and I will gladly answer.

Mrs. Rucker, Sandiges, Va. Thanks for your kind words, they are duly appreciated; it gives me great pleasure to hear from you. Sisters, Mrs. Rucker would like pieces for patchwork; she is a semi-invalid, cheer her up.

Dear Fannie. Yours received, I wish you could have been with me at Christmas-time. One of my good boys sent me a sum of money to use for our suffering dear ones. I prepared and sent off one hundred packages. How I needed some of my girls to assist in the good work.

Andrew Millsag. I sent a package off for you, but it was returned. I directed it to Bolland, North Carolina. There was no such town on my atlas, but thinking it might be a new place, I sent the package. If I had not put my address on, I never would have heard from it.

Dolla. Do write me again about the bonny boy, I can scarcely credit that he is yours. The needle-book is highly prized.

Lillie. I am so pleased that you are to get the book; every little helps, and this poor boy is worthy of all you can give him.

Mrs. Harden. My love to Will, and thanks for the gifts. The painting is valued because you did the work. It is very nicely done. Let me say to all that are sending me cards, that I fully appreciate them.

Thomas Lockhart. Yours received; you write so cheerfully. God bless you.

Mrs. Griffiths. Thanks for the card, also for your kind words regarding Thomas Lockhart; he certainly is an angel of patience.

Mrs. Orthofer, Mrs. Bacon, Phoebe Jackson. Thanks. It is so pleasant to be remembered by those we love. I wish I could write to each one that sent me gifts, but there are so many of you that it is an impossibility.

Mrs. Merritt. The card and dolly received, thanks. If you could see the stacks of mail I have, you would wonder how one pair of hands and eyes could attend to it, aside from numerous other important duties. God bless you, dear! Write whenever you feel like it.

Herman Mealy. Thank you for your contribution to my shut-in fund.

Girls. I want to tell you all about some of the song books that the COMFORT people are giving away with the paper. For three yearly subscriptions they give us the choice of two song books containing nearly all of the good old-time songs;

also a chart of all the chords which all music lovers should have, it is so useful in playing accompaniments. Also for a club of three, they give five pieces of music; the latter can not be bought for less than fifty cents, any of them, and some are worth much more.

March is a good time for the housekeepers to begin weeding out the closets and bureaus drawers, sorting over the accumulation of papers, magazines, pieces for patchwork, and old, worn-out garments; so many little things can be done before the regular routine work of housecleaning begins. As soon as the warm days come we want to be outdoors, and these stormy days are just the time for looking over chests, boxes, etc., and is it not fine to work up in the attic on a mildly warm spring day when it is raining? Anyone not blessed with a good old-fashioned attic, misses one of the greatest pleasures of this life in my estimation.

"Any Old Place I Can Hang My Hat Is Home, Sweet Home to Me," that is the title of the song given us by our kind COMFORT people in our January number; the words are both pathetic and humorous at the same time, and the music is good. Are you all appreciating our pretty title pages? I wonder how many will avail themselves of Mrs. Linden's mitten pattern? What a handsome point lace collar that is, and the "Kitty" lace! So many good things in our January number!

Miss Ida Wake. Find recipe for ribbon pudding in another column.

Mrs. Maud Couch. Are you sure your hens were not lousy? A dust bath of wood ashes in which is sprinkled powdered sulphur is fine to rid them of the pests, and a thorough drenching of the roosts and houses with kerosene oil once a week, is the only thing that will keep the mites and lice down. Do you ever wash your rose bushes in the water on washday? The very dirtiest suds is what they enjoy, then rinse thoroughly, set the pots right into the tub, and give them a good bath.

Mrs. Cunningham. Come on and see me and I will play and sing "Navajo" while you are piecing your "Navajo" quilt; you know the "COMFORT" people gave us that song last year. It is too pretty for anything and so are your blocks.

Mrs. Crittenden. I remember taking breakfast at the Kimball House in Atlanta once upon a time. Wonder if you were there then?

Mrs. Cable. I am glad poor little Gladys is at rest, how thankful the dear mother must feel even though she misses the little one. She is beyond all suffering, all sorrow, and we would not call her back.

How many sermons are preached out of the pulpit? Do we not hear them every day in some way? A dear, dear friend, one of God's noble men, came to my house recently, in his working clothes, just a plain every-day man, the conversation drifted to God and his wonderful works. This dear man said, "Some people say they have no idea what heaven is like; did you ever go out on a June morning, when the sun was shining brightly in the country, the birds singing, the roses in bloom, the green grass and flowers all about you? Well! that is a foretaste of Heaven!" That man looks on the bright side of everything, for there is a bright side though we may not always see it but it is here and will show itself sooner or later, we must look for pleasant things and we will find them, if we look for trouble we can find it, and some people spend their entire lives looking for it, and they find an abundance. Let us all try to look on the brighter side, while going through our Gethsemane as our dear Saviour did before us; He is at the Father's right hand in heaven, after all His sufferings why should not we be? A crown of glory with many, many, bright stars is awaiting all if they only strive for it, and these sorrows, griefs, and sufferings are given us to purify us, and surely will in in the end.

Mrs. Linden. Thanks very much for the music and cards, you know they were fully appreciated.

Dear little Bachelor of the Queen City. Your remembrance received. April showers will be with us ere I write again. Please all of you try to do something for Christoro Brice's poor and needy, invalid mother; they live in Brutus, Michigan; clothing and bedding can be sent and gladly received by these poor worthy ones.

Any one writing for a request or favor should always enclose a stamped, directed envelope, not a stamp alone, but the envelope as well; letters written for pastime, or pleasure is another matter, but where favors are requested the above conditions should be complied with.

"J. A. D." (Mrs. VAN DYKE), New Salem, Mass.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have intended to visit you for a long time, and have finally started on my journey. Although the distance across the country is about three thousand miles. I am "no stranger in a strange country;" my former home being New York state. This is a beautiful country with mountains on three sides, and the ocean on the other. The scenery is magnificent. The mountains are covered with snow, but there is no snow here, in the lowlands. This is truly "the land of the evergreen." The grass and the trees are green all the year round.

Oregon is noted for its big trees, and they are big! A family here, made their home in the hollow trunk of a tree, when they first came to this country. Their home now is beautiful.

The winters are very wet, as it does little else but rain during the winter months. As a result, Oregonians are called "Web-feet."

The recent high-water has done a lot of damage and caused much suffering in Oregon. People are homeless and destitute, land has been washed away, and fences and trees blown down. We are shut off from the world except for a little steamer, that comes in when the tides and weather permits, and a stage-line over the mountains.

Tammy Brunette, five feet three inches tall and am twenty-six years of age. I echo the praise that others give COMFORT.

MISS MARY RIEGEL, Tillamook, Oregon.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

While I am writing this November morning it is raining and is very dreary. Last week on the day of the fifteenth it snowed and blew as bad as it did any time last winter. Although I live along a lonesome country road, an electric car running a few yards from our door, I am very happy and well contented, having but one sorrow, the loss of a sister very dear to me, aged but twenty-one years, and a bride of a few months, but whom the good Lord thought best to take away.

Our home is situated about half a mile between two towns, Bangor and East Bangor and about eight miles from the Delaware river. It is rather a hilly place with forests growing here and there, and there are also plenty of stones.

I will describe myself. I am a young housekeeper twenty-four years old, weigh one hundred and seventy pounds, have light brown hair, and blue eyes and not like most of them I am healthy, and am very thankful to say so. There are three of us in our family; my husband a jolly fellow, and son Earle, five years old, and myself. We do not live on a farm, but have a garden which I love to tend in summer, and I also have many flowers. I will now tell the sisters how many kinds I have for this winter as I think it makes one's house seem gloomy without flowers. I have fourteen different kinds of Geraniums, eight different Begonias, eight Coleus, two Iries, one green with white edge which I think is lovely, two Filfera or weeping Palms, one Boston Fern, three house roses, and a few other common ones. For those not having much to do can make themselves work if they have flowers.

Talking about weight I know a young lady nineteen years old weighing three hundred and nine pounds, can any of the states beat that?

I don't know how I could get along without COMFORT these long days. I have taken this paper for one year and like it very much.

I will close with a few hints which I suppose will appear in another column.

MRS. O. GROVER, Box 67, Bangor, R. F. D., 2, Pa.

DEAR EDITOR, BROTHERS AND SISTERS:

I am glad that I am one of the sisters, as I do so enjoy reading each and every letter; all the trials and troubles that some of them have to go through, their sunny and uncompromising letters help others (who are not afflicted in any way whatever), to take up their daily burden without grumbling.

Do I grumble? I certainly do. The disease is chronic, I'm afraid, although it isn't so much grumbling that I do, but I have no patience, and I

need it, for I have three little children. The oldest is nearly six, the youngest is two, and the one between and between is four; so you see if you count all their years together, it makes a good round dozen. I sometimes have to stop and consider whether they are a dozen or not.

They are not so bad, only I am very irritable and nervous, but I shall have to try and get over it, don't you think so?

MRS. NELSON ASHDOWN, Freeport, L. I., New York.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I just feel as if I can't stay away any longer. I am a lounger; have been confined to my room most of the time for three years. I try to be cheerful, but I find it very hard at times, when I am suffering, as I am today.

You know that if you make a salve of the white of one egg, one large spoonful of lard, powdered alum size of a hickory nut, it will cure a bad burn or scald, without leaving a scar.

What would we all do without COMFORT? It is indeed a comfort to me, as I enjoy every page in it. I do a great deal of fancy work, as I sit up in bed. I have just completed a silk quilt, and have a lot of scraps left that I would gladly send our dear shut-ins, but I can't afford stamps. Oh, the pity of it.

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Do you know that if you make a salve of the white of one egg

A Corner for Boys

By Uncle John

The Kite

Fat Felix Fogg once flew a kite And though he pulled with all his might, It was so big and strong he rose, Till he was standing on his toes. Now Tommy Teaser chanced that way, And being full of glee to play, He grabbed poor Felix Fogg and roared, "Let me hold, or I'll cut the cord." "No need at all of doing harm," said Felix; Taking Tommy's arm Soon he had tied the string thereon, Jumped backward quick and Tom was gone, Up in the air among the stars, To tease in Jupiter or Mars.

A Flyer

Cut out a piece of tin shaped like "a," and make two small holes in it at or near the center. This can be done with a steel punch or a common nail. Now, get a round stick of the same proportion but twice the size of a pencil, and drive into one end two shingle nails from which the heads have been cut. Bend the ends of the tin, and place it over the nails as shown in "b". Now, if you grasp the stick with both hands, and twirl it rapidly the flyer will ascend and execute pretty gyrations.

Vice

A handy and very quickly made vice can be rigged up out of two short boards, and a bolt. Through corresponding holes which need not be threaded, insert the bolt so that the threaded end appears on the outside. The nut is then placed on, and by tightening with a wrench, the object you wish to work on may be held very firmly. This vice is intended to meet an emergency where no other is obtainable, and it is every bit as serviceable as the more elaborate affairs which only one out of a hundred boys could make.

Number of Stars

The stars seen upon a clear night are about 2,000 in number, allowing a like number for the half of the world not seen gives us 4,000 visible stars in all. Even the one nearest to us is at a distance too great to be conceived by the human intellect. It has been said that a cannon ball traveling at its usual rate of speed from the creation of the world in a direct line to the North star would be still millions of miles away from it. The light of the star Sirius traveling at the rate of 192,000 miles a second takes three years to reach the earth. If the sun, which is comparatively near, were to go out it would be months before we would know it.

Picture Puzzles

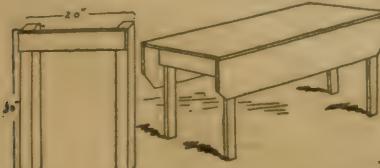
The five drawings herewith represent five tailor or dressmakers. Study them a little while, and you can solve them. The solutions will appear in the Boys' Corner of next month's COMFORT.

Game

A lively game for boys which is probably too noisy to be played indoors is "Keep the bag up." An inflated bladder or paper bag is tossed up in the air, and the players of which there may be any number, tap it up every time it threatens to fall. Each player must hit it in turn, and must not take more than two steps in going after it. The comical actions of those trying frantically to reach it will result in much fun and laughter, but undue roughness will spoil the whole game. If played in the house the rule should require all to stand in one position, and move only the hands in trying to reach the bag.

Work Bench

A strong work bench is needed in every boy's workshop. Use four pieces of 2 by 4 scantling 30 inches long for legs, joining them with



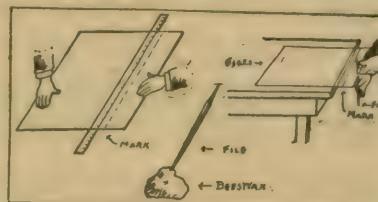
crosspieces as shown. Next put on the six-foot long side pieces letting them extend over 6 inches, and cutting off the lower corners as the drawing illustrates. For the top use heavy planks or two thicknesses of inch boards. In the latter case the first layer may be put on crosswise if short boards are more easily procured.

Telling Number by Thought

Here's a new way of doing an old trick. Ask a person to add 1 to the triple of the number thought of, and to multiply the sum by 3; then to add to this product the number thought of, and the result will be a sum which if diminished by three and divided by 10, will be the number he thought of first. Example. Think of 6, triple it which is 18, add 1, which makes it 19. Three times this is 57, and if 6 is added it becomes 63. Now take away 3, and divide by 10, and you have your answer 6. This is simpler than it seems at first reading.

Cutting Glass

Perhaps you have a few irregular-shaped pieces of glass large enough to be of some use. You can cut them any desired size with the aid of an old file if you harden it first by heating to



a bright red, and then plunging it into a chunk of beeswax several times. After making the mark with the sharp point strike the glass directly under it, and it will break evenly. If there is a large margin to be cut off you can manage it better by laying the glass flat upon the ruler, the marked part facing up, and being raised from the floor a quarter of an inch. When you have it thus arranged bear sharply down on the extreme edges.

Jerry, the Backwoods Boy

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3.)

her, and from the attentions which she hints at I judge that we must make up our minds to lose her. It would be a capital match, don't you think so?"

It was at this interesting point that Mehitable was compelled, by the sudden discovery on the part of Jerry related in the previous chapter, to abandon her post. She would have given a good deal to hear what followed, and never quite forgave the boy for disturbing her. The indifference with which Mabel spoke, however, relieved her from any fears of rivalry in the design which she had already formed upon the lawyer's hand.

Mr. Parkhurst, for obvious reasons, was not pleased with his daughter's manner of treating the subject. It promised ill for the sacrifice that he wished to propose to her.

"Mabel," said he with some severity of manner, "I shall be obliged to you to speak with less levity. To bring Mehitable into the conversation is entirely uncalled for, and the suggestion of a matrimonial connection between Mr. Clarke and a person occupying a menial position so far beneath his station in society is in the highest degree improper, and might justly be regarded as an insult by him, did he happen to be present to hear it."

"Father," said Mabel penitently, "you must pardon me for having spoken as you would not have me. I certainly have, if I have incurred your displeasure."

"Mabel, my daughter," said the father affectionately, "you have ever been a good and dutiful daughter hitherto. I may by and by make still another demand upon your duty. But I am speaking of my visitor of yesterday. Do you remember hearing of him when we lived in the city?"

"No, sir; although his face looked slightly familiar."

"He had seen you, however. But that is not to the purpose at present. Can you guess what was his errand?"

"No, sir. I suppose it could hardly be of a professional nature, as, since your—", Mabel hesitated to say failure, knowing her father's sensitiveness upon this point.

"Since the great misfortune, you mean, which drove me out into this wilderness to lead a miserable existence, deprived of all the sources of my former happiness."

"Do you, indeed, take it so much to heart?" said the daughter, taking her father's hand and looking in his face with sympathy. "I wish you could feel as I do. It seems to me as if I never lived till now. I delight in the wild freedom of the woods and the unshackled life which I lead here. In the city one is so hemmed in by conventionalities that it is impossible to feel yourself quite independent. Father, I could live here always without one longing for the old life that I led in the city."

"I don't pretend," said Mr. Parkhurst peevishly, "to enter into your youthful enthusiasm, and I marvel much that a daughter of mine, the descendant of a lofty family with whom nobles have not infrequently intermarried, should be willing to confess such plebeian tastes. I cannot conceive what pleasure you can find in living in a miserable hut"—Mabel was about to utter an exclamation, but prudently refrained—

"a miserable hut built of logs, in the midst of a rude, uncultivated race of people who care nothing for good blood, and fancy their plebeian stock as good as ours. I say I cannot conceal my astonishment that one so carefully reared should imbibe and give expression to such tastes. For my own part it has proved to me more unendurable than I anticipated. I remember once to have read an interesting account of a shipwrecked sailor named, I think, 'Robinson Crusoe,' who was forced to live by himself on an uninhabited island. The book was written by one Defoe, and was sent to me in a package forwarded from London. I little thought when I read it that I was doomed in my own person to pass through a trial equally hard, and to bear a solitude almost as intolerable."

"But, father, we have good neighbors, while Robinson Crusoe, if I remember rightly, was not so fortunate. You surely can not compare your situation with his."

"Neighbors, Mabel? And what kind of intimacy with the rude, uncultivated settlers?"

"Surely you do not regard the Davenports in that light?"

"No, they are exceptions, I admit. But it would take many such to supply to me the place of all that I enjoyed in the city."

Mabel felt that nothing she could say was likely to divert her father from the melancholy view that he now saw fit to express. She accordingly, after a minute's pause, endeavored to change the current of conversation by suggesting a question.

"You were about to tell me on what business Mr. Clarke came, were you not, father?"

"Yes, Mabel," said her father, brightening up. "What will you say when I tell you that he has come to offer us the chance of resuming our old station in society; that he has it in his power to restore us a measure of wealth equal to that which I inherited and lost?"

"Father, you have excited my curiosity deeply. Has this indeed been as you say?"

"I do not wonder at your astonishment, Mabel. I was myself taken by surprise. But I can explain all in a very few words."

Mr. Parkhurst here entered into an explanation of facts already familiar to my reader, and

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We will also send you a reference book of 5,000 recent purchasers (some of whom you may know) and a list of testimonials from old Cornish patrons.

And further, we will send you a copy of our bond of indemnity, which is an iron-clad guarantee that no responsibility whatever will attach to you in placing one of our instruments in your home for examination and free trial. We take all the risk. We put you under no obligation whatever.

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We deliver free of all freight charges, if desired. You place the instrument in your home and use it one month just as if it were your own. You call in your musical friends and let them put it to a test and pass judgment upon it before you decide to buy it—we agree to find no fault with your decision.

If it does not prove to be a handsomer and better made instrument than you can find for the price we ask, and if it does not possess a purer and sweeter tone than any you can find at any price, you return it to us at any time within one year and get your money back, together with all freight charges and 5 per cent interest added.

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Sit right down and write to us. Simply tell us that you may perhaps buy an instrument within six months, and we will put before you our "Free Aids to Purchasers." They will prove to you that our methods are fair and honorable.

Then we ask you to prove one of our instruments for yourself. You will keep it, because you can't find its equal in value.

We give you, by mail, a two years' course (96 lessons) in Musical Education Absolutely Free.

CORNISH CO. Established 50 Years. Washington, N. J.

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which, therefore, do not require to be repeated. It is hardly necessary to say that Mabel listened with eager interest. The revelation gave her pleasure, but not for herself. The discontent her father had expressed with the mode of life to which he was at present reduced led her, as a matter of course, to rejoice that means were provided for his restoration to the scenes which could alone content him. For her own part she had no desire to go back to the city, and would have considered such a removal a great sacrifice. But her union with Henry Davenport would render this unnecessary, and although it would pain her to be entirely separated from her father, she had no doubt that an arrangement could be made by which she could pass a part of the year in the city. For the rest, her father would be contented in that sphere which he was prepared to value the more because of his temporary withdrawal from it.

It was, therefore, with a glow of pleasure that she said, "Father, I am indeed heartily glad for your sake that your losses are likely to be so amply made up to you, and I hereby acknowledge my penitence for having spoken somewhat disrespectfully of the lawyer who is the bearer of this welcome intelligence. I shall henceforth adopt the opinion that bad looks are no indication of a bad disposition. But, father, you will remember that I, too, have something to communicate."

"Yes, Mabel, I do remember that you solicited the interview. Pray speak without hesitation, and if it is any favor which is in my power to grant, count it already granted."

"It is indeed a matter that vitally concerns my happiness, father," said Mabel in a low voice.

"Is it indeed so important?" asked Mr. Parkhurst, who as yet did not suspect the nature of the request which his daughter was about to make. "Indeed, I cannot conjecture what it is. Tell me without reserve."

Mabel rose from her chair, and sank at her father's feet in a childlike attitude.

"Father," she murmured, "I am very happy. Henry Davenport has told me that he loved me."

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Parkhurst in undisguised dismay. "Can this be true? And do you love him, Mabel?"

Startled by her father's manner, Mabel answered: "I love him as my life, father."

Rising hastily to his feet, Joseph Parkhurst paced the room with knitted brow and disordered steps. Mabel watched him with equal surprise and anxiety.

"Father," she at length said, timidly. "I hope that you know nothing unfavorable of Henry."

"I do not," said Mr. Parkhurst gloomily, pausing in his walk, "but, Mabel, this marriage, though it may bring happiness to you, can bring nothing but disaster and unhappiness to me."

"But, father, it needn't separate us," said Mabel eagerly, supposing that her father's objection was founded upon this. "Henry could arrange to live in the city a part of the time."

"Child, you do not understand the matter. Your marriage with this young man would keep me a lifelong prisoner in this odious wilderness."

"But why should it? Could you not support an establishment in the city, and now and then come out to visit your children. The property which you are about to recover—"

"That property I shall never recover if you marry Henry Davenport," said her father gloomily.

"But what possible connection can there be between the two things?" questioned Mabel in perplexity. "Why should my marriage stand in the way of your recovering what is rightfully yours?"

"Sit down, Mabel—let us both sit—while I tell you. It is a circumstance which I regret nearly as much as you can. I have no personal objection to young Davenport. I would receive him gladly as a son-in-law, but there is one thing I have got to tell you. This lawyer demands a reward for his discovery of the letter which makes known to me the whereabouts of the treasure. That reward he has himself indicated. He has asked you as his wife."

"But what can he know of me?" asked Mabel in amazement.

"More than you think. You remember that he belongs to New York; that he has lived there many years."

"But I never met him, so far as I can remember."

"Perhaps not as an acquaintance. But the daughter of Joseph Parkhurst occupied a position which, as a matter of course, made her known to many with whom she was personally unacquainted. As he told me, he was accustomed to see you going to and from school, and at that time he conceived an admiration for you which has suggested the character of the recompense he asks."

"But surely he cannot know enough of me to be seriously interested in me. When he learns that I love another he will dismiss this other fancy, and offer his addresses in some other quarter where they will be more acceptable."

Mr. Parkhurst shook his head.

"I am afraid, Mabel, that whatever else he is, he is an obstinate man. So far as I can judge, his mind seems to be set upon marrying you, and he will not accept anything else."

"But, father, he is probably fond of money. Offer him a large amount of money for his services—whatever he asks. Give him whatever you might otherwise intend for me. I care not for money. To me it is of no value compared with the happiness which I shall enjoy as Henry's wife. Even if you are compelled to give him half of the whole sum, the remainder will yet support you handsomely. Only, my father, do not ask me to surrender all the happiness of my life to this man's keeping."

Mabel spoke with earnestness, her cheeks glowing with the excitement of her feelings, and her face lifted imploringly to her father's, which gathered gloom as she proceeded.

"I have already suggested this to the lawyer," he said, "but without effect."

"Perhaps you did not offer him enough."

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

brighten his life, and bring some rays of sunshine into its hours of gloom and suffering. You who wrote him one letter, do you not wish—now his frail body is laid away in the earth, that you had written him oftener than you did? You who sent him old newspapers, and made him pay the extra postage, would you not give all you possess to undo that thoughtless deed? It is too late now, too late, he does not need your aid now. Many would if they could, bend over his little casket, and look at the still white face, smother it with flowers, who yet in life would not send him a postage stamp—happy Herbert, you don't have to depend on the whims of a fickle world for your sunshine and cheer now. God is attending to that. Ah, cousins, won't you, as you bend o'er the silent form of this your departed cousin, doubly resolve to bend all your energies to alleviating the sufferings of those who remain? Soon many more of the great army of suffering will have passed over the silent stream. Ere they go, won't you do for them, what you might have done for Herbert Hippie? Promise me you will, and if you will, he has not died in vain. I commend Herbert's brother Walter to your care;—what you neglected to do for Herbert, do for him, and God will bless you in the doing. Anthony Good, the noble boy who is Vice President of Pa., is the Mr. Good mentioned in this letter. The money other boys spend in whiskey and cigarettes, Anthony devotes to works of mercy. There are about half a dozen such noble boys in the League, half a dozen among 20,000. Think of that!

Comfort's League of Cousins

For the information of those who have not been regular readers of *COMFORT*, and others who are becoming interested in the Cousins' League for the first time, and are ignorant of its aim and objects, the following facts will be of interest:

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of *COMFORT*'s immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was originally started as a society for the juvenile members of *COMFORT*'s family, only, but those of more mature years clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admittance into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

Though the older folks are admitted, the young folks will always be the first consideration, and Uncle Charlie will write his page with a view of entertaining our young people solely.

Those who wish to join our League can do so by subscribing to *COMFORT* for one year or inducing some one else to subscribe, and sending us their subscription. No premiums will be given those sending in members for the League.

If you are already a subscriber you can join by renewing your subscription, or subscribing a year ahead. You can have the membership card and button sent to yourself and the *COMFORT* to a friend, if you already take the paper. All who join the League will receive a button and a handsome certificate of membership, also *COMFORT* for one year, and the privilege of having their names in the letter list.

How to become a Member

In order to become a full-fledged League member and procure a card and button, you must become a paid-in-advance *COMFORT* subscriber by sending fifteen cents to the subscription department, for yourself, or renew your own subscriptions now. When you do this, send five cents extra, or twenty cents in all, and say that you wish to join *COMFORT*'s League of Cousins.

The five cents additional pays your membership fee and for the League button and membership card engrossed with your own name and membership number. All previous League membership offers are hereby withdrawn and only those who strictly comply with our above offer will be admitted to membership. It costs but twenty cents to join the League, a League which promises to be the greatest society of young people on earth.

Never in the world's history was so much given for so little. Never could twenty cents be invested to such advantage, and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate, join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise.

All those League members, who desire a list of the cousins residing in their several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford, 1442 Pacific St., Brooklyn, N.Y., our grand secretary. Some of the lists contain hundreds of names, so our secretary must have some trifling remuneration as she is devoting the whole of her time to this work.

League Sunshine and Work of Mercy for March

Here's a big shut-in list. I want you to write a letter to each one of those below, and put something in your letter besides music. Invalids can't eat talk, the most of you would like to feed them on that kind of diet, but you'll take mighty good care to fill your own stomachs with something more substantial. When invalids ask for reading, please send them story books, or books worth while. Old magazines, and old newspapers are not wanted, and will be refused. I've instructed all the shut-ins not to send stamps for packages that are held because of insufficient postage at the office where they were mailed by thoughtless Goops, who think a one-cent stamp will carry a ton of old rubbish. These packages are never worth sending for, so don't be fooled by them. Another thing, never return books sent you to read. Tom Lockhart informs me that numberless books, great heavy tomes that he couldn't handle, were sent him to read, with the request that he return them when read, and pay postage. It costs twenty-four cents to mail a three-pound book, so shut-ins stick to the books sent you, don't return them. Stick to everything that comes your way, God knows it is mighty little. Remember also that to one kind heart and one generous giver in this world, there are twenty hearts of stone, and fifty empty heads, and don't let the stony-hearted and thoughtless rob you of the little money God's good angels send you. Lawrence Bird, writing me on December 21st informs me he had received \$18.55. God bless those who sent it! Lawrence was very sick at the time he wrote. I'll let you know exactly what he got, as I believe it encourages you in this beautiful work of caring for God's sick and poor, to know results. Don't send money to me to forward. I have to write letters and pay postage, and I'm worked to death, and have not all the strength in the world. Now get busy. Some day, the only thing that may plead for you at the Bar of Heaven will be the fact that you once wrote a letter and sent a dime to one of our shut-ins. That one deed of love may win you paradise.

Miss Eva L. Stevens, Greenville, R. F. D. 1, Ala. Paralyzed from the hips down, young girl, charming writer, without means. Miss Annie Cinnamon (11), Haddam, Conn. Paralyzed from the waist down, and has spinal curvature. Wants pieces for quilts, and good

bright reading. Old attic rubbish not wanted, and unpaid matter will be refused. Mrs. Victoria Hutchens, Rock Bridge, Ky., widow, semi-invalid, with two little boys to support. Eldest boy twelve. All need clothing and cheer. Mrs. Sarah Good (60), Brock, Neb. Paralyzed. Is allowed \$1 per week by the county for support, has nothing else, cheer her up. Willie Janet Sheppard (25), Wedowee, Ala. Poor crippled, colored girl, writes splendidly. Send 25 cents for her book, *Golden Moments*; it is capital. Miss Alsa Carroll (16), Anchor, Sunny Co., Va. Has water on the brain, never once raised her head from the pillow in her life. Can't read, but loves pictures and postals. Send her cheer besides. Fred Bizzell (24), Newton Grove, Albany Co., N.Y. Crippled with rheumatism, helpless. Has family to support—remember him poor soul. Johnny Adkins (18), Raccoon, W. Va. Invalid. Wants cheer, letters, and reading. No old papers. Miss Azubah Lee, Dunn, R. F. D., 2, N. C. Helpless, and very sick and needy. Send her cheer and sympathy. Chas. A. Eddy, Glen Falls, N.Y. Shut-in writes beautifully, refined, educated. Want cheery letters. Jenny Betz, Fannettsburg, Pa. Wants cheery letters. Miss Tumy Belle Cooper (21), Lexington, Ky. Spinal trouble, helpless for ten years. Bright, refined girl, writes finely. Send ten cents for her story book, *An Unasked Love*.

Now remember, seven one-year subscriptions to *COMFORT* will win you Uncle Charlie's Book of Poems, a fifty cent book, that costs six cents to mail, and all for collecting the trifling sum of \$1.00 by doing half an hour's pleasant work. Won't you all try and win one of those books? Try, you can do it if you will.

Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

The Shadow of a Cross A Religious Quarrel and Separation

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

they might have been, she contrived to maintain a certain standing in society. In secret she half starved herself and Victoria that a brave front might be presented to the world. As the girl grew in grace and beauty, the mother counted on her making a brilliant match, and to this end the sacrifices she made to give her the necessary accomplishments to fit her for society were no light ones.

Gene might have been saved a world of misery if his companion's thoughts could have been communicated to him telepathically, but as it was he sat there entranced by her physical loveliness and never dreamed of all the future held in store for him.

When they arrived at the residential portion of the city Victoria drew rein at the curbstone, exclaiming:

"I don't fancy running the gauntlet of staring eyes any further so I think I will walk the rest of the way!"

"If you will wait a moment," said Gene as he helped her to dismount, "I will walk the distance with you. Here, sonny," to a grinning urchin, "don't you want to ride this horse over to Watson's livery stable?"

Gene tossed him a coin, and with a whoop of delight the boy tore away down the street.

"I am afraid," Gene said as he turned to Victoria, "the ride has tired you. It must have been difficult to ride that saddle."

Victoria broke into a ringing laugh.

"Do you know," she said, "it never occurred to either of us that the saddles might have been changed."

He joined in her merriment.

"Well, well, what a blockhead you must think me! But then," he added, with an admiring glance at her beautiful face, "you cannot really blame me. Any man would have lost his head—under the circumstances."

The compliment was florid but it pleased her, and she acknowledged it by a sweet, slow, upward glance that thrilled him through and through. There was a subtle poison in that glance, and for a moment it held him fascinated while the blood mounted to his brow.

Victoria saw the flush and gloried in her power to bring it there, then the long-lashed lids drooped over her eyes, and she smiled as she walked onward.

The thoroughfare up which they passed was new, and the houses as much alike as pebbles on beach, but at the end of the street a magnificent white marble mansion was seen; winding walks led through the grounds; and behind groups of shrubbery the gleam of statues could be caught at intervals; waters fell with a musical tinkling into marble basins; and two couchant granite lions guarded the entrance way.

As Warfield and Victoria came opposite this an automobile was turning into the grounds. A chauffeur was driving, and on the back seat reclined rather than sat a woman who seemed as if more dead than alive, so pale, so sunken, so sad was the face—a face that might once have been beautiful.

"Who was that?" asked Victoria, as the automobile disappeared up the driveway.

"That is Mrs. Corcoran, wife of the president of the Harvester Trust. They have only lately returned. That great house is kept shut up for a good part of the year, for the wife is a confirmed invalid. I imagine her wealth does not bring her much enjoyment, poor lady," Gene finished comiseragintly.

"No, I should think it would not, and yet," with a longing look at the place seen dimly through the trees, "it is still something to be mistress of such a magnificent home. I have heard of this Michael Corcoran. He is not only the head of the trust, but also has great political influence, has he not?"

"Yes," said Warfield, "he is the boss!"

"I should imagine," she stole a swift glance at him, "he would be a powerful enemy."

"Yes," with conviction, "he would."

"And if his sympathies were once enlisted," with another glance at him, "an equally powerful friend."

He started, so clearly had her words chimed in with his own thoughts.

"Yes, he has the power to make—or ruin a man."

After that they passed on in silence until they reached a tall white house with green blinds before which Victoria halted.

"Here is where I linger, Mr. Warfield," she said smiling and holding out a slender hand.

She had taken off her gauntlets and as Gene took the small palm in his grasp he thought it the prettiest hand he had ever seen, so soft and white and tapering, and he held it a trifle longer than was necessary as he smiled back at her.

"Shall I see you at the reception tonight, Mr. Warfield?"

"Oh, yes." At that moment he was glad, very glad that he hadn't sent regrets.

Gene stood where she left him and he was, it must be confessed, picking a long red hair from the sleeve of his coat as he looked up and saw Judge Blodgett's merry eyes fixed upon him.

The judge had seen the two walking up the street together, and he now put his own construction—not the right one as the reader knows)—on the significance of Gene's act.

"There is something funny about red hair," he said, his laughter wrinkled strongly in evidence, "or rather the possessor of it. He or she, as the case may be, is always either loved or hated. There is no half way business about it. But say, Gene, if you're going off on any more such excursions you really ought to carry a clothes brush! Those red ones are such a dead give away, you know!"

There was that ominous tightening about the lips which betokens the fact that the masculine temper is nettled, as Gene rejoined stiffly:

"Judge, I really can't say I relish your joking on any such subject, and I wish you a good afternoon."

The judge doubled up in the effort to restrain his mirth as he looked after the retreating figure.

"Whew!" he spluttered at last. "He is hard hit for a fact."

At his boarding house Warfield found awaiting him a special delivery letter, containing important information in connection with the Harvester Trust case, and this detained him so long that he was almost the last arrival at the Huston reception.

Coming from the cool dusk of the street into the glare of lights, confused mingling of black coats, pretty frocks and white shoulders, Gene felt a bit dazed until he caught sight of Victoria standing in the receiving line with Mrs. Huston and a tall lady with a sadly lined and tattered face, who was introduced to him as Mrs. Moore.

Victoria smiled up at him, and presently he found himself walking beside her through the crowded rooms. In her trim-fitting riding habit of the afternoon he had considered her lovely, but now clothed in some pale green fabric that shimmered as she walked, and foamy lace about the snowy expanse of shoulders, he thought her dazzlingly fair.

"What a companion," Gene thought, "to share a man's triumph." He did not ask himself how she would have shared his defeat.

"Do you know, Mr. Warfield," she said as she led him into the deserted east room—it was scarcely large enough to be called a conservatory—where the flowers were kept, "I was beginning to think I was not to have the pleasure of seeing you at all."

"I should have been here earlier, but I was detained by a business matter."

"It is always business with you lawyers," she said roguishly, "and it may be just possible I shall need your professional services in pleading my case with my uncle. He gave me that horse, and he has taken it upon himself to be very angry at me for what happened this afternoon. I wasn't to blame for the accident, was I?"

"Certainly not."

"And for what came after?"

Of this he was not so sure, but he answered softly:

"I think I will shoulder the responsibility for that. If you find your uncle unmanageable, send him to me."

"Maybe I will," with a sigh of mock relief, "but then I don't know whether I shall be any better off after all. Perhaps I may only escape Scylla to be wrecked on Charybdis. You lawyers do charge such abominable fees!"

Gene smiled as he glanced down at the little hand resting so lightly on his arm. There is sometimes a wonderful power in suggestion.

"I promise not to charge more than you can pay," he said with his lips close to her shell-like ear, "though I am afraid the fee may be a large one."

The words were spoken jestingly, yet there was an undercurrent of real feeling in them, and as she caught their full significance, a little sensation of scorn took possession of her. When a woman hunts, she likes to feel that the game is a bit wary, only then there is pleasure in hunting.

She gave him one wickedly sweet look from under her curling lashes:

"I didn't come here to listen to pretty speeches from you, Mr. Warfield, but to show you the wonderful new orchid my uncle has been buying lately. Uncle Jim's passion for collecting orchids is only limited by his pocketbook. Are you interested in orchids?"

"I am afraid I know very little about them," Gene confessed, then added, "that is, I only know the wildlings of my New Hampshire woods."

"The wildlings of your New Hampshire woods?" she echoed. "Do tell me about them, please. I have always wanted to get back to Nature and study her at first hand, but have always been too busy with society and one thing and another to gratify my desire. I can't let slip the opportunity of learning something from one who, I feel sure, has been a deep student of Nature. Please tell me about the flowers of your New Hampshire woods."

Thus adjured and flattered by her apparent interest, Warfield plunged into a long disquisition on the beauties of New England forests in general and New Hampshire woods in particular, and from this topic by almost insensible degrees he was led to speak of his boyhood home. Of his sweetheart Theta he said never a word, that was a name he could not discuss with any woman, but he told his listener about his mother, and of the goodness and almost saintliness of her life. At this Victoria grew bored and had to restrain a strong inclination to yawn behind her fan, but she kept the look of interest in her eyes and let him talk on, for being a woman she knew nothing flatters a man quite so much as being allowed to do all the talking he pleases. And Gene told her something, too, of his early struggle to acquire an education, and of his later dreams of power and conquest. At this Victoria woke out of her abstraction, for he had touched the responsive chord in her own makeup, and when he concluded she said descriptively:

"Yes, Mr. Warfield, ambition does make

life worth the living, it is the one thing that has lifted man above the level of the brute. I adore ambitious people, the people who accomplish things. I, myself, have always been covetous of power. I want to feel that I can sit as an equal with the highest of the land, and that none can say me nay. You agree with me, Mr. Warfield, do you not? You do not think the less of me for saying this?"

Her red lips were softly parted; her eyes were brilliant as she finished the thoughts that chimed in so well with his own, and as he looked at her Gene caught his breath with a little gasp.

"Like you the less," he murmured softly, "how could I? Be merciful in your power and don't look at me like that—I am only human—as for power—you couldn't have more than you have now."

Her low mocking laugh rang through the room.

"You have beguiled me with your flattering speeches, Mr. Warfield. Do you hear those carriages? The people are going away. We have been talking here a long time. I fear tongues will be wagging about us tomorrow."

"Let them wag," said Gene, as he bent nearer to her.

She laughed again and threw back her head, and he saw the curves of a perfect chin and neck. In that moment she looked like Circe weaving her spells. Her spell was upon him, and no worshiper of the sun-goddess was ever more besotted than he as he bent over her and suddenly, before she was aware of what he intended, he caught her to him with sudden passion and pressed his lips full upon her white throat. Then he went swiftly out of the room.

Victoria looked after him with a gleam of scornful triumph in her bright eyes.



BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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WHEN this reaches my readers the time for young chickens and ducks will be at hand, and as hundreds of such babies are lost through indiscreet feeding and inappropriate care, I want to get a little ahead of the season this time, so that you all will know what to do for the young arrivals. On the first few days depends the bird's future life.

A few years ago I thought, with other poultry people, that chicks must have a mash, or Johnny cake; but now I know how much better and healthier they are on dry grain; and the difference in flavor is wonderful. Mashed had to be scalded and thoroughly steamed, or they were not digestible. Then they could not be fed whilst hot, nor quite cold. The time women have lost each year waiting for kettles to boil, and dough to cool! Just in the spring, too, when women need every moment for house-cleaning, and fixing up summer clothes. Then to think that all the sacrifice of time and patience was just so much waste.

Of course I still believe in two mash feeds a day, after the first week, because they allow the mixing of several wholesome things which it would be difficult to get the chicks to eat if fed them alone; but dry grain is the thing for the "little and often" lunches that the babies need every two hours or so.

I have given instructions before about a brooder for incubator chicks, but will repeat a few of the main points for the benefit of the forgetful ones, or those who have incubators for the first time.

Give the incubator a good coat of white-wash inside, before using it. Cover the drum which furnishes the heat under the hover with two or three thicknesses of flannel, to make it soft and motherly for the little bodies to cuddle up against. Cover the floor of the hover compartment with a piece of old carpet or felt, and the outside compartment with sweepings from hay-mow. Have the heat running steadily at 95 degrees for several hours before the chicks are to be put into it, and keep it at that heat the first seven or eight days. Then gradually let it fall to 75 degrees. Of course, I mean the heat under the hover. The rest of the brooder will be, and should be, several degrees lower.

Keep fresh water in vessels the chicks can get only their bills into, in the outer compartment. Never neglect seeing that the babies are safely cuddled up to the heat at dusk, especially if there is frost during the week. There is always danger of an nervous little one straying into a cold corner, where it will get chilled into an attack of bowel trouble, if not killed outright.

During the bright, sunny hours in the middle of the day, don't be afraid to let the chicks have plenty of fresh air in the playroom; and at feeding-time, when they are all busy, give the hover compartment a thorough airing.

When Biddy is doing the brooding, remember she is pretty sure to need dusting with some good insect powder. The nest-box she sat in should have been cleaned, and a handful of camphor balls scattered under the hay of the nest. Moreover, all hens should be dusted before setting, twice during the 21 days, three days after the hatch is out, and each week so long as she broods the chicks.

Half the ills of baby birds spring from vermin. The custom of greasing little chicks is dangerous, for it opens the pores of the skin and makes them susceptible to cold. These remarks all apply to ducks, turkeys, and game birds, as well as to chickens.

Fresh air, warmth, and good food prevent dozens of troubles almost impossible to cure, once contracted; so look to the little things well, for they are what counts.

By now, everyone who reads this column ought to know that thirty hours must be allowed for the proper digestion and assimilation of the yolk, which is absorbed into the abdomen immediately before the chick breaks through the shell. Incubator chicks are best left in the machine for twelve or fifteen hours. When Biddy has done the hatching, do not move her to the brood coop for twenty-four hours, unless she is a flighty person, who keeps getting off the nest, in which case it is better to keep the chicks in a covered box by the kitchen stove until some more motherly hen can be persuaded to adopt them (always try to set two or three hens at the same time). Good hens, that have not been bothered with vermin, seldom give any trouble about the last twenty-four hours, if well fed.

Now, about the all-important question of feeding: For the first two or three days get ten pounds of raps and millet seed, pinhead oatmeal and cracked corn, charcoal, and fine, sharp grit. Mix all together. If you cannot get pinhead oatmeal, buy hulled oats and break them up fine. The grain must also be cracked quite fine; in fact, it is safer to put the mixture through a sieve which will allow nothing larger than millet to go through. Then there is no danger of chicks being choked. Feed the mixture by scattering amongst the sweepings, which will encourage the babies to scratch and take plenty of exercise.

Morning and evening make a mash by chopping a hard-boiled egg, shell and all, green onion tops or sprouts. Mix with stale bread crumbs, and feed on a flat pie plate or strip of wood. After the chicks are two weeks old, the oats and corn need not be quite so fine—more the size of hemp seed, which can be added to the mixture; so can cracked wheat or barley, and the mash can be made of ground corn and oats, with onions and scalded liver, chopped, thrice a week—about a small cupful to a quart of mash.

What I mean by scalded liver is liver dropped into a kettle of boiling water, and left to boil up once. Leave to cool in water. Then the liver will not be robbed of all the blood and strength. Quite raw, I think it is too strong for little chicks. When I can't get liver, or for

change, I mix the grain with scalding milk, two or three times a week. Never make more at a time than will be fed within the next few hours, as it is likely to sour.

Pot-cheese is a favorite dish with all poultry, and very wholesome. If there is any tendency to bowel trouble, make rice water by boiling a cup of rice in two quarts of water, for half an hour, and when cold, use in place of the drinking water.

Keep brooders and brood coops clean and dry. The grass round coops should be kept cut close, so that the chicks can run about easily. See that every coop is closed at night, and do not let the chicks out until the dew is off the grass in the morning. Above all, don't give hens too many chicks to brood whilst the weather is cold, for most usually some will have to be so far away from the heat of her body that they will get chilled, contract bowel trouble, and die. Every chick a hen's wings can stretch over, is not the well-brooded chick. Cold nights, all want a place next to her breast.

Correspondence

A. B. H., tells of working through an outbreak of roup amongst her fowls; then asks the following questions: I have been using the permanganate of potassium in the drinking water of the flock. Will it do good as a preventive, or will it hurt the fowls? I am going to get some thoroughbred fowls and turkeys. What shall I do to prevent their catching the roup?

A.—The permanganate will not hurt the birds, but a teaspoonful of kerosene to every quart of water will be better as a preventive. You can do nothing more than disinfect the houses and yards, but it seems unfortunate that you have to risk bringing thoroughbred birds on to the premises while the mongrels are affected with such a contagious disease. Nothing is better than permanganate of potassium for swabbing out the throats of the birds which, you say, still show some trace of canker. Yes, the frost will do much to purify the yards, but it will be safer to keep the birds shut up for two or three days, scatter lime about freely, leave for twelve hours, and then plough under.

D. L. A., has sixty hens and seven roosters—Plymouth Rocks. Hens laying well through the winter, not over fifty per cent. of the eggs hatched. On breaking a fresh egg, finds a black spot near the germ. Asks what is the cause of the spot, and if I think it is the cause of the egg's not hatching?

A.—I should imagine that you feed your hens with heavy, stimulating food, and that they are too fat, which frequently causes a small clot of blood in the egg. Another cause may be neglect to gather eggs regularly twice a day in cold weather. If you have only a few nests, one hen after another goes on to the same nest to lay, and the constant heat starts incubation. Then, when the nest is left after laying hours are over, the egg chills and causes the germ to die. Don't use any egg-producing powders or foods. Feel the hens to see if they are fat. If so, cut down grain; feed clover mash, wheat, cut bone, hulled oats, and give them free range if possible. Gather eggs twice or three times a day, if the weather is very cold.

J. W. S.—I thank you for your letter.

G. P. S.—What is the best month to fill the incubator for early chicks?

A.—If you have a poultry-house, and want to raise chicks to meet the early poultry market, January. But for early summer chickens, March will be quite soon enough.

J. C. Z.—How long are hens' eggs good for hatching? (2) Is it all right to mate the father bird with his pullets? If not, why? (3) Do you think it best to have a floor in the poultry-house? Please tell me how to build a poultry-house.

A.—I like to see eggs as fresh as possible for hatching, but they can be kept several weeks if turned every day, and kept in a steady temperature, above freezing, but not over 65 degrees. (2) If the rooster and hens were from distinctly different families, it would not hurt to mate the father to his own pullets; but in-breeding is a dangerous proposition, and should never go beyond one generation. Unless he is a specially well-marked or shaped bird, whose good points you are specially anxious to perpetuate, it would be better to get a strange bird. (3) Unless the ground is damp, I think dirt floors are to be preferred in poultry-houses. After the house is built, fill in a foot above the level of the outside surface. A house twelve or fifteen feet wide, seven feet high in front, sloping to five feet in back, with 3 by 2 1/2 windows, every six feet. This house can be any length, divided inside by wire partitioning, every twelve feet. Run a platform, 2 1/2 feet wide, and one foot from the ground, along the back as a dropping-board, and have two parallel roosts above the board. Provide five nests for every fifteen birds. Cover the entire house, sides, front, back and roof, with good-quality roofing paper. Such a house is not at all fancy, but it is tidy looking and substantial.

Note. I have just been notified by the agents of the company who manufactured the little clover cutter, that the old stock is sold out, and the firm, having gone into the automobile business, will not manufacture any more. I suppose that they were really too cheap, for I have noticed that they never tried to push them as they do their other implements.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

Tested Recipes from Comfort Sisters

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

sen's brand pineapple, I say Nansen's, it has no eyes or cores, chop fine with scissors, and stir in, bake until it just congeals. To the juice in can, put two tablespoonfuls of flour into half a cup of cream, or two tablespoonfuls of butter will do, and stir until it thickens to a sauce. Serve either hot or cold, a pinch of salt added.

Mrs. A. PITTS, Bobbin, Texas.

Delicious Corn Chowder

One quart of raw sweet corn, or one can of corn, one fourth pound of fat salt pork, one heaping tablespoonful of butter, three heaping tablespoonfuls of flour, one pint of sliced raw potatoes, one large onion, one pint of tomatoes, one pint of new milk, salt and pepper. Cut corn from cobs, cover cobs with water, and boil twenty minutes. Take out cobs, peel and slice onion, fry half of it with the pork, mix pepper, flour, and salt together. Put corn, potatoes, tomatoes, and remaining onion in layers, sprinkle each layer with the flour mixture, strain the fat from the onion and pork into the kettle, add cow water. Cook until vegetables are done, then add butter and milk, serve hot with crackers. If canned vegetables are used add one quart of water.

ANNA L. JUDKINS.

Comforting Hints from the Sisters

A SURE COUGH CURE. Every night upon retiring take from three to five drops of camphor on a lump or teaspoonful of sugar, and let it melt gradually in the mouth.

GEORGINA PARKER, Acworth, Ga.

To REMOVE GREASE FROM KITCHEN FLOORS pour on cold water, and let it stand until it dries, repeat until the grease disappears.

VIRGINIA C. KINGSTON.

WHEN WASHING WINDOWS put a few drops of kerosene in the water, and see how much easier they will dry.

TO REMOVE WHITE SPOTS ON FURNITURE apply alcohol, it will restore the color at once.

MISS L. E. WILD, Elmwood, Wis.

A SURE CURE FOR NEURAGIA AND TOOTHPACHE if caused by taking cold as is nearly always the case. Make little bags out of cotton flannel or some other material, and fill them up with German Chamomile Flowers, (be sure to ask for German Chamomile Flowers), sew up the bag and heat it on a pie plate until hot all through. Hold to the affected spot as

warm as you can stand it, as soon as one bag gets cold take another, and so on. It is an excellent little remedy.

WHEN WASHING WOOLENS soak them in cold instead of lukewarm water, then wash and rinse in lukewarm water. Soak about two hours or more if much soiled. They will come out of the wash soft and not shrink much, provided, of course, good soap is used.

MRS. J. KUNST, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A CURE FOR STAMMERING. If the sister wishing a cure for stammering will lay her right hand on her chest and press hard whenever she speaks, and talk slowly, she can soon cure herself.

MRS. MARTHA I. SALTS, McArthur, Ohio.

Miscellaneous Requests

I would like a pretty pattern for making a point lace collar and cuffs. I will return the favor. I would also like to hear from anyone who has the old book entitled "Si Klegg, a Soldier Boy."

MRS. M. B. JOHNSTON, Box 33, Goodwell, Okla.

Will the sisters please send me seeds, bulbs, slips or cuttings. Has anyone the flower called "Old Maid's"? I am anxious to obtain some.

MISS CLARA M. HENDRICKS, Kerrville, Texas.

Will some of the sisters please send me some patterns of Hardanger suitable for a bureau scarf, I would be much pleased.

MISS A. J. LARSON, St. Paul, B. F. D., 1, Neb.

I wish to celebrate my Golden Wedding on Sept. 9th, and would like to receive letters from the sisters giving me hints and ideas how I can entertain and what I shall have for refreshments.

MRS. L. G. HAMILTON, Box 702, Hastings, Minn.

Will some one send me the words and music of "Gypsy Coon," and "Girl I Left Behind Me"? I will return favor in any way.

ALLIE L. NICHOLS, Hammond, R. F. D., 1, N. Y.

Can anyone tell me of a good remedy for catarrh, I suffer with it continually.

MRS. MARY MCKEE, Brandywine Summit, R. F. D., 2, Pa.

Sisters, if your husbands or brothers smoke will you save and send me the bands from tobacco jars and cigars. I will try to return favors.

MRS. A. F. JOHNSON, 615 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

Will some reader please send me a few California Bee seeds? I will return the favor.

MR. R. L. MCKINNEY, Pink, Ala.

Can anyone send me COMFORT for March, April, and May, 1906. MARTHA MARCUS, Elliston, Ky.

Will some subscriber please send me COMFORT for Dec. 1905; also a few Job's Tears. I will return the postage and the favor in any way desired by sender.

LAURA SICKLES, 611 E. 4th St. Chillicothe, Ohio.

Will some residents of the San Luis Valley please write me, giving price of land and other particulars.

MRS. M. F. BONSBEE, Jefferson, Col.

How can I get rid of red ants. Somebody please write me.

MRS. EMMA L. PARISH, 2122 Wallace St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Will some of the sisters please send me cross-stitch designs.

MRS. W. WILLIAMSON, 6045 Ada St., Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. ADDIE L. STEVENS, Forest, Idaho. Pieces of ribbon one yard long with sender's name worked in silk.

BERNICE HUBBARD, Box 61, Doering, Wis. SISN pieces with name and address of the sender.

MRS. MYRA A. BRUCE, Box A, So. Newport, Vt. Quilt blocks six inches square. Favors returned.

MRS. J. E. MULDOON, 2208 Austin St., Waco, Texas. Silk and ribbon scraps for patchwork. Favors returned.

MRS. E. M. WADERSWORTH, Saltsburg, R. F. D., 4, Pa. Silk, satin, or velvet pieces, four by six inches. Favors returned.

MRS. MYRA A. BRUCE, Box A, So. Newport, Vt. Quilt blocks six inches square. Favors returned.

MRS. MARIA ROSS, Waverly, R. F. D., 2, Ohio, a sister of eighty-one years, requests silk, wool or calico pieces for quilt making.

MRS. DARKE BAILY, Round Knob, Ill. Silk pieces and letters welcomed. Favors returned.

MRS. TRENTON BEARD, Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Pieces of any kind, flower or vegetable seeds, and reading matter.

MAY RHOADES, Milton, R. F. D., 28, Ulster Co., N. Y., requests pieces of outing flannel and letters.

MRS. WILLE COPENHAGEN, Box 45, Clarence, R. F. D., 4, Mo. Silk pieces of any kind. I will return favors.

MISS IDA STARK, Box 56, Freeland, R. F. D., 6, Mich. Cotton blocks, two by two inches, with name and address of sender. Favors returned.

MRS. S. M. ALEXANDER, Larned, Kans. Good reading matter and anything for small children, letters written to all inclosing stamps.

MYRTLE SIMMONS, Salisbury, Mo. Reading matter and pieces of silk, satin, velvet, or calico.

RAY WALKER, Millbrook, N. Y. Unbleached muslin squares, ten by ten inches, with name and address of sender worked in red.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)

Letters of Thanks

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been suffering so much more the past four months, at times it seems almost impossible to bear it, but I know the dear Father is still with me.

COMFORT SISTERS have given me much to be thankful for. I cannot always answer your dear letters, but what a bright ray of sunshine they bring to me.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)

ST. ELM O

By Mrs. Augusta J. Evans Wilson

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Edna Earl witnesses a duel, and Harry Dent falls dead. The body is carried to the house of Aaron Hunt, Edna's grandfather. Edna goes to her grandfather's blacksmith shop, where her brother is staying in a wooden house. The owner, impudent at the delay, curses her grandfather. Aaron Hunt dies suddenly, and for weeks Edna remains a vague remembrance of keen anguish. She decides to go to Columbus, Georgia, to work in the factory, and boards the train at Chattanooga. Night comes on and she is awakened by a succession of shrill sounds and all is chaos. Edna, severely injured, is carried to the home of Mrs. Murray, who will educate her, awaiting certain trials. St. Elmo, Mrs. Murray's son, comes home. Edna overhears his words of disapprobation and in her voice recognises the man who caused her grandfather's death. She falls asleep in the garden. St. Elmo discovers a dangerous dog near her, and thunders for her to keep still. He goes to the dog and snatches the stick from his hand, refuses to give it back. St. Elmo is dumb with astonishment. He walks up and down his elegant rooms. On a slab is a miniature tomb, the richly carved door of which is opened only by a key, which never leaves St. Elmo's watch-chain.

Mrs. Murray secures Mr. Hammond as Edna's instructor, and she begins the study of Latin and Greek. St. Elmo starts on a long journey. He inherits the key. St. Elmo's keeping on two conditions, that he does not mention it to anyone, and that she will never open the tomb unless he fails to return at the end of four years and she has good reason to consider him dead. She promises not to betray the trust. Gordon Leigh, a young man of wealth, studies with Edna, and together they begin Hebrew. Edna receives an invitation to a party given by Mrs. Inge, Gordon Leigh's sister. He gives Edna a curious ring with characters meaning, "Peace be with thee." Edna goes to the party and overhears sneers and criticisms concerning her station and the scheming to make a marriage between her and Gordon Leigh.

Edna goes to the library. She is conscious of some unseen presence. She walks up to the toilet and takes the key from its hiding-place. Unless she has reason to believe he is dead she is not to open it. Again she is positive of some plot, and she is afraid of looking up sees Mr. Murray. He is ready to receive an account of her stewardship. He denounces her; if she has kept her promise there will be a report. He had thought his confidence killed. She stands firm. Edna is seized with apprehension and submits her work. Mrs. Murray announces the coming of her niece, Estelle Harding. St. Elmo objects. Edna receives her rejected manuscript from Douglass G. Manning.

Gordon Leigh offers his heart and home to Edna; she refuses him. St. Elmo queries in the presence of his mother who writes to Edna from New York. Mr. Manning reconsiders his opinion and writes Edna a letter to send the manuscript as far as written. Mrs. Murray insists that she see the letter. She doubts Edna's word, and she reluctantly shows Mr. Manning's signature. Clinton Allston is announced. In him she sees the slayer of Harry Dent and refuses recognition. St. Elmo demands an apology. Edna remains firm in her conviction.

Mr. Hammond has visitors in his niece, Agnes Powell, and her daughter, Gertrude. St. Elmo bitterly criticises an article in Manning's magazine. She confesses to Mrs. Murray that she is the author of the essay. St. Elmo ridicules and shows the magazine containing Mr. Manning's praise of her work. St. Elmo gazes at the scene. The truth that she loves St. Elmo comes to Edna, and she decides to leave him. Mrs. Murray pleads with her to stay. Gertrude Powell is fascinated with St. Elmo and wonders if it is wrong to love him. St. Elmo brings a celebrated doctor to Hulda Reed and finds Edna there. She gives him a note from Gertrude. If she had only gone before she knew there was any redeeming qualities in his sinful nature. St. Elmo confesses the sin and shame of his past wretched life. Gertrude stands between them. He loves only Edna. Her heart pleads for him and itself. He loves only Edna. Her heart pleads for him and itself. She does not yield. Edna visits her old home, and sees a monument erected by St. Elmo, to the memory of her grandfather. She goes to New York and becomes governess to Mrs. Andrews' children.

Douglass Manning calls on Miss Earl and offers assistance. Henceforth she will occupy a different position in the home. Felix objects. Edna goes to the opera with Mr. Manning. She meets Gordon Leigh, who tells her the rumors of St. Elmo's marriage to Estelle Harding. Mrs. Andrews invites Sir Roger Percival to dinner. Douglas Manning sits beside Edna, and all engage in animated conversation, and Mrs. Andrews requests that she repeat the passage from Rogers.

Standing by Murray Hammond's grave St. Elmo hears the aged father talking, and seeing St. Elmo Mr. Hammond pleads with him. His magnanimity unerves St. Elmo; he asks for forgiveness and promises to visit Mr. Hammond. Sir Roger Percival accompanies Edna for a drive in the Park. She is the envy of every woman. A letter from Mrs. Murray announces the marriage of Gordon Leigh to Agnes Powell. Mr. Manning takes Edna to Greenwich. He is solicitous for her health. He purchases a beautiful home and asks her to share it with him. Can she consent to become Douglass Manning's wife? She does not comprehend the request and he begs her to take a day or a week, if need be, for consideration. She will never meet his superior and yet she cannot accept his flattering offer. He will not forsake her as long as they both shall live.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE TIDES OF THOUGHT FLOWED AND EBBED CEASE-LESSLY.

LET thy abundant blessing rest upon it, O Almighty God! else indeed my labor will be in vain. Paul planted Apollos watered, but thou only can give the increase. It is finished; look down in mercy, and sanctify it and accept it."

The night was almost spent when Edna laid down her pen, and raised her clasped hands over the MS. which she had just completed.

For many weary months she had toiled to render it worthy of its noble theme, had spared neither time nor severe trains of thought; by day and by night she had searched and pondered; she had prayed fervently and ceaselessly, and worked arduously, unflaggingly to accomplish this darling hope of her heart, to embody successfully this ambitious dream, and at last the book was finished.

The manuscript was a mental tapestry, into which she had woven exquisite shades of thought, and curious and quaint devices and rich, glowing imagery that flecked the groundwork with purple and amber and gold.

But would the design be duly understood and appreciated by the great, busy, bustling world, for whose amusement and improvement she had labored so assiduously at the spinning-wheels of fancy—the loom of thought? Would her fellow-creatures accept it in the earnest, loving spirit in which it had been manufactured? Would they hang this Gobelin of her brain along the walls of memory, and turn to it tenderly, reading reverently its ciphers and its illuminations; or would it be rent and ridiculed, and trampled under foot? This book was a shrine to which her purest thoughts, her holiest aspirations traveled like pilgrims, offering the best of which her nature was capable. Would those for whom she had patiently chiselled and built it guard and prize and keep it; or smite and overturn and desile it?

Looking down at the mass of MS. now ready for the printer, a sad, tender, yearning expression filled the author's eyes; and her little white hands passed caressingly over its closely-written pages, as a mother's soft fingers might lovingly stroke the face of a child about to be thrust out into a hurrying crowd of cold, indifferent strangers, who perhaps would rudely jeer at and brown-beat her darling.

For several days past Edna had worked hard to complete the book, and now at last she could fold her tired hands, and rest her weary brain.

But outraged nature suddenly awoke vengeance, and her overworked nerves rose in fierce rebellion, refusing to be calm. She had so long anticipated this hour that its arrival was greeted by emotions beyond her control. As she contemplated the possible future of that pile of MS., her heart bounded madly, and then once more a fearful agony seized her, and darkness and a sense of suffocation came upon her. Rising, she strained her eyes and groped her way toward the window, but ere she reached it fell, and lost all consciousness.

The sound of the fall, the crash of a china vase, echoed startlingly through the silent house, and aroused some of its inmates. Mrs. Andrews hastened to the apartment occupied by the governess. The gas burned dizzily over the table where rested the roll of MS. and on the floor near the window lay Edna.

Ringing the bell furiously to summon her husband, and the servants, Mrs. Andrews knelt, raised the girl's head, and rubbing her cold hands, tried to rouse her.

Finding all her restoratives ineffectual, Mrs. Andrews sent her husband for the family physician, and with the assistance of the servants, laid the girl on her bed.

When the doctor arrived and questioned her, she could furnish no clew to the cause of the attack, save by pointing to the table, where pen and paper showed that the sufferer had been at work.

Edna opened her eyes at last, and looked around at the group of anxious faces, but in a moment the spasm of pain returned. Twice she muttered something, and putting her ear close to her mouth, the doctor heard her whispering to herself:

"Never mind; it is done at last! Now I can rest."

An hour elapsed before the paroxysm entirely subsided, and then, with her ivory-like hands clasped and thrown up over her head, the governess slept heavily, dreamlessly.

For two days she remained in her own apartment, and on the morning of the third came down to the schoolroom, with a slow, weary step and a bloodless face, and a feeling of hopeless helplessness.

She dispatched her MS. to the publisher to whom she had resolved to offer it, and, leaning far back in her chair, took up *Felix's Greek grammar*.

She felt relieved, almost grateful when Mrs. Andrews sent for her to come to the library, where Dr. Howell was waiting to see her.

Seating himself beside her the physician examined her countenance and pulse, and put his ear close to her heart.

"Miss Earl, have you had many such attacks as the one whose effects have not yet passed away?"

"This is the second time I have suffered so severely; though very frequently I find a disagreeable fluttering about my heart, which is not very painful."

"What mode of treatment have you been following?"

"None, sir. I have never consulted a physician."

"Hump! Is it possible?"

He pressed his ear once more to her heart, listening to the irregular and rapid pulsations.

"Miss Earl, are you an orphan?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you any living relatives?"

"None that I ever heard of."

"Did any of your family die suddenly?"

"Yes, I have been told that my mother died while apparently as well as usual, and engaged in spinning; and my grandfather I found dead, sitting in his rocking-chair, smoking his pipe."

Dr. Howell sighed, and was silent.

He saw a strange, startled expression leap into the large shadowy eyes, and the mouth quivered, the wan face grew whiter, and the thin fingers grasped each other; but she said nothing, and they sat looking at one another.

The physician had come like Daniel to the banquet of life, and solved for the Belshazzar of youth the hideous riddle scrawled on the walls.

"Dr. Howell, can you do nothing for me?"

Her voice had sunk to a whisper, and she leaned eagerly forward to catch his answer.

"Miss Earl, do you know what is meant by hypertrophy of the heart?"

"Yes, yes. I know."

She shivered slightly.

"Whether you inherited your disease, I am not prepared to say, but certainly in your case there are some grounds for the belief."

Presently she said abstractedly:

"But grandpa lived to be an old man."

The doctor's eyes fell; and then she knew that he could give her no hope.

When at last he looked up again he was awed by the deathlike repose of her figure, the calm fortitude she evinced.

"Miss Earl, I never deceive my patients. It is useless to dose you with medicine, and drug you into semi-insensibility. You must have rest and quiet; rest for mind as well as body; there must be no more teaching or writing. You are overworked, and incessant mental labor has hastened the approach of a disease which, under other circumstances, might have encroached very slowly and imperceptibly. If latent (which is barely possible) it has contributed to a fearfully rapid development. Refrain from study; avoid all excitement, exercise moderately but regularly in the open air; and, above all things, do not tax your brain. If you carefully observe these directions, you may live to be as old as your grandfather. Heart diseases baffle prophecy, and I make no predictions."

He rose and took his hat from the table.

"Miss Earl, I have read your writings with great pleasure, and watched your brightening career with more interest than I ever felt in any other female author; and God knows it is exceedingly painful for me to tear away the veil from your eyes. From the first time you were pointed out to me in church, I saw that in your countenance which distressed and alarmed me; for its marble pallor whispered that your days were numbered. Frequently I have been tempted to come and expostulate with you, but I knew it would be useless. You have no reader who would more earnestly deplore the loss of your writings, but, for your own sake, I beg you to throw away your pen and rest."

She raised her head and a faint smile crept feebly across her face.

"Rest! rest! If my time is so short I can not afford to rest. There is so much to do, so much that I have planned and hoped to accomplish. I am only beginning to learn now to handle my tools, my life-work is as yet barely begun. When my long rest overtakes me, I must not be found idle sitting

with folded hands. I would rather die working than live a drone."

"But, my dear Miss Earl, those who love you have claims upon you."

"I am alone in this world. I have no family to love me, and my work is to me what I suppose dear relatives must be to other women. For six years I have been studying to fit myself for usefulness, have lived with and for books; and though I have a few noble and kind friends, do you suppose I ever forget that I am kinless? It is a mournful thing to know that you are utterly isolated among millions of human beings; that not a drop of your blood flows in any other veins. My God only has a claim upon me. Dr. Howell, I thank you for your candor. It is best that I should know the truth; and I am glad that, instead of treating me like a child, you have frankly told me all. More than once I have had a singular feeling, a shadowy presentiment that I should not live to be an old woman, but I thought it the relic of childish superstition, and I did not imagine that—I might be called away at any instant. I did not suspect that just as I had arranged my workshop, and sharpened all my tools, and measured off my work, that my morning sun would set suddenly in the glowing east, and the long, cold night fall upon me, 'wherein no man can work'."

Her voice faltered, and the physician turned away, and looked out of the window.

"I am not afraid of death, nor am I so wrapped up in the mere happiness which this world gives; no, no; but I love my work. Ah! I want to live long enough to finish something grand and noble, something that will live when the hands that fashioned it have crumbled back to dust; something that will follow me across and beyond the dark silent valley; something that can not be hushed and straightened and bandaged and screwed down under my coffin-lid—oh! something that will echo in eternity! that grandpa and I can hear 'sounding down the ages, making music for the people, when I go to my final rest! And, please God! I shall! I will! Oh, doctor! I have a feeling here which assures me I shall be spared till I finish my darling scheme. The end is not yet. Doctor, do not tell people what you have told me. I do not want to be watched and pitted, like a doomed victim who walks about the scaffold with a rope already around his neck. Let the secret rest between you and me."

"God grant that I may be in error concerning your disease; and that threescore years and ten may be allotted you, to embody the airy dreams you love so well. I repeat, if you wish to prolong your days, give yourself more rest. I can do you little good; still, if at any time you fancy that I can aid or relieve you, do not hesitate to send for me. I shall come to see you as a friend, who reads and loves all that has yet fallen from your pen. God help and bless you, child!"

Taking the probable measure of her remaining days, Edna fearlessly fronted the future, and pondered the possibility of crowding into two years the work which she had designed for twenty.

To tell the girl to "rest" was a mockery; the tides of thought ebbed and flowed as ceaselessly as those of ocean, and work had become a necessity of her existence.

One book was finished, but before she had completed it the form and features of another struggled in her busy brain, and she longed to put them on paper.

The design of the second book appeared to her partial eyes almost perfect, and the first seemed insignificant in comparison. The attained, the achieved tarnished in her grasp. All behind was dun; all beyond clothed with a dazzling glory that lured her on.

Once the fondest hopes of her heart had been to finish the book now in the publisher's hands; but ere it could be printed, other characters, other aims, other scenes usurped her attention. If she could only live long enough to incarnate the new ideal!

Moreover, she knew that memory would spring up and renew its almost intolerable torture the moment that she gave herself to aimless reveries; and she felt that her sole hope of peace of mind, her only rest, was in earnest and unceasing labor. Subtle associations, merciless as the chains of Bonnivard, bound her to a past which she was earnestly striving to forget; and she continually paced as far off as her shackles would permit, sternly refusing to sit down weekly at the foot of the stake. She worked late at night until her body was exhausted, because she dreaded to lie awake, tossing helplessly on her pillow; haunted by precious recollections of days gone by forever.

Her name was known in the world of letters, her reputation was already enviable; extravagant expectations were entertained concerning her future; and to maintain her hold on public esteem, to climb higher, had become necessary for her happiness.

Through Mr. Manning's influence and friendship she was daily making the acquaintance of leading men in literature, and their letters and conversation stimulated her to renewed exertion.

Now in her path rose God's Reaper, swinging his shining sickle, threatening to cut off and lay low her budding laurel wreath.

While she stood silent and motionless in the quiet library, the woman's soul was wrestling with God for permission to toll a little while longer on earth, to do some good for her race, and to assist in saving a darkened soul almost as dear to her as her own.

She never knew how long that struggle for life lasted; but when the prayer ended, and she lifted her face, the shadows and the sorrowful dread had passed away, and the old calm, the old sweet, patient smile reigned over pale, worn features.

Early in July, *Felix's* feeble health forced his mother to abandon her projected tour to the White Mountains; and in accordance with Dr. Howell's advice, Mr. Andrews removed his family to a seaside summer-place, which he had owned for some years, but rarely occupied, as his wife preferred Newport, Saratoga, and Nahant.

The house at the "Willows" was large and airy, the ceilings were high, windows wide, and a broad piazza, stretching across the front, was shaded by two aged and enormous willows, that stood on either side of the steps, and gave a name to the place.

The fresh matting on the floors, the light cane sofa and chairs, the white muslin curtains and newly painted green blinds imparted an appearance of delicious coolness and repose to the rooms; and while not one bright-hued painting was visible, the walls were hung with soft, gray, misty engravings of Landseer's pictures, framed in carved ebony and rosewood and oak.

The gilded splendor of the Fifth Avenue house was left behind; here simplicity and quiet comfort held sway. Even the china were no glitter, but was enamelled with green wreaths of vine-leaves; and the vases held only plump ferns, fresh and dewy.

Low salt meadow-lands extended east and

west, waving fields of corn stretched northward, and the slight knoll on which the building stood sloped smoothly down to the ever-moaning, foam-fretted bosom of the blue Atlantic.

To the governess and her pupils the change from New York heat and bustle to seaside rest, was welcome and delightful; and during the long July days, when the strong ocean breeze tossed aside the will

Comfort's Current Review of Events

Showing What Odd Things Some Women Are Doing in the North, South, East and West

Mrs. Jane Hinks of Shenandoah, Pa., swallowed a pearl and is in serious peril.

Two women were caught operating a 60-gallon still in Sevier County, Tenn.

With a scream and her fists Mrs. Dougherty of Cincinnati routed three armed burglars.

Running from a policeman, Edna Small of Savannah, Ga., slipped and broke her neck.

His fifth wife, secured by an "ad," has left Joseph Wayers of Edwardsville, Mo. She says he slighted her.

Becoming insane at a revival, Mrs. John Zeditz of Alliance, O., jumped on a stove and was fatally burned.

Thrown from her carriage, Mrs. A. C. Bauer of Cincinnati broke her arm, but held her baby up in it.

Blanche Peters, seventeen, pronounced cured, resists efforts to expel her from St. Mary's Hospital, Detroit.

His wife's sister followed J. Christensen of Clackamas, Oregon, to a saloon and horsewhipped him severely.

"He has no vices; but our tastes are different," says the wife of Mark P. Squire of Cleveland. She asks divorce.

Mrs. Belle Ott of Cripple Creek ignored a court order to stay home and attend to her domestic duties, so goes to jail.

Having nursed Elmer Nicely back to health in a Pittsburgh hospital, Miss Mary Johnson has agreed to become Mrs. Nicely.

Finding her husband uncongenial, Mrs. Alberta Robinson asked the Des Moines police for an escort to her former Texas home.

Snubbed by her classmates, Catheryn May of Chicago, ran away from home and returned after a week, in a pitiable plight.

When she saw a mad dog loose among the cattle, Mrs. H. G. Felton of Mason, Mich., chased it into the wellhouse, where it was shot.

Mrs. George Elkins of Petersburg, Ind., seeks divorce; also \$10,000 damages from the man her husband bought whiskey from.

Because her husband said the steak was rare, Mrs. Barbara Elliott, aged nineteen, of Cleveland, O., drank carbolic acid and whiskey.

Mrs. Caroline Albrecht of Wausau, Wis., fled through the deep snow with her ten children. She had illusions someone would steal them.

Miss Emma Lynch bought the Hotel Gotfried of Sandusky, O., for cash, and immediately turned out every patron, clerk, porter and waiter.

Having conceived a violent hatred for her seventeen-year-old son, Maggie Thompson of Columbus, Ohio, slept out on the ground near her home.

Because her mother would not let her go to Florida with her mistress, seventeen-year-old Mae Tinney of Philadelphia committed suicide.

Mrs. Vane Hub Endsley, who is dead at eighty, Marion, Ind., could tell the date of birth, marriage or death of any of her acquaintances in sixty years.

After a 26-year-old Mrs. John Copley of Monroe, Ind., was treated of robbers, masked men dug a break-in, beat and gagged her, and robbed her of \$200.

Mrs. Mercedes Donovan was killed on the street in Memphis, Tenn., by a footpad who knocked her down to rob her. The blow broke the woman's neck.

Mrs. John Fury of Butler, Pa., raided a poker game where her husband was playing and accused everyone who was at the game. This resulted in the arrest of the poker player.

When Miss Helen Anger of New York found the犯人 who had come up in the hall and was going to break into the room, she tackled him. They left him in the hall.

When Judge McElroy was marrying Nisa Brown at the Hotel Astor, of Tuxedo, the bride's horse ran away. The judge left the room until gravity was restored.

A man in Binghamton, N. Y., died the other day as the result of an accidental scratch from a hat pin in a girl's hat next to him in a street car. Blood poisoning developed.

"Slot machines going all the time, send me to hospital," said Mrs. Mary Apple, appearing in her nightgown at a St. Louis police station, clutching her breast.

When Judge Schlesinger, Peter Holowatz, arrested his son, Mrs. James Ryko denounced her son, a Superior, Calif., of Chicago, as the man who was to be her widow.

Mrs. Clara van Pelt of Pittsburgh, Pa., is suing her husband for divorce. She procured the evidence by buying a scope, and detecting him a long way off.

Mrs. E. L. Told of New York has invented an air ship which has greatly interested Mr. Andrew Carnegie. It has so far only flown away with a small portion of Mr. Carnegie's money.

When Dog Catcher Jentry of Denver, seized her pet and threatened to shoot her pugnacious husband, Mrs. Mary Burns thrust a gun under his nose. This was arranged by Burns paying the license.

When eighty-three-years-old M. F. Adams of Traverse City, Mich., upset a lamp, his daughter, Mrs. E. C. Brower, dragged him from the burning room with his clothes afire. He will probably die.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Morton of New York poisoned themselves in their room at the Tuxedo Bay Hotel and died together. They were in financial difficulties although they had both inherited fortunes which they spent.

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When the present Mrs. Fairbanks married her husband, Vice-President Fairbanks, he was a reporter in Cleveland at \$20 a week. She did her own housework and cooking for the first ten years of their married life. She believes in poor people getting married.

Miss A. E. Snyder, twenty-three years old, of Williamsport, Pa., misunderstood a telephone message and shot herself when she was asked to see the parties in a divorce suit, in which her name had been wrongfully used. The conference would have established her innocence.

John A. Ford, a theater manager, was saved from ten days in Moymensing jail for intoxication, by the chorus girls of a company coming to his rescue as he lay in a stupor. The judge was so impressed by the sacrificing spirit of the young women, all pretty and young, that he let the prisoner go.

Miss Leah Seymour, married and a janitor in Hartford, Conn., was fined \$20 for hugging a number of girls, and \$70 for kissing one in particular. Miss Cambridge who had been calling on his wife in the evening, and he had taken her home. These are the legal penalties in Hartford for hugging and kissing any lady who objects to such saluting.

Harriet Johnson of Philadelphia dropped dead while waltzing.

Chorus girls in tights invaded a Des Moines rink and were invited to leave.

Miss Emma Barnes of Lansford, Pa., gave a "hugger" a terrible beating.

Mrs. M. F. Jackson of Berkeley, Cal., left \$1,200 worth of jewels on a street car.

Miss Mayme Toddish of Menominee, Mich., is suing the Rev. Donald McDonald for libel.

The Women's Independent Voters' Association of Detroit is conducting an active campaign.

Mrs. S. K. Todd of Bloomington, Ill., stuck a hot curling iron into her eye, and loses the sight of the eye.

Fear of going insane, like her grandfather and brother, drove Mrs. Carrie Lee Dunbar of Marion, O., mad.

Forbidden to go on the stage, Jennie Prayen of Denver "went" for her mother. The police separated them.

A baby with six fingers on each hand and six toes on each foot has been born to Mrs. Ben Hill of Dalton, Ga.

During an organ recital in Pittsburgh a mouse appeared in the aisle. The audience of fashionable women fled.

Mrs. Annie Shively, an ordained minister of Ohio, performed the ceremony at the wedding of her son recently.

Miss Marguerite R. Frink has been named instructor in mathematics at the Colorado Agricultural College.

When her baby fell into a thirty-foot well, Mrs. D. T. Cross of Port Angeles, Wash., slid down the pump pipe after it.

Two "wives" claim the body of Elijah Leblanc of New Albany, Ind., killed on the track. One sues the railroad for \$10,000.

On the appointment of a monitor who had worked with the rival company, fourteen Atlanta, Ga., telephone girls struck.

Miss Sadie Mills has canceled her concert engagements to prosecute a Salt Lake City man for the ring she pledged to him.

"I knew James Strauss was already married; but I married him to take care of him," Miss Millie Eisele told the Detroit police.

Miss Margaret Bentley of Wessington Springs, S. D., battled bravely with a blizzard, gained a deserted shanty, broke in and was safe.

Two women caught at a piece of lace at a grab sale in Hutchinson, Kans., and it got around the throat of a girl who was nearly strangled.

Mrs. Mollie Dopp of Hoboken, N. J., rather than face divorce proceedings brought against her by her husband, drank carbolic acid and died.

Senator Beardsey of Elkhart, Ind., has drawn on himself the wrath of every women's society in town by his bill to modify the blind tiger law.

The widow of Henry C. Dodge has offered a \$32,000 property for \$8,000 to build a Court House at Elkhart, Ind., a pet project of her dead husband.

One of New York's richest women has teacups and saucers which cost \$1,300 a dozen. She "washes the dishes" herself when they have been used at a tea.

"There's a man in my room," shrieked an Oklahoma young woman on her honeymoon, rushing through the hotel corridor. The man was her husband.

Raised of her mate, Mrs. Jessie Hopkins of Chicago, snared a runabout and captured the thief. She saw her husband lately and was acquitted for self defense.

The fifteen-year-old wife of Roy Gaddis of Kenosha, Wis., packed up her clothes and left him. She said he needed her travel in a box car from Leavenworth.

Mrs. Joseph Bartole, aged seventy-five years, of Chicago, took her way into the burning house and ripped \$5,000 out of the bedtick. She was badly scorched.

"Give me a little time," said Mrs. Watrino, when Vincenzo Dileo of Pittsburgh, Pa., threatened to shoot her if she would not elope. She had Vincenzo arrested.

The women of Monrovia, Ind., feeling the need of a meeting place, have organized and are working to raise money to build a Town Hall. Monrovia has a population of about 500.

Mrs. Jessie Beavers, a negro woman of Atlanta, laughed every time her husband slapped her, so he testified. He said he had to beat her to prevent her from dying of melancholia.

"That dog has bitten my arm half off," said Mrs. Jane Hager, rushing into the Des Moines health office. She turned up her sleeve, but no wound was there. She wants the dog shot.

As a phase of the trouble which is rending society, Mrs. Dashiell Stevenson, organizer of Aston Madeira Lodge, U. D. C., Covington Ky., wants the name changed. It was her brother's.

Mrs. Schiatter, wife of the so-called "Healer" Schiatter, says that she knows of a man who was dead in Terre Haute, Ind., who was brought to life by her husband, and two days later was at work as usual.

In a recent railroad accident on the New York Central railroad, out of nineteen people killed, sixteen were women. The accident happened on Saturday evening and they were returning from matinees in the city.

Three arrests having failed Mrs. Alpert of Denver "corrected" her husband with a scolding as he left the saloon. He had her summoned, but was unable to appear against her, owing to her tying him securely to the bedpost.

"What do you want?" asked Mrs. Catherine Waggoner of Columbus, Ohio., starting from sleep. "Your money," said the burglar. She calmly told him to take what he could find. He left empty handed. She had \$7 safe under her pillow.

Mrs. Ray Runkles of Morristown, O., says she was forced by relatives to lay an assault charge against her husband, who was shot trying to break jail.

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An Iowa girl has got a divorce with the aid of her mother-in-law.

Five women neighbors fought in St. Louis because one tried to nail up a gate.

The fourth pair of twins has been born to Mrs. Henry Tucker of Midway, Ky.

Ethel Pond of Jonesville, Wis., swallowed her class pin while playing basket ball.

Miss Clara Harper has begun her second suit to recover the land Newcastle, Ind., is built on.

Jaach Jarbens, Butte, Neb., asked a warrant for witchcraft against beautiful Miss Lundius.

Mrs. John Montague of Clinton, Ia., has had her husband and the city attorney arrested for blackmail.

Orpha Estel Bateman, eight years old, of Fayette, Ind., is the youngest telephone operator in the world.

"I'm too pretty to be married," observed Mrs. Jennie Porter of St. Louis, freed from her third husband.

Miss Elizabeth Mangherman of Toledo, Ohio, is ill for the first time in her life of one hundred and one years.

Mattie Starr of Des Moines smoked so many cigarettes that it was judged well to send her to an infirmary.

Because her maiden name was Holman, Mrs. Alexander Babcock of Kalamazoo has called her her Evelyn Nesbit.

Pittsburgh boasts of many women chemists, doctors, biologists, metallurgists, electrical engineers, artists and lawyers.

"I'll try my own case," said Mrs. Summers of Pittsburgh, dismissing her attorney in open court. When she lost, she wept.

After her drunken husband beat her, Mrs. Charles Gentholtz, of Warren, O., denounced him and three others as thieves.

When Mrs. Ida Green of St. Louis was told it was not usual for the mayor to find funds for wives seeking divorce, she fainted.

Persecuted by anonymous letters, Mrs. Payler of Canton, Ohio, hit the detective with a coal shovel when he tried to make love to her.

Bessie Trembley, sixteen, of Cleveland, hid under her father's bed and rifled his pockets. She was arrested in the theater, gayly clad.

An eight-year-old girl at Grand Rapids threw a bucket of water on her young brother when his clothing caught fire and saved his life.

Mrs. Mollie Sanders, a bride of eleven days, brought a suit for divorce against her husband. She alleges desertion and wants alimony.

While Mrs. Peter Lunde was giving her baby a bath the house caught fire. She quietly bundled the little fellow up and took him safely out.

When she asked money for face powder, Bertha McDougal of Baltimore sat calmly with her dog on a third-story window ledge till a ladder was run up.

When Charles Ratken, James Isakin and John Sholda started "tough house" in a Chicago hotel, the chamber

If I Were Only You.

Words by Harry H. Williams.

Music by Egbert Van Alstyne.

Waltz tempo.

1. One eve - ning in Sep - tem - ber weath - er, . . . While the stars were
 2. It's on - ly an - oth - er old sto - ry, . . . Just a time - worn

bright, . . . Two lov - ers were spoon - ing to - geth - er, . . . By the pale moon - light; . . . He said to her "Dear, will you
 tale, . . . And I am quite sure he's not sor - ry . . . There are rings for sale; . . . She's wear - ing one now on her

mar - ry, . . . name the day I pray, . . . Come tell me, now why do you tar - ry?" . . . Then she an - swered "What shall I say?" . . .
 fin - ger, . . . they will soon be wed, . . . And the man who rings chimes will not lin - ger, . . . Be - cause she a - greed when he said:

CHORUS.

If I were on - ly you, sweet - heart, And you were on - ly me, . . . If I were on - ly in your place, How hap - py I would be; . . . I'd
 hold your lit - tle hanl in mine, look in your eyes of blue, . . . And soft - ly say "Just name the day," If I were on - ly you.

D.C.

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The publishers of the above music are **Messrs. Whitney, Warner Co., Detroit, Mich.** They have just issued a fine 60-page music catalogue containing extracts, same as we print here above, of some of the most popular late **Marches, Waltzes, Songs, and Dances;** they will send this catalogue free to all who mention COMFORT and write them at once for it. You can get an idea of all of the most popular music by running over the chorus to songs and snatches of other tunes you will find printed therein. Write them today and please say you saw this announcement in COMFORT.

FREE CATALOGUE

ST. ELMO

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

The breeze swept over the cluster of Tuscan jasmine and the tall, snowy phlox nodding in the green vase on the table. After a while Felix took his chin from the window-sill, and his eyes from the sparkling, tossing water, and his gaze sought the beaming countenance of his governess.

Her dress was of white muslin, with lace gathered around the neck and wrists; a delicate fringed fern leaf was caught by the cameo that pinned the lace collar, and around the heavy coil of hair at the back of her head, Hattie had twined a spray of scarlet tecoma.

Save the faint red on her thin, flexible lips, her face was as stainless as that of the Hebrew Mary, in a carved ivory "Descent from the Cross," which hung over the mantelpiece.

As the boy watched her he thought the beautiful eyes were larger and deeper, and burned more brilliantly than ever before; and the violet shadows beneath them seemed to widen day by day, telling of hard study and continued vigils.

"Oh! yonder comes mamma, and—Uncle Grey! No; that is not my Uncle Grey. Who can it be? It is—Sir Roger!"

Hattie ran out to meet her mother, who had been to New York; and Felix frowned, took up his crutches, and put on his hat.

Edna turned and went to her own room, and in a few moments Hattie brought her a package of letters, and a message from Mrs. Andrews, desiring her to come back to the sitting-room.

Glancing over the directions the governess saw that all the letters were from strangers, except one from Mrs. Murray, which she eagerly opened. The contents were melancholy and unexpected. Mr. Hammond had been very ill for weeks, was not now in immediate danger, but was confined to his room; and the physicians thought that he

would never be well again. He had requested Mrs. Murray to write, and beg Edna to come to him, and remain in his house. Mrs. Powell was in Europe with Gertrude and Gordon, and the old man was alone in his home, Mrs. Murray and her son having taken care of him thus far. At the bottom of the page Mr. Hammond had scrawled almost illegibly: "My dear child, I need you. Come to me at once."

Mrs. Murray had added a postscript to tell her that if she would telegraph them upon what day she could arrange to start, Mr. Murray would come to New York for her.

Edna put the letter out of sight, and girded herself for a desperate battle with her famishing heart, which bounded wildly at the tempting joys spread almost within reach.

The yearning to go back to the dear old parsonage, to the revered teacher, to cheer and brighten his declining days, and above all, to see Mr. Murray's face, to hear his voice once more, oh! the temptation was strong indeed, and the cost of resistance bitter beyond precedent.

Having heard incidentally of the reconciliation that had taken place, she knew why Mr. Hammond so earnestly desired her presence in a house where

Mr. Murray now spent much of his time: she knew all the arguments, all the pleadings to which she must listen, and she dared not trust her heart.

"Enter not into temptation!" was the warning which she uttered again and again to her own soul; though she feared the pastor would be pained, she felt that he would not consider her ungrateful—knew that his warm tender heart would understand her.

Though she had always studiously endeavored to expel Mr. Murray from her thoughts, there came hours when his image conquered; when the longing, the intense wish to see him was overwhelming; when she felt that she would give ten years of her life for one long look into his face, or for a picture of

him. Now, when she had only to say, "Come!" and he would be with her, she sternly denied her starving heart, and instead of bread gave it stones and serpents.

She took her pen to answer the letter, but a pang which she had learned to understand told her that she was not now strong enough; and, swallowing some medicine which Dr. Howell had prescribed, she snatched up a crimson scarf and went down to the beach.

The serenity of her countenance had broken up in a fearful tempest, and her face writhed as she hurried along to overtake Felix. Just now she dreaded to be alone, and yet the only companionship she could endure was that of the feeble cripple, whom she had learned to love, as woman can love only when all her early idols are in the dust.

"Wait for me, Felix!"

The boy stopped, turned, and limped back to meet her for there was a strange, pleading intonation in her mournfully sweet voice.

"What is the matter, Miss Earl? You look troubled."

"I only want to walk with you, for I feel lonely this evening."

"Miss Earl, have you seen Sir Roger Percival?"

"No, no; why should I see him? Felix, my darling, my little brother! do not call me Miss Earl any longer. Call me Edna. Ah, child! I am utterly alone; I must have somebody to love me. My heart turns to you."

She passed her arm around the boy's shoulders and leaned against him, while he rested on his crutches and looked up at her with fond pride.

"Edna! I have wanted to call you so since the day I first saw you. You know very well that I love you better than everything else in the world. If there is any good in me, I shall have to thank you for it; if ever I am useful, it will be your work. I am wicked still; but I never look at you without trying to be a better boy. You do not need me—you who are so great and gifted; whose writings everybody reads and admires; whose name is already famous. Oh! you

cannot need any one, and, least of all, a poor little helpless cripple! who can only worship you, and love the sound of your voice better than all the music that ever was played! If I thought that you, Miss Earl—whose book all the world is talking about—if I thought you really cared for me, Edna, Edna! I believe my heart would be too big for my poor little body."

"Felix, we need each other. Do you suppose I would have followed you out here, if I did not prefer your society to that of others?"

"Something has happened since you sat looking out of the window an hour ago. Your face has changed. What is it, Edna? Can't you trust me?"

"Yes, I received a letter which troubles me. It announces the fatal health of a dear and noble friend, who writes, longing me to come to him, and, since I remain with him as long as he lives. You need not start and shiver so—I am not ill. I still not leave you, but if it does, it's easy to know that he has nothing in the world but me. Now you can understand why I did not wish to be alone."

She leaned her cheek down on the boy's head, and both stood silent, looking over the wide, heaving waste of waters.

A glowing orange sky overarched an orange ocean. As the rising waves broke along the beach, the stiffening breeze bent the spray till it stream'd like silver plumes; and the low musical murmur swelled to a monotonous moan, that seemed to come over the darkening water. "It is of the last from some far, far 'isle of the sea."

Awed by the mysterious solemnity which ever broods over the ocean, Felix slowly repeated that dirge of Tennyson's, "Break, break, break!" and when he commenced the last verse, Edna's voice, low and quivering, joined his.

The wind rose and fluttered Edna's scarlet scarf like a pirate's pennon, and the low moan became a deep, sullen, ominous mutter.

"There will be a gale before daylight; it is brewing down yonder at the southwest.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24.)

Comfort Recitation Club

Conducted by Harold C. Hazleton

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This is the ninth article in this department and we invite you all to read the introduction appearing in January issue where first article appeared.

BOTH of the selections given this month are spirited and require a rather dramatic delivery. There are few audiences which will not appreciate them. I have had several pieces sent in with a request to publish them with a lesson talk. Some of these selections are longer than we have room to print, you can easily tell by those printed how long a selection we can use. As soon as I can find space for them I will print some of the shorter ones. Always inclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope when you wish a personal reply. COUSIN HAL

The Ride of Collins Graves

BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

(An incident of the flood in Massachusetts, May 16, 1874.)
No song of a soldier riding down
To the raging fight at Winchester town;
No song of a time that shook the earth
With the nation's throes at a nation's birth;
But the song of a brave man, free from fear
As Sheridan's self or Paul Revere;
Who risked what they risked—free from strife
And its promise of glorious pay—his life.

The peaceful valley has waked and stirred.
And the voices of the living echoes of life are heard;
The dew still clinging to the green grass;
And the earlier toilers smiling pass.
As they glance aside at the white-walled homes,
Or up the valley where merrily comes
The brook that sparkles in diamond rills
As the sun comes over the Hampshire hills.

What was it that passed like an ominous breath?
Like a shiver of fear or a touch of death?
What was it? The valley is peaceful still,
And the leaves are afire on the top of the hill;
It was not a sound, nor a thing of sense—
But a pain, like pang in the short suspense
That wraps the being of those who see
At their feet the gulf of eternity.

The air of the valley has felt the chill;
The workers pause at the door of the mill;
The housewife, keen to the shivering air,
Arrests her foot on the cottage stair,
Instinctive taught by the mother-love,
And thinks of the sleeping ones above.

Why start the listeners? Why does the course
Of the millstream widen? Is it a horse—
"Hark to the sound of his hoofs!" they say,
"That gallops so wildly Williamsburg way!"

God! what was that, like a human shriek,
From the winding valley? Will nobody speak;
Will nobody answer those women who cry
As the awful warnings thunder by?

Whence come they? Listen! And now they hear
The sound of the galloping horse-hoofs near;
They watch the trend of the vale, and see
The rider, who thunders so menacingly,
With waving arms and warning scream
To the home-filled banks of the valley stream.
He draws no rein, but he shakes the street
With a shout and the ring of galloping feet,
And this the cry that he flings to the wind:
"To the hills for your lives! The flood is behind!"

He cries and is gone; but they know the worst—
The treacherous Williamsburg dam has burst!
The brook that nourished the happy homes
Is changed to a demon—it comes! It comes!
A monster in aspect, with shaggy front
Of shattered dwellings to take the brunt
Of the dwellings they shatter—white-manned and hoarse,
The merciless terror fills the course
Of the narrow valley, and rushing raves,
With death on the first of its hissing waves,
Till cottage and street and crowded mill
Are crumpled and crushed. But onward still,
In front of the roaring flood is heard
The galloping horse and the warning word.

Thank God, that the brave man's life is spared!
From Williamsburg town he nobly dared
To race with the flood to take the road
In front of the terrible swarm it spread.
For miles it thundered and crashed behind,
But he looked ahead with a steadfast mind;
"They must be saved!" was all he said,
As away on his terrible ride he sped.
When heroes are called for, bring the crown
To this Yankee rider; send him down
On the stream of time with the Curtis old;
His deed, as the Roman's, was brave and bold.
And the tale can as noble a thrill awake,
For he offered his life for the people's sake.

Lesson Talk

The above selection is very timely, coming at just this season of the year when, as the heavy snows begin to melt and the ice breaks up in the rivers, we shall hear of floods in various places. How many of you have ever seen a spring freshet? To those who have, this piece will appeal very strongly. I have seen several but none so disastrous as the one here described. It is well worth a journey, and the loss of a summer's vacation thrown in, to see the ice go out of some of our large Northern rivers.

Before committing these lines to memory, study the poem very carefully until you have worked yourself into perfect touch and sympathy with the author. When the scene stands out vividly before your mind's eye, then, and not till then, learn the lines. I think if you can go into a room by yourself and commit them by reading aloud it will assist you. The first stanza should be delivered in a clear, strong voice, with plenty of expression. Look squarely at your audience and direct your words to them. I would not advise using gestures in this stanza except the gesture for declaring (similar to Fig. 37), with the words "his life." There should be a slight pause before and a longer pause after these words. The next stanza is the description of a pleasant scene, and does not call for any dramatic action; use graceful, indicating gestures. The pause before commencing the third stanza is full of expression. The head is lifted, the muscles become tense, every line of the body, as well as the facial expression, show the sudden chill of foreboding, as one feels the approach of coming disaster. This pause should be just long enough to awaken a lively interest in the audience. Fig. 43 gives the position of the shoulders, as

the position of the hands, as the position of the feet, as the position of the eyes. In stanza four excitement as well as fear begins to be felt, and you must portray that feeling vividly. Before stanzas five, six, seven and nine a slight pause is needed. Another thing, do not hurry by your questions. The utterance should be quick, sharp and clear cut, but use great care not to run your words together, and be sure to pronounce the whole word—do not "clip" it. The

voice should be clear and resonant with feeling. Fig. 44 shows a good pose for the beginning of the seventh stanza. Use indicating gestures in this and do not imitate the "waving arms" described near the middle of the stanza. In the last line turn a little to the left, lean slightly forward, and, with the left hand to the mouth, give his cry of warning, and don't whisper it either—he didn't let the cry be loud, clear, ringing and emphatic. Lay special emphasis on the words "hills," "lives," and "flood." The eighth stanza is given with spirit and energy. The ninth is more like the first in delivery. A pretty gesture for the last line would be to fling the hands out in front of you, palms up, in gesture of offering.

A Scene of Horror.

I.

The young man who sat in the window of the eighteenth story of the Colosseum building balanced himself heavily on the window ledge and surveyed the eddying noonday throng beneath him. There was an air of elegance and self poise about him that bespoke a man of leisure and refinement.

Suddenly he heard the mad clang of a bell down the street, and with a quick motion turned to see a fire engine rushing up the crowded thoroughfare. A second later a cry of horror arose. In his eagerness the young man had lost his balance and was falling with lightning speed to the street below.

II.

The faces of the thousands who saw the frightful leap were pale with terror as the young man's body, striking a projectile, sign in his flight, bounded far out into the street. Women wept, and strong men turned their blanched faces aside. With a horrible thud the falling figure reached the granite pavement midway of the street.

III.

But the thousands who rushed forward to see if a spark of life remained in the prostrate figure, were suddenly held back. The fire engine, with maddened steeds and heavy, rumbling wheels, was close at hand. In vain the frightened driver tried to check the precipitous career of his horses. As well might he stop the ball at the cannon's mouth. Almost before the crowd could know what had occurred the flying engine had reached the prostrate form and passed directly over it.

IV.

Save for the low sobs of some anguished woman and the muffled exclamations of horror from the men, the crowd was completely hushed. Two of the bravest men in the awed assemblage sprang forward, together with a stout policeman, and stood above the form of the young man. The policeman turned away with a sad face and started for the patrol box.

But ere he had taken two steps the figure on the pavement straightened out, the young man arose, dusted his clothes off lightly with his handkerchief and started to walk away.

"Hold on," said the officer. "You're injured."

"I guess not," replied the young man, as he airily lighted a cigarette. "I am a college football player."

Lesson Talk

Here is something a little different from anything you have had. It frequently happens that the best humorous selections are in prose, and, as some of you have expressed a preference for that style, I

will try to print one now and then. The above selection is especially good for an encore. Commence in an easy conversational tone. With the words, "Suddenly he heard the mad clang of a bell," start and throw your head up as though listening. From this until the final denouement let your delivery be as dramatic as possible without overdoing, and thus giving yourself away. The audience must be kept in ignorance of the final outcome until the last moment. Your gestures must be dramatic, and you need plenty of them. Picture the scene in II vividly. Let the eye follow the young man in his downward descent. The women probably wring their hands, and the men may have covered their eyes as they turned away. Bring the word "thud" out quickly, letting the hand go down with a jerk, then come up slightly, to indicate the way in which the body struck and then rebounded. A new horror is added to the scene in III. In the worst scenes, look as though you were fairly sick with horror. The expression around the mouth is quite as important as the eyes. You must work yourself and your audience up to the highest tension before the final "plunge" into the ridiculous. Fig. 45 gives gesture for the last line in III. In IV, don't make the women sob in pocket handkerchiefs. A better gesture for that is to have them lean slightly forward toward the "prostrate form" with hands clenched tightly together over the chest, not clasped, but as if they had been wringing them. When describing the men springing for ward you should "lean over the prostrate form," later straighten up and turn the face to one side sadly. With the last two paragraphs your manner changes entirely. At first you show astonishment, then, quickly assuming the character of the young man (see Fig. 46), dust your clothes off lightly, and indifferently, as though the experience did not "jar" you to speak of. Impersonate the policeman. I think his under jaw may have dropped and his eyes expressed incredulous astonishment before he started for the young man you should be somewhat light, flippant and self-important.

Address all letters for this department to COUSIN HAL, care of COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

Letters of Thanks

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

I need some more silk pieces for my quilt, if he sisters can send me some.

Thanking you all for your kindness, and still wishing to be remembered,

Mrs. EDWARD HITCHCOOK, East Bradford, Pa.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I want to thank all the sisters who have written me in answer to my request for a letter party my 55th birthday last July the 23rd. I am very thankful for the many dear letters received. The white-winged messenger began to arrive a few days prior to my birthday and kept coming until the last of August; twenty or more came on my birthday in the same mail. Words cannot express my gratitude to each one's kind wishes of me, your afflicted sister. The love and sympathy each one of you expressed, dear sisters, did me much good and helped to brighten many, many hours. COMFORT is a dear little magazine and I always look forward with pleasure to its coming and enjoy reading it, especially the Sisters' Corner and Uncle Charlie's bright sayings, and I want to thank the editor for the pleasure it gave me to see my letter in print. May the new year bring

you all many rich blessings is the prayer of your COMFORT sister,
MRS. LIZZIE BILLINGSLEA, Mannington, R. F. D.,
23 W. Va.

Miss Ida Knox, Blairs Mills, Huntington Co., Pa., returns thanks to all who have so kindly remembered her, and hopes to be remembered in the future with bright, cheery letters.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Since my letter in COMFORT last September, I've received one hundred and fifty letters. How kind the sisters of our band are! And all sent me a piece for my quilt, some sending five or six. I tried at first to answer all, but dear! my hand writer and write day and night, so I beg COMFORT to help me out. I had only a flour sack of Zinnia seeds and it will take a ton to go around, but don't fear, I will get around in time; and so many have asked me about Texas, I stopped my work and wrote as they wanted to move here. Now thanking you all again,

Mrs. A. PITTS, Bobbin, Tex.

DEAR SISTERS:

Will you let another sister and shut-in chat with you for a few minutes? I am five feet tall, I have blue eyes and dark hair. I am a shut-in. I have not been out of my chair for six long, weary years, except when someone helps me.

I like to read COMFORT very much. I read all the sisters' letters. I can sympathize with the dear shut-ins for I am one myself. I would enjoy any kind of piece or patched work, twelve by twelve inches. I will return the favor in any way possible. I can neither knit nor sew. I have a few nice quilt patterns that I will send to any who will send a self-addressed, stamped envelope. I would enjoy any the sisters would like to send.

MRS. D. C. BYERS, Zionville, E. F. D., 1, N. C.

DEAR READERS AND MOTHERS:

A good remedy for teething babies is a string of beads made of elder roots and tied around baby's neck. Now I expect you will say there is no good in that, but I have tried it myself, and have utmost confidence in it.

Now I hope that some of you kind sisters will see fit to write me a long, cheerful letter, and if my strength and means will permit I will answer each one. Your shut-in-sister,

Mrs. A. T. CABLE, Essex, Ark.

SISTERS OF COMFORT:

Nearly three years ago the writer asked for something to read, a few loving letters to cheer and comfort her after losing her dear old home by fire. I received three hundred and fifty replies. Today another belated COMFORT messenger reached me, asking, as hundred had previously done, "Tell me about yourself; are you still a shut-in—rather a shut-out from home?" Are you in need of the necessities of life? I have laid awake at night, longing to express my loving appreciation and heartfelt thanks to one and all who have cheered and comforted me. Alas! I am still an invalid. I have no earthly hope of being anything else; but thanks to the kindest, best of neighbors, we are again self-supporting, with our new store and two-room house now all free of debt. It will surprise some of COMFORT's friends to learn how far-reaching is the power for good exerted by this priceless magazine. Not only did I receive papers, books and pieces of silk, but so many helpful things so badly needed, so gratefully received. Although comfortable, I am not yet able to buy all the reading I need. I wish those who can would still keep me in remembrance.

In return for all your goodness to me, I will try to say or do something to bless and cheer the lives of others, as I have been encouraged and helped to help myself. God bless one and all!

Mrs. E. HOLCOMBE, Pecas City, Texas.

DEAR COMFORT READERS:

I want to thank you each and all for so kindly responding to my request for reading matter; it came from many of the states. God bless you, one and all, and especially Mrs. Businger and Miss Belle Reynolds, and may God's blessings return tenfold.

MRS. MOLLIE ROTH, Burkett, Miss.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Since my letter was published I have received many helpful letters. I thank all who were kind enough to write, send books, scraps and souvenir postal cards; some sent no address, not even name, so I could not answer, but I thank you all. I surely appreciate every little token of remembrance. You who have never had my experience cannot imagine what a pleasure it is to get so many nice things. I thank all and our dear editor for every kindness to me. May God bless and care for all!

Mrs. C. F. TEEBILTON, 288 McRae Ave., Vicksburg, Miss.

DEAR SISTERS:

I wish to thank you all for your kind letters and good reading. You little know how much pleasure they gave me. Please remember me from time to time, and pray for me, as I am a great sufferer.

Mrs. P. M. McREYNOLDS, Lewisburg, Ky.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I have been so sick I have not been able to answer the many who wrote me. I certainly did appreciate all the letters, and send heartfelt thanks for every kindness. I would like more pieces and any kind of material for fancy work, for the days are so long. May God bless all for their kindness and sympathy, is the wish of your shut-in friend,

ANNA TEAGUE, Crofton, Ky.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 19.)

Mild Home Treatment for Cancer.

Cancerol has proved its merit in the treatment of cancer. It is not in an experimental stage. Records of undisputed cures of cancer in nearly every part of the body are contained in Dr. Leach's new 100 page book. This book also tells the cause of cancer and instructs in the care of the patient; tells what to do in case of bleeding, pain, odor, etc. A valuable guide in the treatment of any case. A copy of this valuable book free to those interested. Address, Dr. L. T. Leach, Dept. 888, Indianapolis, Ind.



FIG. 45. DUSTED HIS CLOTHES OFF LIGHTLY WITH HIS HANDS.

FIG. 46. DUSTED HIS CLOTHES OFF LIGHTLY WITH HIS HANDS.

FIG. 47. DUSTED HIS CLOTHES OFF LIGHTLY WITH HIS HANDS.

FIG. 48. DUSTED HIS CLOTHES OFF LIGHTLY WITH HIS HANDS.

FIG. 49. DUSTED HIS CLOTHES OFF LIGHTLY WITH HIS HANDS.

FIG. 50. DUSTED HIS CLOTHES OFF LIGHTLY WITH HIS HANDS.

FIG. 51. DUSTED HIS CLOTHES OFF LIGHTLY WITH HIS HANDS.

FIG. 52. DUSTED HIS CLOTHES OFF LIGHTLY WITH HIS HANDS.

FIG. 53. DUSTED HIS CLOTHES OFF LIGHTLY WITH HIS HANDS.

FIG. 54. DUSTED HIS CLOTHES OFF LIGHTLY WITH HIS HANDS.

FIG. 55. DUSTED HIS CLOTHES OFF LIGHTLY WITH HIS HANDS.

FIG. 56. DUSTED HIS CLOTHES OFF LIGHTLY WITH HIS HANDS.

FIG. 57. DUSTED HIS CLOTHES OFF LIGHTLY WITH HIS HANDS.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

Letters of Thanks

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

DEAR COMFORT READERS:
I want to thank you each and all for so kindly remembering me with souvenir postals which I requested. I received over two hundred postals and several kind letters. I was so pleased. May the Lord bless all the COMFORT readers: With love and best wishes.

MISS RADIE A. RINEHART, Whitehouse Sta., R. F. D., 1, N. J.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:
Please allow me a few moments space in the Sisters' Corner to thank all who so kindly sent me sunshine in the form of letters, souvenir postals, books, etc. I cannot find words adequate to express my appreciation of these precious mementos, the sight of them will ever be associated with sweetest thoughts of far-away friends. I would love to write a few words separately, at least to those who have rendered me their sympathy, and sought to comfort and cheer me—however, I trust that all who do not receive a personal reply will consider my weakness and kindly excuse my shut-in sister.

MRS. SINAI M. SMITH, Slicker, Tyler Co., W. Va.

Requests from Shut-ins

DEAR SISTERS:
I am a shut-in as I had my foot broken last spring, and am walking on crutches. I will be glad to hear from all of the sisters, and will try and answer all letters.

MRS. C. A. ROSEBROOK, 1007 Frederic Ave., Spokane, Wash.

I have been an invalid for three years, I would like pieces of silk or velvet, for quits; also pieces of ribbon any bright color.

MRS. S. H. DOWLING, Jacksonville, Me.

Will all who can please remember Mrs. Ollie McCarter, Seville, R. F. D., 15, Tenn., with books, quilt squares, six by six inches, or any little token of remembrance will be highly appreciated. She is almost helpless from rheumatism of ten years standing.

We also ask you to remember the following patient sufferers, although space compels us to condense their letters; each deserve sympathy, cheerful letters, and as much help as you can give:

Mrs. Lena Olive, Holly Springs, R. F. D., 1, N. C., has been shut-in for two years; letters gladly received.

Miss Daisy E. Kingry, Box 46, Rocky Mount, R. F. D., 4, Va., a deaf and dumb girl, would appreciate silk pieces for patchwork.

Mrs. C. B. Spears, Hammondsport, R. F. D., 2, N. Y., who has met with a serious accident to one of her feet, which will prevent her from walking for a year or so, requests any kind of pieces for patchwork.

Emile Roberts, Brigham, Utah, a little invalid boy, would be pleased with story books, cards, or calico pieces.

Ben C. Knight, Enfield, N. C., is a poor deformed cripple who would appreciate letters, reading matter, or anything which would help brighten his life.

Mrs. Esther A. Austin, Box 72, Colton, R. F. D., 1, N. Y., an elderly cripple, would appreciate letters, and little tokens of friendship.

Miss Jessie R. Catlin, Box F, Palmer, Mass., a great sufferer from Epileptic fits, request cheery letters, and little tokens of remembrance.

Miss Edelia Clowes, Thief River Falls, Minn., is a sixteen-year-old cripple from rheumatism, please remember with letters, reading matter, etc.

Edith M. Dart, Oakdale, R. F. D., 1, Conn., a shut-in of many years, needs cheer, letters, pictures, or reading requested.

Mrs. Martha Young, Box 10, Mount Airy, R. F. D., 1, Ga., an invalid, who has not been out of her room for sixteen years, wishes to be remembered with letters, and books.

Mrs. Leroy E. Cole, Box 200, Newport, Vt., a cripple who has not walked for twenty-four years, begs to be admitted to this corner, and would appreciate reading matter, bits of yarn pieces, etc.

Mrs. Callie Jett, Murrayville, R. F. D., 2, Ga., an invalid, requests a letter party, April 4, 1907.

Margaret L. Hammond, 40 College St., Hillsdale, Mich., a woman of seventy years who has been confined to wheel chair for thirty-two years, requests letters, and reading matter.

Will the sisters please give my invalid husband a letter party, April 15, 1907. Address J. F. Harper, Brush Creek, R. F. D., 1, Tenn.

Mrs. Susie McCarver, Beaver City, Neb., a sufferer with salt rheum in her hands, would like to be remembered in any way.

Miss Ellie Rowen, Swanton, R. F. D., 2, Ohio, who has been blind for twenty years, asks to be remembered with little gifts.

Mrs. W. G. Moffett, Box 32, Leesburg, R. F. D., 1, Va., requests pretty pictures, or stereoscopic views, or anything to help pass the lonely hours.

Correspondents Wanted

Gertrude Casserly, Canton, W. Va. Miss Margaret Preece, 2850 Guadalupe St., Austin, Texas, especially from residents of New York, California, and Florida. Mrs. Lena Jacobs, Box 132, Olive Hill, Ky. Miss Ida Stark, Box 56, Freeland, R. F. D., 6, Mich., young people. Miss Hazel McCutcheon, St. Ignace, Mich. Mrs. J. C. Davidson, Evona, Ky., especially those by the name of King. John Kneisler, Ouray, Col., young people. John P. Gasson, Versailles, R. F. D., 3, Ohio. Mr. Orley M. Richardson, Ruby, R. F. D., 7, Grayson Co., Va. Ralph E. Wrenner, Herkimer, R. F. D., 1, N. Y., young married people. William Davis, Deep River, Wash. Mrs. Isa B. Hill, Carsonville, R. F. D., 1, Mich., letter party on May 12th, 1907. Mrs. Felix Parsons, Johns, Ala. Edward Wallace, Stanberry, Mo., young people. Mrs. Lillie Hendricks, Cle Elum, R. F. D., 1, Wash. Mrs. Rosa Garrison, Antigo, R. F. D., 5, Wis., especially those bearing the name of Ward or Willis. Pedro F. Salazar, Chamita, New Mexico. Mrs. Ella Suavely, Pennington Gap, Va. Mrs. Emily Upton, Box 18, Elmo, R. F. D., 2, Texas, photographs requested. Fred Sprague, 172 West 38 St., New York City. Miss Mary R. Parsons, Worton, R. F. D., 8, Kent Co., Md., young people. Mrs. Margaret Farrent, Fairfield, R. F. D., 2, Va. Roy M. Cordell, Steele, Mo., young people. Georgia Parker, Aworth, Cobb Co., Ga. Lavarne Hubble, Melbern, Ohio. Mary E. Hathaway, Carmichael, Pa. Miss Flossie Williams and Miss Mattie Geery, Victor, Mont. Mrs. Kate L. Cart, Medford, N. J. Miss Mary A. Snyder, Blairs Mills, Pa., young people. Oscar Greene, Box 27, Torpedo, R. F. D., 1, Pa. Henry Larson, Box 52, Whitehall, Mich., young people. Annie G. Boyd, 514 Grant St., Evansville, Ind., young people. Roy H. Kline, Warrensburg, Mo., young people from South Mo. especially Lula Mae Peters, 612 Grant St., Evansville, Ind., girls of twelve and fourteen years. J. H. Sechrist, Box 61, Glenrock, Pa. Miss Dora Goldberry, Marion, Ohio, photographs requested. Miss Mollie Sprinkle, Benhur, Va. F. D. Freeman, Riggins, Idaho. Mrs. F. A. Busby, Paskett, Cal. Mr. C. B. Dixon, Jr., Huntsville, R. F. D., 2, Texas. Miss Nore E. Peters, Box 42, Denver, R. F. D., 1, Ill. George Frederick, Pittsfield, Ill., from Ill. and adjoining states. Olive Hand, Ellsworth, Kans., young people, especially those with the same surname. Mrs. Ivory P. Combs, Houlton, Oreg. Mrs. Eva S. Wilkins, Little Genesee, N. Y. Miss Cedonia H. Bates, Body Camp, Va. Miss Nellie F. O'Connell, 281 Hastings St., Chicago, Ill.

Comfort Postal Request

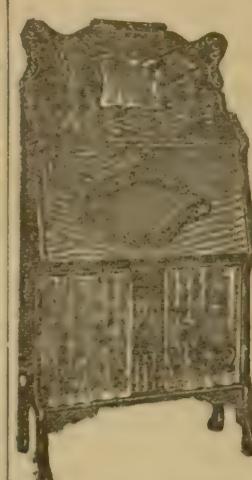
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This exchanging of Post Cards has become a great aid all over the world and we are now helping our readers get thousands of postals without cost.

Get up a club of subscribers to this paper and have your name put in this list free; you will then receive many ex-

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We Need Secretaries!

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NEW Furniture for your home from top to half the price they are now paying.

to get all that furniture—and especially the kind you'd like to have—hundreds of household furnishings—Chairs, Tables, Desks,

Rugs, Chinaware, Silverware, Stoves, Skirts, Shirt Waists, Tailor-made Suits, Shoes and Women's Lingerie—all of the finest quality and best workmanship, as presents. We can afford to do this because we sell direct to the consumer.

You can see what a lot of expense we cut out, that you have had to bear—wholesalers' profits, traveling men's expenses, retailers' profits, etc. We give you the saving. Our customers get twice as much from us as from storekeepers for the same money. We have millions of

customers. Our factories cover fifteen acres of ground. We can afford to take the minimum of profit. Investigate us! We've been in business 70 years. We'd be glad to have you know all about us. Now don't let some other woman get ahead of you. Drop us a postal card asking for our Secretaryship plan and our Big, Free, Illustrated Catalogue before you put this magazine away. Do It Now.

W. & H. WALKER, Club Department C-14, PITTSBURG, PA.

changes in souvenir postals of all kinds, and will be in a position to return the favor to all who send you cards in the post and send you cards. Some parties have received hundreds and hundreds of cards from just having their name inserted here. The Publishers simply ask the slight service from you of getting up these small clubs. We know any one can get a few more subscribers now we are giving such a good big paper for 10 cents a year. We have a very large assortment of the latest Souvenir Post Cards. We will have an assortment of six cards for clubs of three, or twelve for a club of five. As we have thousands of cards, we are ready to help you get a large collection without any outlay on your part whatever. In sending in your club, say whether you want them from any particular city or just assorted up. You can start your collection with us and then exchange with others as far as their names in the list.

HEREAFTER, we cannot insert requests for cards in this column unless you take advantage of this offer. Send us a club of twenty-five subscribers and we will send you our Banner assortment of one hundred American, Foreign and Comic Postals. Below we give a list of some of our regular card clubs. You can have a club of six cards for 10 cents a year. We have a very large assortment of six cards for clubs of three, or twelve for a club of five.

They'll get the idea. They'll thank you for the favor. Because we can prove to you and you can prove to them that we furnish you better Household Necessities than they are now buying at

"My mother was a lady
Like yours you will allow,
And you may have a sister,
Who needs protection now.
I've come to this great city
To find a brother dear,
And you wouldn't dare insult me, sir,
If Jack were only here."

It's true one touch of nature
Makes the whole world akin;
And every word she uttered
Seemed to touch their hearts within.
They sat there stunned and silent
Until one cried in shame:
"Forgive me, Miss, I mean no harm;
Pray, tell me, what's your name?"
She told him and he cried again:
"I know your brother, too;
We've been friends for many years,
And he often speaks of you.
He'll be so glad to see you,
And if you'll only wed,
I'll take you to him as my wife,
For I love you since you said."

CHORUS.

Old Dog Tray

The morn of life is past,
And evening comes at last;
It brings me a dream of a once happy day,
Of merry forms I've seen,
Upon a village green,
Sporting with my old dog Tray.

CHORUS.

Old dog Tray's ever faithful,
Grief cannot drive him away,
He's gentle, he is kind; I'll never, never find
A better friend than old dog Tray.

The forms I called my own,
Have vanished one by one,
The loved ones, the dear ones have all passed away,
Their happy smiles have flown,
Their gentle voices gone,
I've nothing left but old dog Tray.

CHORUS.

When thoughts recall the past,
His eyes are on me cast,
I know that he feels what my breaking heart would
say,
Although he cannot speak,
I'd vainly, vainly seek,
A better friend than old dog Tray.

CHORUS.

Lange Fountain Pen 14k gold, for 69 cents. Best value ever known. Postage paid. FRANK J. LANGE, Lisbon Falls, Maine.

DO YOU LIKE HONEY? Delicious Honey Candy made with Nebraska pure honey. 40 ct. postage paid. Sample box 10 cts. Honey Candy Co., Albion, Nebraska.

50 CARDS with name on for No Two Alike Postpaid. DAME Co., 694 C. Washington St., Boston, Mass. 10c

CANCER Treated at home; No pain, knife, plaster or oils. Send for Free Treatise. Add. A. J. Miller, M. D., St. Louis, Mo.

RODS The latest improved; sold under guarantee. Used for locating mines, lost treasures, etc. Cir. 2c. Add. L. A. Lowry, P. O. Box 1301-05, Denver, Colo.

Agent's Outfit Free.—Delight, Biscuit, Oat and Doughnut Cutter, Apple Corer, and Strainer 5 articles in one. Sells on sight. Large Catalog free. RICHARDSON MFG. CO., Dept. G, BATH, N.Y.

TRAPPERS! One trapper caught \$90.00 worth of fur in a few days. How and Where? Read the HUNTER-TRADER-TRAPPER, an illustrated monthly of about 200 pages devoted to hunting, trapping and raw fur. Sample copy 10 cents, yearly subscription \$1.00. A. H. HARDING PUB. CO., Box 629, Columbus, O.

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VETERINARY COURSE AT HOME. \$1200 year and upwards can be made taking our Veterinary Course at home during spare time; taught in short lectures, one each week. Satisfaction guaranteed; particulars free. ONTARIO VETERINARY CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL, Dept. 20, London, Canada.

FREE Send name and Address for 12 pieces of jewelry to sell at 10 cents each. Return us the \$1.20 when sold and we will send you these Two Solid Gold laid Rings. Address WEAVER JEWELRY CO., 6, E St., Providence, R.I.

Free Book

ABOUT CURING

Deafness AND

Eye Diseases

AT HOME



I WANT to place one of my books in every home, absolutely free of charge.

This book tells of a new method by which people who are willing to devote fifteen minutes time each day, can cure themselves of mild forms of Deafness, Head Noises, chronic Catarrh, chronic Sore Eyes, Wild Hairs, Granulated Lids, Scums, Eye strain, Weak eyes, or failing sight, at home by a mild method without visiting a doctor. 100,000 people have used this method.

My book tells of their experience and of many remarkable cures of Deafness and Eye diseases.

I want no money for this book—just want everyone to read it and know of my new system. Write me today. Address

DR. W. O. COFFEE,
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We will send you a piece of MUSIC AND TEACH YOU TO PLAY IT on the Piano or Organ by our Kindergarten picture method of

5 MUSIC LESSONS taught by mail. You learn to read and play any piece of music AT SIGHT. Address UNION MUSIC SCHOOL, No. 5 TOLEDO, O.

Gold Watch AND RING FREE An American movement Watch. Solid Gold Plated Case. Fully mounted Unbreakable, appears equal to Solid Gold Watch Guaranteed 25 Years. Also a Solid Gold Plated Ring set with a sparkling Glass Gem, are given Free to Boys & Girls, and anyone selling 20 Silver Plates. This is 10% off a regular price. Send 25c for each. They are easy to sell. Write for them. When sold send us the \$2. and we will give you a Gold Case. Address HOME SUPPLY CO., Dept. 150 CHICAGO.

I Pay \$25 for the rare half dollars of 1852 \$40 for the Stellas of 1879, \$200 for 1870, \$50 for the gold dollars of 1876 and \$60 for the three dollars 1875. \$25 for dimes 1850 and \$1 to \$250 each for the Territorial coins 1849 to 1861.

CERTAIN COINS and from \$1 to \$300 for thousands of other rare coins, stamps and paper money. Send a stamp for an illustrated circular it may lead to wealth and independence. Address the most reliable coin dealer. 18 years at the present location.

W. VON BERGEN, Scollay Sq., C. Boston, Mass.

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Perforated Shirt-waist and Collar design. We call your particular attention to this very dainty Shirt-waist and Collar design perforated upon fine Linen Bond Paper, furnished with complete directions that any lady can stamp her own shirt-waist, worth in any art store at least 75 cents. We can furnish each in the following designs, if the one illustrated does not please you: Violet, daisy, forget-me-not, wild rose or chrysanthemum.

Special Offer. We will send you one of these Shirt-waist patterns if you will send us but yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15c. and include \$c. additional, making 20c. in all.

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Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one month.

HERE we are in the first month of spring, cousins all, but I am sure most of us, this side of Florida and other summer latitudes, haven't put on our thin dresses yet. Still, March is a spring month and we must say good by to winter. And with the spring comes the glad times again, when all the world begins to bud and blossom, and the birds to sing, and we must take on the fresh, new life ourselves, and lift up our spirits from the frost. Spring is a good time, even as early as March, and I am sure we are all glad to welcome the ethereal goddess. At the same time we mustn't forget that work is with us all the time, and we must do what is set before us.

The first letter I open is from Cousin Doris of Alton, Pa., who is a poor girl working for her living, and with health that cannot stand the burdens of labor. She is only nineteen, and a rich man loves her and is waiting for her answer. She does not know whether to marry him or not, as she does not love him, though she does not love any other. What do the cousins say? My advice to her is to marry him. She says he is a good man and loves her very much. I think she is running small risk of being unhappy, and she most assuredly will improve her material condition very much. As a rule I do not believe in one marrying when in doubt, but this is an exception.

M. L. C., Charleston, W. Va.—Your doubt under the circumstances is natural enough, and you will be wise to wait and see if he really means what he says. I can hardly imagine he is trying to deceive you, for his letter reads sincere, and he must think a great deal of you, or he would not ask you to marry him, knowing that you are afflicted as you are. Let him come to see you and get to know him as well as you can.

M. E., Steeds, N. C.—If he wants the other girl instead of you, you cannot make him want you. You will have to give him up. Love is not to be gained when it is lost to another. I am sorry, but the law cannot be changed.

White Lily, Salem, Ill.—Be pleasant to him whenever you meet him and try, without letting him notice, to draw him your way. If he loves you at all, he will respond, and if he does not love you, you must lose him. (2) Yes. (3) Usually a girl who is very popular with men is not popular with other girls. One reason is she does not care whether they like her or not, and the other is they are jealous of her popularity with men.

Ruth, Payne, S. C.—If you love him and he loves you, just wait and see your dreams come true. He hasn't any motive in remaining silent. He isn't old enough to have a motive. He is a silly boy yet, and when he is old enough to vote he will be different. Don't you worry.

Sunflower, Onawa, Ia.—Unless you are engaged to the man, don't you think you are making rather a public exhibition of yourself to go to the depot to see him where he is employed on the road? Even engaged girls do not go that far, unless there are good reasons for it.

Gray Eyes, Jackson, Miss.—Don't have anything to do with him. Don't wave at trainmen when they wave at you, or any other time. Don't whistle at the boys.

Puzzled Girl, Oakland, Cal.—You have plenty of time to wait a year or two for him. By that time you will know your own heart better. The fact that he is of Spanish extraction should be no objection, if he is an American citizen, and all right in other respects.

Hopes and Wishes, Linton, Ind.—If her mother is satisfied with that sort of conduct in her daughter, the rest of us have no right to offer other rules. A fourteen-year-old girl should be in school, not in love. He does not seem to be much in love with her, and I am rather glad he isn't. He could so easily find a nice sweetheart.

Blue Bell, Clarence, Mo.—If you write to him to come back to you, it will frighten him so he never will come. Try it and see. Maybe I am mistaken.

Yusuf, Palace, Ind.—Those are the usual signs of love, and I believe you are in love with him. The heart does not thrill and the cheeks do not redden when you meet other men, and only for this one, So, my dear, you must be in love.

Blue-eyed Elaine, Lebanon Junction, Ky.—You are in too great a hurry and are too afraid of becoming an old maid. He does not come to see you because you live too far out of the way, and he doesn't love you that much, yet. Maybe he will after awhile, but he will not if you get too anxious and try to force him to declare himself. You are just now at the silly age—not quite a girl and not quite a woman.

M. S. B. C., Parkersburg, W. Va.—Unless engaged to man you should not accept presents of jewelry from him, whether you are fifteen or fifty. As you are fifteen, and he may be fifty and the friend of your parents, and wants to give you jewelry on their account, you may accept. (2) One sweet heart is all a girl can have. Any others are not genuine, and she is false herself.

Brown-eyed Dolly, Warsaw, N. Y.—Tobacco chewing is not a very pleasant habit, but if the young man is perfect outside of that, I think you might let him have one weakness. It will be a man and thus check some other worse one. You mustn't look for absolute perfection. You can break him of chewing by declining to kiss him as long as he chews. Or you might try a chew yourself and let him see how nasty the habit is. (2) I think you have done wisely to tell him you will marry him in four years. (3) Engagement rings are usual to engaged couples, but I think I would not ask one, if I were you, till six months before you are to marry. You might wear one out in four years.

Brown Eyes, Chicago, Ill.—Don't throw him over in pique that way, because he may be a little cool in his ardor. You be that much nicer to him, only don't let him know that you are doing it for his sake only. Make him understand that that is your natural way. A man isn't going to lose a pleasant-mannered, good-natured woman, if he can help it. They are too scarce. Let on as if you didn't notice he was cool, and he will get over his chill. If he does not after a fair trial, then freeze him and find another.

Skidoo, Ford City, Pa.—Why write to him if he will not answer your letters? Stop writing. (2) Don't be flirting with the office boy. You can't be very ambitious. And he younger than you, too. I'm ashamed of you, cousin. (3) Ask your mother, or your employer. He can answer probably better than your mother can.

E. B., Lang, Assinaboine.—Between two stools one falls to the ground, and you will be dropping if you are not careful. The better plan for you, as you don't know which of the two to choose, is to choose neither, and wait until you know what you want. (2) You should not accept a watch and chain from a man to whom you are not engaged.

Broncho Bess, Carrington, N. Dak.—I think if you will tell this apparently very sensible and

worthy young man that your parents do not want you to marry until you are older, he will not object to waiting. Seventeen is at least four years too young to marry, but you might compromise on two. In any event do not marry before you are twenty-one without your parents' consent.

Troubled Clara, Pt. Marion, Pa.—If the young man is objected to by your parents because he ought to be, then you should obey them and not see him, even though you are of age. If he is worthy and can support you, and will make the right kind of a husband, and you love each other truly, then you may risk the displeasure of your parents. But take no chances, simply because you have a notion that he is the one, and they don't know anything.

There, my dears, all your questions have the answers given to them, and I don't think I have scolded even a little bit, have I? Anyway, if I have, I wasn't very cross, and I didn't mean any harm. On the contrary, all I think of is your good. Now, by, by, until we meet again.

Cousin Marion.

The Great Chicago Mystery or, The Man with Many Aliases

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

"For what purpose?" Ralph asked.
"To join my father."
"Did you meet him?"
"Yes, the sweet face was turned aside in shame, "Miss Lyster," Ralph began, when the girl interrupted him:

"You are very kind, Mr. Dayton, but I am not Miss Lyster in fact, but Helen Hollis."

"What?" Ralph cried.

"Yes, I am the daughter of James Hollis, and it was he who drove me out into that wretched passageway, with his blow upon my face, from which your superior officer delivered me," and now tears streamed down the lovely face.

"Miss Lyster, I will exonerate you, I think, that I have been made a dreadful mistake," Ralph said gravely. "Mr. Lyster was so much concerned. If you had been his own flesh and blood, he could not have grieved more. If you are what has been represented, it has made no difference to him, but somehow I do not believe in the thing. Tell me, did you ever see the man before who claims to be your father?"

The girl shook her head.

"Or a man by the name of Percy Mandeville?"

A dull red flamed the girl's face, up into her hair and down into her neck, as she replied, clutching her fists:

"Yes I know him, and I hate him!"

"Report it, excuse me, but I must tell you, report has it that you eloped with him."

"With him? Why, Mr. Dayton, he is a thief, a man who ought to serve the remainder of his life at Sing Sing for all his evil deeds. I have been a very wicked woman, for I kept silent when I ought to have spoken."

"What is it you know?" Ralph asked gently, his sympathy given to this girl so far away from those who loved her.

"I know that he used to steal jewels and money from the people he met in society, but I spared him on account of his wife."

"His wife? Is he married?"

"Yes to a lovely girl, whom he has not acknowledged socially, however."

"Did you let him know you had discovered him?"

"Yes, when he had taken a necklace of pearls belonging to me. I promised to hold my tongue, if he would mend his ways, and I hoped that he would, but I fear not."

Ralph shook his head, then he said slowly:

"I want to know why Jim Hollis had you come out here."

"Must I tell that, too?"

"My dear Miss Lyster, I do not believe that you are Jim's daughter. He is a desperate criminal, who will have to pay for his many crimes with his life, and I do not believe that he is your father. I am going to telegraph to Mr. Lyster, simply to ask for particulars of your adoption. After I get a reply, I can know how to act."

"Thank you very much," the girl said simply, then continued:

"Under such circumstances, or even under any, I suppose I must tell. Mr. Dayton, that man had me brought here so I could be trained to become a criminal. He thought I would lend myself to such a scheme."

"Is that why he struck you?" Ralph asked, glancing at her swollen face.

"Yes."

The young man's fists clenched, and he muttered something under his breath. The young face looked so pitiful, all swollen as it was because of the brutality of a human fiend.

Ralph asked the girl a few more questions, and then left her, telling her that he would let her hear from him as soon as he gained anything definite.

A few minutes more were consumed in thanking Mrs. Haddam for her kindness, and assuring her of Crit's appreciation of her promptness to respond to his call, and then Chick hurried to the nearest local telegraph station, from which he sent the following wire, addressed to Mr. Frederick Lyster of New York City.

"Wire full particulars adoption of missing girl. Was she the daughter of a criminal woman who died in workhouse, Blackwell Island? Did she come from orphan asylum? Have definite clue, but need particulars. Come on if possible."

When this message, signed "Truman" was received, it stirred to the depths, not only Mr. Lyster, but the haggard-appearing Custer Quex, and the two men, without waiting for any preparations, took the next train to Chicago, where they hoped to answer all questions in the telegram, in person, and to discover what was meant by the "definite clue."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Read the next chapter, "A Bold Abduction," when Sylvia Lyster is spirited away, and carried by force into a hall reeking with unsavory odors. Watch the coils as they slowly tighten around the guilty, bringing them to speedy and just punishment. If not a subscriber send 15 cents and read this story to the end.

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ST. ELMO

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24)
moon, checkerboard the face of the mighty deep, now with shadow, now with sheen. So absorbed was he in his communing with the mysterious spirit of the sea, that he did not notice the entrance of the governess until he felt her hand on his shoulder.

"Ah! have you come at last? Edna, I was wishing for you a little while ago, for as I came into my mind, and I want to tell you about it. Last week, if you remember, we were reading about Antony and Cleopatra; and just now, while I was watching a large star yonder making a shining track across the sea, a ragged, hungry-looking cloud crept up, and nibbled at the edge of the star, and swallowed it! And I called the cloud Cleopatra, swallowing her pearl!"

Edna looked wonderingly into the boy's bright eyes, and drew his head to her shoulder.

"My dear Felix, are you sure you never heard that same thought read or quoted? It is beautiful, but this is not the first time I have heard it. Think, my dear little boy; try to remember where you saw it written."

"Indeed, Edna, I never saw it anywhere. I am sure I never heard it either; for it seemed quite new when it bounced into my mind just now. Who else ever thought of it?"

Mr. Stanyan Bigg, an English poet, whose writings are comparatively unknown in this country. His works I have never seen, but I read a review of them in an English book, which contained many extracts; and that pretty metaphor which you used just now, was among them."

"Is that review in our library?"

"No, I am sure it is not; but you may have seen the lines quoted somewhere else."

"Edna, I am very certain I never heard it before. Do you recollect how it is written in the Englishman's poem? If you can repeat it, I shall know instantly, because my memory is very good."

"I think I can give you one stanza, for I read it when I was in great sorrow, and it made an impression upon me:

The clouds, like grim black faces, come and go;

One tall tree stretches up against the sky; It lets the rain through, like a trembling hand.

Pressing thin fingers on a watery eye. The moon came, but shrank back, like a young girl.

Who has burst in upon funeral sadness; One star came—Cleopatra-like, the Night Swallowed this one pearl in a fit of madness!"

"Well, Felix, you are a truthful boy, and I can trust you!"

"I never heard the poetry before, and I tell you, Edna, the idea is just as much mine as it is Mr. Bigg's!"

"I believe you. Such coincidences are rare, and people are very loth to admit the possibility; but that they do occasionally occur, I have no doubt. Perhaps some day when you write a noble poem, and become a shining light in literature, you may tell this circumstance to the world; and bid it beware how it idly throws the charge of plagiarism against the set teeth of earnest, honest workers."

"Edna, I look at my twisted feet sometimes, and I feel thankful that it is my body, not my mind, that is deformed. If I am ever able to tell the world anything, it will be how much I owe you; for I trace all holy thoughts and pretty ideas to you and your music and your writings."

They sat there awhile in silence, watching heavy masses of cloud darken sea and sky; and then Felix lifted his face from Edna's shoulder, and asked timidly:

"Did you see Sir Roger away?"

"He goes to Europe, tomorrow, I believe."

"Poor Sir Roger! I am sorry for him. I told mamma you never thought of him; that you loved nothing but books and flowers and music."

"How do you know that?"

"I have watched you, and when he was with you I never saw that great shining light in your eyes, or that strange moving of your lower lip, that always shows me when you are really glad; as you were that Sunday when the music was so grand; or that rainy morning when we saw the pictures of the Two Marys at the Sepulchre. I almost hated poor Sir Roger, because I was afraid he might take you to England, and then, what would have become of me? Oh! the world seems so different, so beautiful, so peaceful, as long as I have you with me. Everybody praises you, and is proud of you, but nobody loves you, as I do."

He took her hand, passed it over his cheek and forehead, and kissed it tenderly.

"Felix, do you feel at all sleepy?"

"Not at all. Tell me something more about the animalcula that cause that phosphorescence yonder—making the top of each wave look like a fringe of fire."

"I do not feel well enough tonight to talk about animalcula. I am afraid I shall have one of those terrible attacks I had last winter. Felix, please don't go to bed for a while at least; and if you hear me call, come to me quickly. I must write a letter before I sleep. Sit here, will you, till I come back?"

For the first time in her life she shrank from the thought of suffering alone, and felt the need of a human presence.

"Edna, let me call mamma. I saw this afternoon that you were not well."

"No, it may pass off; and I want nobody about me but you."

Only a narrow passage divided her room from his; and leaving the door open, she sat down before her desk to answer Mr. Hammond's appeal.

Felix waited patiently for the voice of his governess. But no sound came from the opposite room; and at last, alarmed by the ominous silence, he took up his crutches and crossed the passage.

The muslin curtains, blown from their ribbon fastenings, streamed like signals of distress on the breath of the tempest, and the lamplight flickered and leaped to the top of its glass chimney.

On the desk lay two letters addressed respectively to Mr. Hammond and Mrs. Murray, and beside them were scattered half a dozen notes from unknown correspondents, asking for the autograph and photograph of the young author.

Edna knelt on the floor, hiding her face in the arms which were crossed on the lid of the desk.

The cripple came close to her and hesitated a moment, then touched her lightly:

"Edna, are you ill, or are you only praying?"

She lifted her head instantly, and the blanched, weary face reminded the boy of a picture of Gethsemane, which, having once seen, he could never recall without a shudder.

"Forgive me, Felix. I forgot that you were waiting—forget that I asked you to sit up."

She rose, took the thin little form in her arms, and whispered:

"I am sorry I kept you up so long. The pain has passed away. I think the danger is over now. Go back to your room, and go to sleep as soon as possible. Good night, my darling."

They kissed each other and separated; but the fury of the tempest forbade all idea of sleep, and thinking of the "Fisher Folk" exposed to its wrath, governess and pupil committed them to Him who calmed the Galilean gale.

COMFORT

CHAPTER XXXI
WHAT RIGHT HAVE YOU TO PRONOUNCE HIM
UNWORTHY OF TRUST?

Profoundly impressed by the conviction that she held her talent in trust, Edna worked steadily, looking neither to the right nor left, but keeping her eyes fixed upon that day when she should be called to render an account to Him who would demand his own with interest. Instead of becoming flushed with success, she grew daily more cautious, more timid, lest inadvertence or haste should betray her into errors. Consequently as the months rolled away, each magazine article seemed an improvement on the last, and lifted her higher in public favor. The blacksmith's grandchild had become a power in society.

Feeling that a recluse life would give her only partial glimpses of that humanity which she wished to study, she moved in the circle of cultivated friends who now eagerly stretched out their arms to receive her; and keeping herself unspotted from the world, she earnestly scrutinized social leprosy, and calmly watched the tendency of American thought and feeling.

A casual glance at the surface of society seemed to justify Burke's conclusion, that "this earth is the bedlam of our system;" but Edna looked deeper, and found much that encouraged her, much that warmed and bound her sympathies to her fellow-creatures. Instead of following the beaten track, she struck out a new path, and tried the plan of denouncing the offence, not the offender; of attacking the sin while she pitied the sinner.

Ruthlessly she assailed the darling follies, the pet, velvet-masked vices that society had adopted, and called the reading world to a friendly parley; demanding that men and women should pause and reflect in their mad career. Because she was earnest and not bitter, because the white banner of Christian charity floated over the conference ground, because she showed so clearly that she loved the race whose recklessness grieved her, because her rebukes were free from scorn, and written rather in tears than gall, people turned their heads and stopped to listen.

Each day brought her noble fruitage, as letters came from all regions of the country, asking for advice and assistance in little trials of which the world knew nothing. Over the young of her own sex she held a singular sway; and orphan girls of all ranks and ages wrote of their respective sorrows and difficulties, and requested her kind counsel. To these her womanly heart turned yearningly; and she accepted their affectionate confidence as an indication of her proper circle of useful labor.

Believing that the intelligent, refined, modest Christian women of the United States

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 26.)

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Just go among your friends and sell a small quantity of our fast selling "Red Cross" Flavoring Extracts. They sell for only 10¢ and when once used, are never asked for again. We sell them on a guarantee. Money back if not satisfactory. For ten years our Plans, Premiums and Flavoring Extracts have proven to be

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You will be surprised to find how easily you can earn this beautiful and comfortable large size Reed Locker, elegantly finished and guaranteed to sell only 10¢. "Red Cross" Flavoring Extracts. You can earn anything you want—advertisers' Wearing Apparel, Furniture, Carpets, Clocks, Crockery, Silverware, etc.
NO MONEY REQUIRED **YOUR CREDIT IS GOOD**
Just send name and address; also mention nearest Express Office you want goods sent and we will at once send to you by Express, with full instructions how to make quick sales, also our Big 150-Page Premium Book, showing everything for the home and yourself, you can get free. If you can't sell them, we will take them back, but there's no can't about it. You will. So write us to day, giving Post Office address and name of nearest Express Office.

PETERSON & CO., Dept. B-21 - 85 Kinzie St., Chicago, Ill.

TAPE-WORM EXPELLED ALIVE, WITH HEAD & ANTEORS, HOOKLET FREE, BYRON FIELD & CO., 101 STATE ST., CHICAGO.

\$10 Cash Paid PER 1000 FOR CANCELLED PURCHASES, Head 10¢. F. COOPER & CO., A. SCOTT, COHOES, N. Y.

Marriage PAPER FREE, many very rich BACHELORS. AGENCY 54, Bridgeport, Ok.

RUPTURE CURED WHILE YOU WORK. No elastic or spring around body or under legs. No pressure on back, spine or kidney. Two U. S. patents. Agents wanted. "Rupture" is cured "FREE." B. L. CO., Box 666, Westbrook, Maine.

\$80 in C. S. A. money sent to any address for \$1. Will give \$50 to any one who can detect it. **FRANK O. SHILLING**, Navarre, Ohio.

SONG WRITERS, send us your poems. We compose the music. Simple songs often make great hits. ESTABLISHED 1878. CROWN MUSIC CO., 8 St. Léonard Hall, Chicago.

\$80 A MONTH and expenses advanced to men and women to travel, introduce our goods and distribute samples. NORTHWESTERN CO., Dept. S, 342 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

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BED-WETTING KIDNEY CURED SAMPLE FREE. Dr. E. W. Tonkin, Box 68 Edwardsburg, Mich.

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Instant relief & positive care. Sample mailed free to any sufferer. "Physician" Box 50, Augusta, Maine.

ASTHMA ANY PHOTO 10cts. Reproduced perfectly and mounted on one of our cards. Price 10cts. Instant relief, exact size of cut, with safety clasp pin back. Brooch and photo returned safely postpaid. We also send you FREE COUPONS with which you may get an elegant Gold Brooch free of cost. Send large photographs of yourself and relatives. All 10 cents. CORONA MFG. CO., Dept. 18, Box 1275, Boston, Mass.

STOMACH Troubles Cured New Method has CURED where Drugs have Failed A Dollar's Worth FREE

My PEPTOPAD treatment has cured Stomach and Bowel troubles of almost every form and stage, in both sexes. It relieves soreness, strengthens weak stomachs and gives you a keen, hearty appetite. If you suffer from

DYSPEPSIA CONSTIPATION CATARRH OF STOMACH INDIGESTION HEART FLUTTERING BELCHING OF GAS SOUR STOMACH HEADACHE NERVOUSNESS LIVER TROUBLE DIZZINESS NAUSEA

or any pain or misery in the digestive organs, I will send you a full DOLLAR'S WORTH of my valuable remedy ABSOLUTELY FREE AND PREPAID.

It will give you quick relief. No matter how long you have suffered, send for it today. Just write me as follows: "Send me a free Peptopad." Your name on a postal card will do. Be sure to write your name and address very plainly.

DR. G. C. YOUNG, 116 National Bank Bldg., JACKSON, MICH.

\$50 GOLD FREE

Can You Make 12 Words?

Now here is a puzzle that is a prize-winner. You do not have to sit up and work over a dictionary all night. Just a little ingenuity and skill.



The Family Doctor

So many inquiries are received by COMFORT concerning the health of the family that a column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be referred to physicians, not to us. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

J. B. B., Pleasant Shade, Tenn.—The trouble is not at all uncommon, and is due to nervousness, or a kind of self-consciousness. Indeed, it is rather a better sign than not, and as there is no particular necessity for your taking it into public places, you need not worry about it, and you may rest assured that it will not result fatally. It is not physical, and means nothing serious. If you have no disease worse than that you will live till you dry up and blow away.

Mrs. R. M., Goliad, Texas.—The blotches may be from liver trouble, but, as you say, your general health is good, you might try a lotion made as follows: Corrosive sublimate, ten grains; distilled witch-hazel, two ounces; rose water, two ounces. Use twice a day by mopping the spots. A teaspoonful of phosphate of soda taken every morning, or every other morning, may be of some assistance.

P. M. S., Farmersville, Ala.—With such a complication of diseases as you have, there is no possible way of benefiting you except by putting yourself in the hands of a physician and following his instructions. Treatment by newspaper is absolutely impossible and of no avail.

M. S., Osseo, Wis.—The prescription you mention will remove the hair. It is one of many depilatories, and is not more injurious than any other. Any druggist will put it up for you. Yes, superfluous means excess. This is too much.

M. E. H., Mt. Orab, O.—Indigestion is probably the trouble. Diet him on simple food, and don't let him overeat, as most youngsters are likely to do. You will never cure him if you let him eat as he pleases. Better starve him for awhile than to permit him to destroy his digestive organs.

C. O., Lindsborg, Kans.—The physician knows more about it than you do, and he is right in what he tells you, and to get your mind on other things than yourself. There is nothing the matter with you, and you will be all right unless you think yourself into an unhealthy condition.

If Brown Eyes, Rockwood, Tenn., will send her address to the Family Doctor, a letter will be forwarded to her on the subject of which she recently inquired.

Subscriber, Waubay, S. D.—Specks in the eye, or in the sight, are due to two causes, biliousness, or defective vision. You will have to have a physician determine what causes yours before any treatment may be offered. As treatment for biliousness is easy, you might try a dose of calomel and a careful dieting for several weeks to get your stomach and bowels and liver in proper condition. Then if the specks still continue, consult an oculist.

A. M. B., Louisa, Ky.—The radium cure for cancer turned out after trial to be about like the other so-called "cancer cures." It did some good in some instances where there was only slight development, but failed in the time of real need. If you think you have cancer, you should at once submit to examination by a physician who knows what cancer is, and is willing to tell you the truth.

Mrs. G. H., Shoals, Ind.—Malaria is largely due to climatic conditions, or conditions of the country in which one lives. If you have had it for so many years and medicine does not seem to benefit you, you will probably get relief by moving into a locality which is high and dry. A year or more may be required for it to work out of your system, but the right kind of climate will cure you, unless you have had it so long as to have undermined your constitution.

Cowboy, Marquette, Wyo.—What you think is toothache is not that at all, but neuralgia. Good firm teeth, as you say yours are, do not ache. It is the little nerves that lie all about the face and gums which are doing the hurting. Neuralgia is due in many instances to exposure to cold and rain, and about exposure to cold weather, you may expect to have your "toothache." You will have it just the same if you have every tooth taken out. A good neuralgia liniment is made of ether and chloroform, but you must be careful in applying it, for it will blister very quickly. Any kind of hot applications will relieve it.

H. G., Cedarville, Ga.—Consumption carries off more victims than any other disease in this country. Pneumonia and typhoid fever come next. Pneumonia and typhoid are liable to occur in one locality as in another, but there are sections of this country where consumption is almost unknown, except among persons who are there for relief or cure. These sections are in the dry and hot, or dry, and cold regions, East or West—dryness of the air being the great consideration, and a patient living constantly in the open air will in most instances overcome the disease.



In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upholding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending fifteen (15) cents in postage or stamps, for an annual subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefit which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for one year.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER" Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column, but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

K. S.—We are of the opinion that, except where deeds to property in Indian Territory have issued to Creek and Seminole allottees and in the country of the affiliated tribes and the cities and towns where the lots have been appraised, the title in reality is yet in the tribe. Allotments have been made under agreements with the tribes. With consent of the Interior Department a portion of the allotment of a Creek pattee can be sold.

Mrs. W. H. B.—We are of the opinion that, at the bottom of the will and immediately following the testator's signature, which should be under seal, should be annexed the attestation clause in the following form: "Signed, sealed, published and declared this — day of — by the above named testator, as and for his last will and testament, whereupon, at his request, and in his presence, and in the presence of such persons as have hereunto affixed our names as subscribers to the witness." Two witnesses are necessary, they must also write their addresses after their signature. In case there is any property in another state it would be better to have three witnesses as some states require three.

J. S. L.—We do not think marriage licenses are required under the laws of Alaska, New Jersey, (in certain districts, otherwise required), New Mexico, New York and South Carolina. (2) We think that marriage between whites and persons of negro descent are prohibited in Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Indiana, Indian Territory, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, Missouri, Nebraska, North Carolina, Oklahoma, Oregon, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Utah, Virginia and West Virginia.

R. MacD.—If the man you mention is a resident of the State you mention at the time of his death, and if he leaves no will, and if his estate consists of all real estate, we are of the opinion, that his brothers or sisters of the whole blood will inherit his estate to the exclusion of those of the half blood. The brothers and sisters of the half blood would only inherit in case he left no children, brothers or sisters of the whole blood or father or mother. In case he leaves children, his brothers and sisters of the whole blood would also be excluded.

Miss E. S.—We are of the opinion, that any local government has the legal right to pass an ordinance compelling a child to be vaccinated before it will be received into the schools. We do not think that many, if any, of the States have such a statutory requirement, but that they confer the necessary power upon the various local governments to enable them to pass and enforce an ordinance making such a requirement.

Mrs. B. W. or A. M. W.—The bankruptcy act is a general law and proceeding for voluntary bankruptcy, such a case would be brought in the District Court of the United States for the district in which you reside. The act and the amendments thereto are very long and made to cover all contingencies; we in our limited space can only give you a few of the more important details most likely to apply in your case. The proceeding is commenced by the filing of a petition in triplicate and the payment to the clerk of a filing fee of thirty (\$30) dollars; it is then sent to a referee in bankruptcy who sends notices to all creditors and calls a creditors' meeting. He collects from the bankrupt an indemnity fee, which varies in amount, depending upon the number of creditors, etc.; and in case of any assets, he also appoints a trustee to receive the property or assets of the company. If there are no objections filed by any of the creditors, the bankrupt files a petition for final discharge and the matter goes on the notice calendar in the United States District Court; if no specifications or objections are then filed the bankrupt receives his final discharge. The act provides that one year after the final discharge the bankrupt may apply in any State Court in which a

judgment against him has been entered, or docketed, to have the judgment cancelled off record. A good enough reason for the delay of one year for taking this action is that the law requires it, and no State Court has power to take such action until that time has expired. For us to state why Congress passed the act is to go into detail and would be conjecture. The drawing of the petition is very technical and should be drawn by a lawyer well up on the bankruptcy laws, as oftentimes creditors' claims are not barred by the discharge owing to some defect in the drawing of the petition. The form and contents of each schedule of the petition are set forth in the Act at length, and the blank form can be purchased at a stationer's carrying a full line of law blanks. The Act provides, that in case the bankrupt is unable to pay the fees, he can go through the proceeding without doing so, but this method is rarely resorted to.

L. A. S.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion that C. has no personal claim against B., unless B. in some way was a party to the contract. We think that if C.'s claim is a good one, he could collect from A.'s estate he left anything.

Mrs. A. F. G.—If the woman you mention was to act as the selling agent for the people from whom she bought the goods, and the goods were to remain their property until she sold them, upon her selling the goods and converting the money to her own use, she was guilty of conversion; and in case they pressed the case, she could be imprisoned for her act. But if she purchased the goods from them herself and now refuses to pay for them, she could only be sued civilly for the purchase price; and upon their obtaining judgment they could issue execution and levy upon her property. Many people pursue her tactics, thinking the amount of their purchases too small for a merchant living at a distance to bother to enforce the collection of their claims, and this is too often the case; but invariably, sooner or later, they come to grief as a result of their dishonest practices.

Mrs. M. C. S.—You have only inclosed the last page of your inquiry to us so we do not know what you wish to know. We will, however, say to you in a general way, that if you are divorced from your husband you are not entitled to support from him. You are only entitled to alimony in case the decree of divorce, or some modification of it, orders him to pay you alimony; and in case it does, it must also provide for the amount and the times of payment. If you do not receive from him alimony, you are entitled by a decree of a court of competent jurisdiction, he is bound to support you in a manner suitable to his means; and this you can compel him to do unless you have abandoned him or refuse to live in the home he provides for you.

A Southern Lady.—We are of the opinion, that the husband has the right of naming the place of habitation and that the wife is bound to go to the home provided by her husband in order to entitle her to support. But of course, if she can show that the home he offers her would be detrimental to her health or not suitable to his means, or that he has selected some place which he knows is not desirable to her, for the purpose of obtaining her refusal to live there in order to relieve himself from the responsibility for her support, or any other steps taken by him with that view in end might lead the court to allow her support from any property of his which might be available.

MAGIC NEEDLES Body Goldmines, Chromatone, etc. for resource seek. Millions of wealth under your feet. Guaranteed the best made. Interesting booklet for 25 cents. P. & M. AGENCY, 281 St. PALMYRA, PA.

SONG "HIT" will make you rich. Send us your Poems. Cash or Royalty for available manuscript. WAINWRIGHT MUSIC CO., 78-47 Evergreen av., Chicago

\$80 A MONTH Expenses advanced. District Managers, men and women, to travel and leave samples at stores. People's Supply Co., G-62, 61 Plymouth Pl., Chicago.

GALL STONES OR ANY LIVER DISEASE. Write me all about it. Will tell of a cure FREE. Address R. COVEY, 288 E. Chicago Ave., Chicago, Ill.

SELL TOBACCO and CIGARS locally or traveling. Salary or commission. Full time or side line. Steady work—good pay—promotion. Address MOROTOK TOBACCO WORKS, Box N66, Danville, Va.

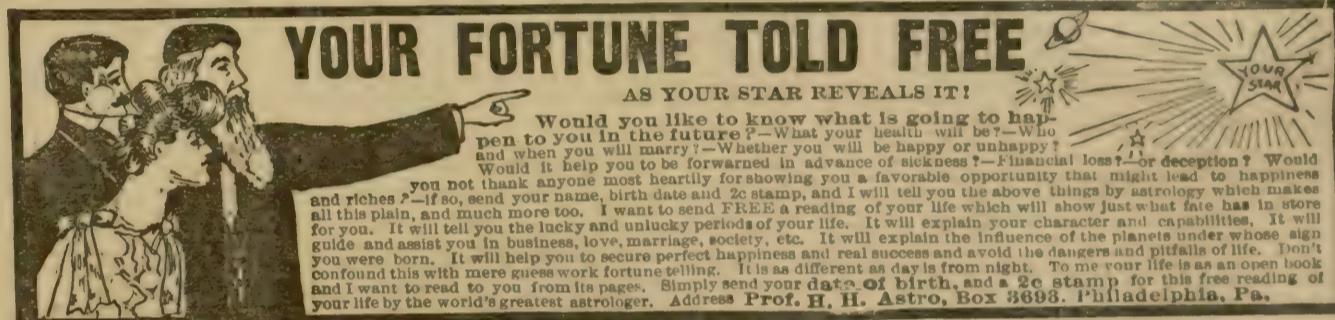
\$100 A MONTH AND TRAVELING EXPENSES paid men to place Pepto-Bismol (for stock and poultry) with dealers. Experience unnecessary. EXPENSES ADVANCED. A. K. Daryl Co., Parsons, Kans.

CASH SALARY and all expenses to men with rigs to introduce our Guaranteed Poultry and Stock Remedies. Send for contract: we man business and furnish best references. G. E. BIGLER CO., 1212 Springfield, Ill.

IF SICK Send a LOCK OF YOUR HAIR Name, Age, Sex, and 2 stamps, and I will send you a diagnosis of your disease FREE and tell what will cure you. Address D. C. W. ROBERTS, Dept. F, Mechanicsville, Iowa.

SEND SONG POEMS to me. I will write the music and present to Big N. Y. Publishers. I made a fortune writing songs; inexperience will aid you. My songs "Blue Bell" and "Way Down In My Heart" achieved world-wide fame. Write to-day for Free Booklet EDWARD MADDEN, 36 Madden Bldg., New York.

BIG MAIL IF YOU WANT TO RECEIVE Lots of Letters, Papers, Magazines etc., will put your name FREE with others which we send to manufacturers, publishers and supply houses. You also get one 25-cent copy of "Big Book" for one year on trial, all for 25c. Don't miss this chance. Address at once YANK PUB. CO., 4 Aldine St., Boston, Mass.



A Ten Thousand Dollar Check

signed with this New Idea Pencil will be honored as quickly as though ink were used. This indelible pencil is always ready to use and has a patented lead protector that prevents the point from ever becoming broken. Answers every purpose of ordinary pencil; but, having added to it a perfect substitute for pen and ink or fountain pen. Carried in the pocket same as stylus graph, and always ready to use. No ink or paper required. To whom it is given, it is a perfect pencil in every way, where you want signature in ink. Marks Linen and Cloth. Is the best pencil in the world for women and school children. An ideal pencil for business men who want a new idea pencil with full nickelized case, it is neat and attractive. As hundreds will be sold after introducing, we send one free to you, and send six more for advertising and mailing, including a copy of our big premium catalogue. Then we will give you wholesale rates if further interested. Address SUNSHINE, Augusta, Maine.

NEW TARGET GAME



SEND for one of these complete new target games and enjoy the newest craze and the greatest fun-maker out; printed on strong muslin, standing two feet high. Similar to the famous "Ivankey" game of years ago, but more exciting, and is thoroughly enjoyed by old and young alike. It is safe, simple and enjoyable, entertains a whole household by creating innocent rivalry. The trick is to kill "Teddy" by taking accurate aim at his heart and wielding the fatal stroke. Directions are very simple; just this: Hang the Bear from a nail or corner, take a position six or eight feet away, take aim with forefinger extended, close eyes and walk forward until finger hits wall. If you have placed your finger on the Bear it counts 10, if within a ring, count as marked therein. The highest total score wins, and each one is to have five trials. Each Bear Game is ready to use; no sewing is necessary. These games are having a tremendous rage and in large cities people attend parties where prizes are offered the one making the highest score. You should send for one now while they are new and popular.

Club Offer. Send us only two subscribers to this Teddy Bear. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

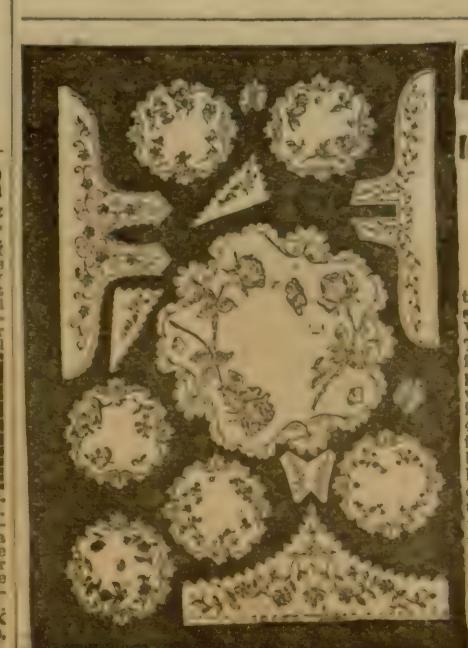
"Skidoo" Game.



Play the New Checkers Game, Checker-Board and Men Free.

The latest and best game played after the style of the old game of Checkers, "Skidoo" and 23 are the amusing features of the game. It is just patented but easy to learn and both old and young are delighted. We want to let you try it, and to help introduce your friends, will send a complete game—a Folding Checker-Board, 8x8 inches, and 32 men—free if you enclose only 25 cents for postage, etc. Will also send Premium List and show you how to make money.

Address COMFORT, Box B, Augusta, Maine.



15 ARTICLES FREE

Including 6 Dollies, 3 Shirt Waist Collars, Belt and Large Centerpiece—Altogether 456 Square Inches of Fancy Work.

AMERICAN BEAUTY ROSES are the design on the large centerpiece, which is 11x11 inches, while the six dollies have Roses, Wood Violets, Lily of the Valley, Field Daisies, Maiden Hair Fern and Two Bishop Collars for Shirt Waists, four and five inches deep with a very neat and stylish design. One pair of designs Right and Left for straight collar with a Bell to match. Two Butterfly dress ornaments, in all 15 different designs, each full size, stamped on 456 square inches of fine quality material to be worked in white or colored mercerized cotton floss. These embroidery sets are not a fad, are as permanent as ladies' millinery and the style of design and shapes are changed as often. The new sets we illustrate exhibits the very finest work of the creating artist, and our readers can be certain no other designs have more style and character. Also we have exclusive control of these sets so that they will not be found elsewhere. Besides they are absolutely FREE. Send a club of two yearly 15 cent subscribers to COMFORT and receive as a reward, by return mail, one of these large linen sets of 456 square inches. 30c. pay for all. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

EASY TO GET A FINE WATCH AND SIGNET RING. Watch is Gold Plated, Stem wind, American movement, time and date, and a fine timepiece. Price \$25. Signet Ring is Solid Gold Shell, with your own initial on face, guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction. We send both watch and ring free for selling 24 articles of beautiful assoried jewelry at 10c. each. We trust you with jewelry.

WANTED Men to travel, deliver samples locally; salary \$25 per month, expenses advanced. Beezley Co., Dept. 6, Monon Block, Chicago.

SONGS PUB'D ON ROYALTY. No charge for writing music. ALL TITLE PAGES IN COLORS. We advertise, popularize and push. North American Music Co., Dept. L, 59 W. 28th St., New York.

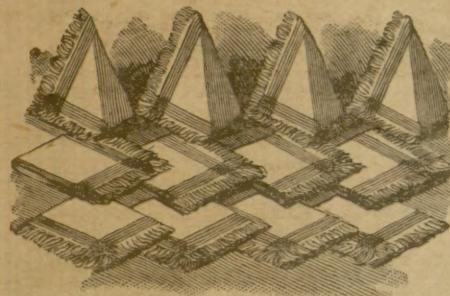
BED-WETTING CURED It is not a habit but a disease. Cure guaranteed. Dr. F. E. May, SAMPLE FREE Box 1126, Bloomington, Ill.

Souvenir Post Cards Send 10 cents for full value in handsome cards and catalog of American and Foreign Views, Comic, Leather, Birth-day, etc., and Post Card Albums at lowest prices. Our Easter Cards are the finest. NATIONAL POST CARD CO., 727 Logan Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

THESE GOODS FREE On you plan of sharing profits with every customer you can get a fine couch, Morris chair or other valuable goods absolutely free. Our Profit Sharing Plan is more liberal than ever, all explained in the fencing book.

WRITE TODAY AND ASK FOR THIS GREAT FENCING CATALOGUE. Address SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

TABLE NAPKINS.



What an acceptable gift is a dozen white napkins for the dining table. A clean, fresh napkin gives a relish and delight to the table that nothing else will. There is nothing more appealing to the husband than the wife's effort to have his meals tempting. Table linen goes far to meet this effect and it will be a great pleasure for you to possess a set of one dozen of these domestic linen napkins. It matters not how many you may have in use, a few more will be acceptable and can be saved for "best" or when you have visitors. Rich is the housewife who has a large quantity of fine table linen, and the privilege of adding a few pieces free of any cost must appeal to our lady readers.

Club Offer. We will send you postpaid a set of 12 napkins for a club of 8 yearly subscribers at 15 cents each. Address **COMFORT**, Augusta, Maine.

FREE SILVER SPOONS.



We can furnish our customers with a half-dozen of these beautiful and handsome patterns imaginable. It was our good fortune to find a large line of silverware that could be bought cheap and consumers are getting the benefit. The pattern of these Spoons is new and very attractive and we have Forks of same design attached. Also Knives. We are anxious to increase the circulation of our big monthly magazine right away and are to make it a liberal gift to our subscribers to introduce our Magazine and obtain the subscriptions. As we guarantee these Spoons you should

have no hesitancy about ordering at once.

SPECIAL OFFER. If you will send us 3 trial subscribers for our monthly for one year at 15 cents each, we will send the magazine one whole year to the addresses and to you we will send as a free gift a Set of Six Spoons. For a club of 5 you can earn a dozen Spoons. Address **COMFORT**, Augusta, Maine.



A CHILD'S GOLD-LINED SILVER MUG. Quadruple Plated Ware, Frosted Enamel. It will not tarnish and is so strong and durable baby or child cannot ruin it while playing with it. Its embossed decoration, leaves, buds, flowers, etc., hand cut and very attractive. Fancy handles just large enough for baby's hands.

FOUNTAIN PEN. Until recently an all rubber Fountain Pen cost \$2.50 or \$3.00 owing to the high cost of raw material, but the recent discovery of rubber in the United States has reduced the price and new machinery has done the rest. We are now able to offer to our subscribers a good quality Pen with a glass filler, a regular Gatsby store outfit.

A PAIR OF SHEARS. Made of steel which is 100% longer, will hold the edge and keep sharp longer and better than any ordinary household shears and any woman can appreciate this quality of her shears. For dressmakers, home work of any kind, school teachers, office-work, paper hangers, stores and any and everywhere that shears are used these will fill the want.

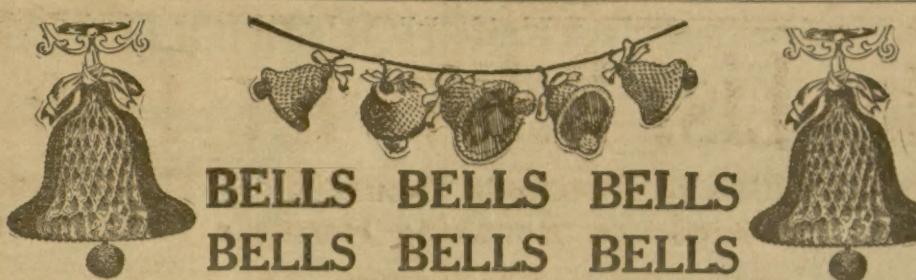
YOU CAN'T LOSE THIS POCKET KNIFE. The two-blade Chain Pocket Knives are made of the finest English Steel with Gold Plated Fins. The best selection with long steel chain. The two blades are full gauge. This is an American made knife, hand forged and tempered in the most careful manner. It is three and three quarters inches long, fully warranted, and we will replace it if not found perfect in every way. We make this offer because we know the knives are free from flaws and will last a lifetime.

The above few articles are selected as representing our most popular premiums, also a club of five is a very popular quantity. Many send five subscriptions rather than work up larger clubs. For a club of only 5 yearly 15-cent subscribers to this monthly, we will send your choice of any one of these nine articles. Address **COMFORT**, Augusta, Maine.

AIR RIFLE. Pneumatic action. A New King all Steel Combination Rifle for Birds or Game using shot that can be obtained at any gun shop anywhere at a trifling expense, also shoots darts making it desirable for outdoor target practice or parlor amusement. There is no smoke, odor or dust from this gun, it is endorsed by armament experts as the best mechanical rifle ever produced and the possession of one of our accurate shooting air rifles makes a boy manly and affords him an excellent opportunity of competing with his chums for marksmen's honors as well as teaching him the use of a rifle.

WEDDING RING. A suitable wedding ring for the most part. We have a heavy band ring of 14K gold plate that wears long and satisfactorily. So many years have these rings been used as wedding rings that we now dare not describe them to you, except to say that the quality of these particular rings is the best and you may be assured you will not regret having made the selection of one.

You may have your choice of any one of the above excellent premium articles for a club of only ten yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15c. each. Address **COMFORT**, Augusta, Maine.



BELLS BELLS BELLS BELLS BELLS BELLS

Bells of Every Color. Bells in Profusion.

The nobbiest and daintiest decoration is the new Paperet Bell, made of yards and yards of pretty and soft paper folded ingeniously into a pretty paper Bell, and we have them in plain Red, Red, White and Blue and Violet. The Red Bell is good at all times, the Red, White and Blue for Patriotic Holidays, and the Violet for Easter. The bells are especially attractive. We have but suggested the above, although one will think out and make use of these bells in hundreds of pretty ways. For decorations there is nothing superior, as they are very graceful and especially pretty during the summer for outdoor trimming. It is a clever idea to have an assorted dozen in the house, then at any time you have something attractive with which to decorate a room, or rooms, upon short notice. Children derive much pleasure from these bells and should have them for their amusement.

By importing these bells in quantities direct we, of course, obtain them at very advantageous prices and are thus enabled to offer larger and better bells than others who must rely on the home market, which is always sold out and no durable good can be had for immediate delivery. Do not make any mistake about the real beauty and decorative value of these bells, they are extremely attractive, give every one splendid satisfaction, and are always admired wherever seen. Each bell is eight inches in circumference and six inches high, as shown in our illustrations, and being nearly sun-proof, may be kept hanging for months.

Our magazines are now widely read, but we wish to secure more new subscribers in your vicinity, and are making our agents the most gratifying club offer just at this season. Read about our plan to distribute these bells free and let us have your first order at once, we know you will require more just as soon as you see the first lot we send you.

Subscription Offer. For a club of only 2 yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15 cents each, we will send you four bells as a premium, and you may have your choice of Red, Violet, Address **COMFORT**, Augusta, Maine.

THE HANDY HAND BAG POCKETBOOK

We offer our lady readers a pocketbook of the most approved style and pattern, made of high-grade seal, in a pattern that is novel because it has four compartments, one of which may be always closed for the safe carrying of paper money or valuables, while the change section may be opened separately and handled for the opening. As shown in our illustration this pocketbook may be carried with one or more fingers inserted in the strap, which really makes it like a Handy Hand Bag, at once appreciated as an immense convenience, giving one free hand for other purposes. The two sections fasten in the front with two ball and socket grips, with either white or black pearl tops, which are very neat and effective.

and elegant. The back of this book is a nickel frame with a spring clasp fastening for small articles and etc. that are carried about, the lining is soft and silky satin with watered effect and is generally accepted as the proper lining for a pocketbook. In offering this handy pocketbook we think the selection which we made will have your approval and the pocketbook give you most complete satisfaction and service. Having every up-to-date feature, it is sure to please you from the standpoint of style.

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only 7 yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15c. each we will send you one free. Address **COMFORT**, Augusta, Maine.

A GENUINE RICHTER HARMONICA

Everyone knows that the "Richter" is the popular standard of harmonicas. Ten keys, handsome nickel mounts and each in a case. Here you have the opportunity of buying a genuine "Richter". All persons with an ear for music will appreciate this instrument.

MUSIC MONEY & PUZZLE. A four-inch cylinder Harmonica, a Richter and a Puzzle all in one. The soft sweet tones of this round harmonica are superior to any ordinary harmonica owing to the reinforcement of the instrument by being wholly enclosed in the metal case. In addition to being a first-class Mouth Organ, it has combined with it a cute six-spot Puzzle and a Coin Holder, a set of small pieces, for car fare and small change. Five pieces of money can be carried in this end of the instrument. The puzzle is fascinating and good practice for the eyes, nerves and mind.

POCKET TALKING MACHINE. The "Richter" is a fun maker that beats all. Carry one of these Marry-phona talkers around in your pocket and you will have fun and laughter by the barrel. When you meet a friend stretching his neck to speak, just press the button and you begin to operate your talking machine, and after you announce "Rabbit" a few times, the laugh is contagious and the fun begins. This convenient portable talking machine is a new and clever device for reproducing the sound made by human voices and is a wonderfully correct imitation of the voice of a rabbit. Those who are the least bit nervous, or have a dislike for the uncanny noises you can make in the dark. A durable and well-made article, can be carried in the pocket and operated there or anywhere.

THE MAGIC FORTUNE TELLER. Is a Marvellous invention. Its answers to your questions are quickly given. It is so arranged that it will forecast your future and tell you what you want to know but you must construe on strictly scientific principles the adjustable horn acts as a machine of speech. You talk to it as though it was alive and the machine answers to you as though it were the same body. It is a money maker. You can now tell fortunes for money or you can act as our agent and sell the Magic Fortune Teller to others.

CORAL NECKLACE. Every girl or woman wants to possess a real coral necklace. The genuine Neapolitan article is a very expensive one and can afford to be. This necklace looks so much like the real thing that many think they are, so perfect is the coloring of this Italian Wonder. It is triple strand, hand-woven, polished, delicate coral pink necklace of the proper shade to give it the most expensive appearance.

A GREAT BIG BOX FULL OF PRETTY VENETIAN BEADS. In this assortment you will find sufficient quantity of like beads to make them very useful and artistic for decorative use. Many persons have developed such skill and taste with beads that they can now make beautiful imitation Indian articles, such as a child's moccasin, children's bracelet, etc., with ornaments of beads of varied color, of a wampum necklace of large sized beads. The outfit to make these various articles is chiefly a box of beads, needles, thread, button, needle, and a needle, and they will amuse children for months. This great variety of beads, nearly eleven hundred, is packed in a neat, round, wood-turned box with a cover that fits securely so the beads are not likely to ever be spilled.

DOLLS AS BIG AS A BABY. These unbreakable dolls are nearly two feet high and so arranged that they can either sit up or sit down. Their beautiful Golden Hair, bright red stockings and shoes make them very attractive for either very young or older

children. You get one of these dolls and you are sure that the baby will be a success. The baby punch in the eyes, the bright colored cheeks and ruby lips retain their color and shape for all time. Every child delights to have one out to teach different dolls to their family. Bright inventors, artists, and mechanics have been at work for years trying to perfect lovely dolls, and these dolls can be made to sit down, bend over, stand on their heads, move arms and legs, and be placed in all sorts of cute positions, either seated or undressed. The doll shown in cuts, just patented, is a most wonderful and successful result of long weary trials. They are beautifully finished, and can be placed in any natural position.

WILLIANT. Are more lifelike than anything ever gotten out before.

PLEASE READ OUR DESCRIPTIVE MATTER ABOVE. Also note our illustrations. In all cases will our premiums be found as represented; a large assortment, yearly subscribers to our peerless monthly, **COMFORT**, at 15 cents each, for any one of the above articles. State choice clearly and article will be forwarded same day at our expense. Address **COMFORT**, Augusta, Maine.

Getting COMFORT Subscriptions

March the Month for Club Working

AGENTS REAP THEIR GREATEST RESULTS THIS MONTH

March, with its winds and fury, create business and activity all about, and our best agents always report the largest business of the year at this period. **COMFORT'S** Club Premium Offers this month are brightened up and polished off with many new plans and presents of new selection, making the work more attractive than ever.

COMFORT retains its place as the pre-eminent popular-priced periodical, and hundreds of new agents have this season been enrolled as active workers. Many new subscribers have come into the fold, but it is in your vicinity and to you that we now address ourselves, and urgently plead that you make the small effort required to secure but one small club of yearly subscribers at the 15-cent rate, while the opportunity is yours, and the season and the club premiums offered are all so propitious.

It is a proven fact, that a person will readily subscribe to **COMFORT** in preference to hundreds of other similar periodicals, which are no more like **COMFORT** within their covers than black is like white. **COMFORT** is larger and has more and better contents than its followers, the reading matter is interesting and entertaining, and there is so much of it that one has but to examine a copy to appreciate its value, and then the subscription price of **FIFTEEN CENTS A YEAR** is what clinches the bargain.

Twelve regular issues of this big and bright magazine sent to any address for but 15 cents, and to repay you for whatever time or interest you will give to showing it up, we reward you liberally.

There are many people who have already been subscribers to **COMFORT** for the past year, but they forgot, however, to sit down and write us a letter and inclose the money to renew their subscription for another year, and while they really want the paper they do not have the opportunity to re-subscribe direct. This is where your opportunity comes in. They will all thank you to act as their agent, as well as ours, and send in their subscription along with others. You will get well paid for your trouble in the premium you will earn, and they won't have any more trouble in the matter at all and will also bless you for helping them out in having **COMFORT** for another year at the low price of 15 cents.

In this issue of **COMFORT** we have taken space to print a few new and some old reliable Club Offers. These articles we illustrate and describe, so that you may get a better idea of the goods and a description of their quality or attractiveness.

Each and every premium article we advertise is of extra good quality, and to every agent who works for **COMFORT** we promise a "SQUARE DEAL".

Although we now have a large subscription list we want you to derive some return for your spare moments now wasted. Instead of whiling away many precious moments, devote them to a little subscription work right around your own home and among those you are acquainted with. Results will surprise you, and the many pretty attractive and useful articles so easily procured for the new subscribers you can secure, will be a source of gratification to you, and in order that you may know of the complete variety of premium articles we give away, we ask the privilege of mailing to you a free copy of our catalogue, a copy of which will be sent upon receipt of a postal request.

Do not take our word for the whole matter, try the work just once, for a few moments each day for a week and learn for yourself the pleasure of self help and personal endeavor, which we will crown with the present you select, and you will not fail to find in our catalogue more than one article that you have often wanted, and never possessed.

Let nothing prevent you from giving this a trial. If you secure but three or even five subscribers we have a present for you just the same, and the effort will be appreciated by us just as much as if you sent a club of one or two hundred. "It's the few that make the many." Give us a lift, and we will give you a boost in return.

Below we print a convenient subscription blank coupon, for those who desire to now subscribe, and particularly those who last month did not have time to send us their renewal order with 15 cents.

Should you use this coupon for a renewal kindly indicate it by writing **Ren.** on the same. It will assist us.

You may copy this if you prefer not to cut the paper.

Publisher: **COMFORT**, Augusta, Maine.
For inclosed 15 cents please enter this subscription to **COMFORT** for one full year.

Name _____ County _____
Town _____ State _____
Mar. '07.

State

Mar. '07

State

<p

OUR BOYS' PRINTING OUTFIT.

Make Money Printing Cards.



CLUB OFFER. For a club of only 3 yearly subscribers at 15 cents each, 45 cents in all, we will send you postpaid one of these Printing Outfits all complete as described.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

BEST BOOKS FREE.

Cloth Bound



Marie Corelli, Augusta J. Evans, Charles Garvice, Mary J. Holmes, G. A. Henty, Charles M. Sheldon, Charlotte M. Braeme, Mrs. Southworth.

The works of the popular authors above mentioned, also a large number of other popular authors' best efforts, are included in our new list of gift books. From an assortment of over 400 titles we have selected the most popular and desirable works of these famous American and European Authors. Each book is printed on good quality paper from large clear type, is 7½ inches long, wide and varies in thickness, all containing or more, and is about one pound each. Cloth Bindings are genuine Linen Cloth of several attractive and striking colors, especially made for this series. Each cover has an ornamental design, as shown in the illustration, and the titles are all done in genuine gold and two-colored inks. Each cover design is by some well-known artist, and the high quality of this alone makes the outer appearance of each book at once attractive, as it gives the book a rich appearance for shelving or when lying on the table. Taken all in all this series of books is an excellent edition and we are pleased to have the opportunity to place them before you at this particular season of the year and at such liberal terms.

USE NUMBERS NOT NAMES. When ordering kindly use numbers to aid in promptly handling orders at this end.

Marie Corelli.

1. Ardath.
2. Romance of Two Worlds.
3. Thelma.
4. Vendetta.
5. Wormwood.

Augusta J. Evans.

6. Beulah.
7. Inez.

Daniel Defoe.

8. Robinson Crusoe.
9. Harriet Beecher Stowe.
10. Uncle Tom's Cabin.

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11. Elaine.
12. Farmer Holt's Daughter.
13. Her Heart's Desire.
14. A Willful Maid.
15. Woven on Fate's Loom.

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16. Wife's Victory.
17. Hidden Hand, Part 1.
18. Capitol, Part 2 of No. 63.
19. Allworth Abbey.
20. Phantom of the Night.
21. With Clive in India.
22. With Wolfe in Canada.
23. The Young Burglers.
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25. Bride's Fate, Sequel to No. 71.
26. Deserted Wife.
27. Mrs. May Agnes Fleming.
28. Magdalene's Vow.
29. The Queen of the Isle.
30. The Midnight Queen.
31. The Dark Secret.
32. Gypsy Queen's Vow.
33. The Heiress, Castle Cliff.
34. The Rival Brothers.

Charlotte M. Braeme.

35. Dora Thorne.
36. The Queen on the World.
37. Repented at Leisure.
38. Her Only Sin.
39. Golden Heart.
40. Her Martyrdom.
41. For Another's Sin.
42. The Queen of the Isle.
43. Wife in Name Only.
44. Woman's Temptation.
45. Belle of Lynn.

Charles Wagner.

46. Ishmael.
47. Self Raised, Sequel to No. 60.
48. Treasure Island.
49. Changed Brides.
50. Simple Life.

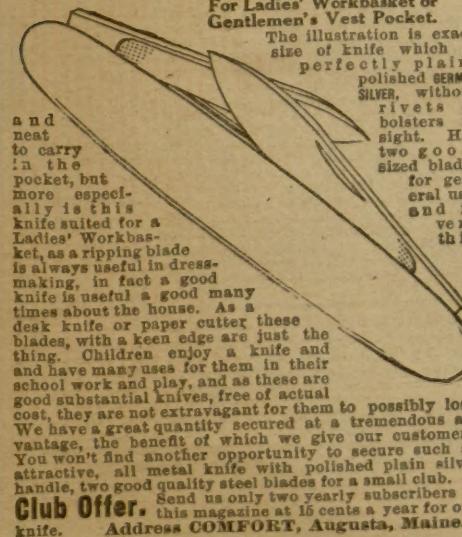
Robert Louis Stevenson.

51. Treasure Island.

17. Family Pride.
18. The Captain on the Hillside.
19. The Leighton Homestead.
20. Lena Rivers.
21. Meadow Brook.
22. Maggie Miller.
23. Marian Grey.
24. Mildred; or, the Child of Adoption.
25. Millbank; or Roger Irving's Ward.
26. Miss McDonald.
27. The Rector of St. Mark's.
28. Rosamond.
29. Rose Mather.
Charles M. Sheldon.
30. In His Steps.
Ralph Conn or
31. Black Rock.
T. S. Arthur.
32. Ten Nights in a Bar Room.
Elizabeth Wetherell.
33. Queenie.
Subscription Offer. For a club of 3 yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15c. each, we will send you any book in this list free, postpaid. For 4 subscribers, we send two books free, or for a club of 8 at 15c. each, we send any four books you may select. **REMEMBER.** We send our magazine to the subscribers you get, and to you we send the books you may select, by mail or express at our expense, and fully guarantee them to be in every respectas represented. Just think what an opportunity for Book Clubs.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

German Silver Knife.

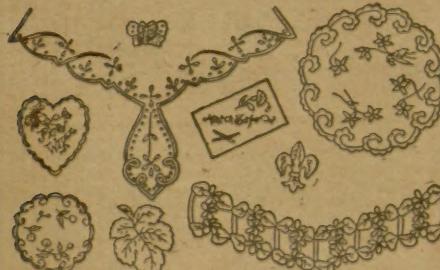


For Ladies' Workbooks or Gentlemen's Vest Pocket.

The illustration is exact size of knife which is perfectly plain, polished GERMAN SILVER, without rivets or bolsters in sight. Has two good-sized blades for general use, and is very thin.

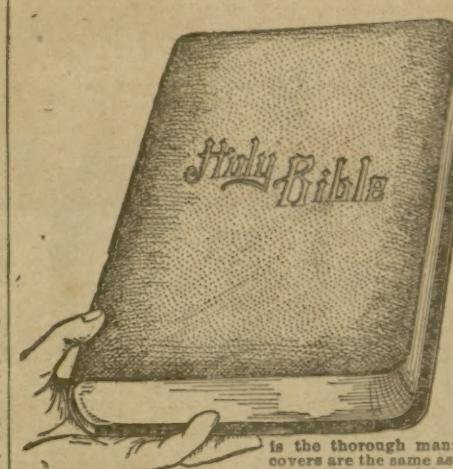
and neat to carry in the pocket, but more especially this knife suited for a Ladies' Workbox, as a ripping blade is always useful in dress-making, in fact a good knife is useful a good many times about the house. As a desk knife or paper cutter these blades with a keen edge are just the thing. Children enjoy a knife and have many uses for them in their school work and play, and as these are good substantial knives, free of actual cost, they are not extravagant for them to possibly lose. We have a great quantity secured at a tremendous advantage, the benefit of which we give our customers. You won't find another opportunity to secure such an attractive, all metal knife with polished plain silver handle, two good quality steel blades for a small club. **Club Offer.** Send us only two yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15 cents a year for one knife. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Designs on Linen



This outfit consists of 324 square inches of embroidery designs. A set of two collars, one Centerpiece, one Book-mark, one Pen-wiper, one Match-safe, one Doiley, two dress ornaments, plainly stamped ready to embroider. An outfit of small designs, this suggests itself for those who are learning or do not have much time for fancy work. **Special Offer.** As a special inducement we will send you one yearly subscriber at 15c. with 5c. additional, in all 20c. We send postpaid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



COMPLETE HOLY BIBLE.

After repeated requests from our thousands of readers and club workers, we are prepared to furnish a **COMPLETE HOLY BIBLE**, in a smaller size than our regular Family Bible. The new offering is indeed a perfect charm; a thoroughly complete Bible, consisting of over 850 pages, with nine colored maps, soft binding, half padded, round corners, finished with red edges, is five and a half inches long, three and a half inches wide and nearly an inch thick, weighing half a pound. It is a thorough Bible with the complete books of the old and new testaments. For Sunday School workers, teachers and students, or for a convenient new Bible, this is an unequalled opportunity to secure a big little Bible that will please. By co-operating with a Bible maker and a Bindery, we were enabled to dictate terms and agreed to purchase an enormous quantity during the next year if a low price would be made, in order that we might give our hosts of friends and readers at least one grand opportunity to procure one or more Bibles for their own use or as gifts, knowing well enough that we shall receive many second orders from our first purchasers. Modern machinery and skilled workmen produce these Bibles in quantities made in the highest order of workmanship. Each and every Bible is sent with a guarantee of its perfect in each and every detail, and what will please you most is the thorough manner in which they are bound and finished. The soft padded covers are the same as in **TULL MOROCCO BIBLES**, costing \$10.00 each. Please do not send for this Bible expecting to receive a great, big book by express; we offer the **FAMILY BIBLE** elsewhere. This small Bible is for the same purposes, but is more convenient to carry about. Knowing we shall receive second orders from those who send for one of these Bibles, we are making a specially attractive introduction proposition below.

OUR OFFER. We will send you one of these Holy Bibles as a free premium gift for only 5 yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15 cents each, delivered postpaid to your home. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

EASY MUSIC CHEAP.

NEW CHART OF CHORDS FOR THE PIANO.

A New and Quick Method of Learning to Play the Piano or Organ Without a Teacher.



There have been many so called easy methods and charts devised, but this is the latest and best. It is intended for those who have not the time to take lessons. A complete self-instructor, enabling anyone to play the piano or organ at sight. This chart is the practical result of years of study by a noted American composer and musician. With this chart anyone can become an expert pianist, playing accompaniments to the most difficult songs of which will be dance music, marches, etc. These charts are valuable to the advanced musician as well as to the beginner, embracing nearly every major and minor chord used in music. It is the most comprehensive yet simplest chart ever published, and is endorsed by teachers and musicians everywhere.

To introduce this CHART in every home, we will send free with each chart the **GIANT ALBUM OF SONGS**, containing 184 Songs, with words and music, including the great hits, "I Won't Be a Nun," and "The Mountain Maid's Invitation." Also old and new favorites, and war songs.

and "The Mountain Maid's Invitation." Also old and new favorites, and war songs.

To introduce our popular magazine COMFORT into new homes, we will send it one year for only 15 cents; for a club of only 3 yearly subscribers at 15 cents each, we will send you one of the CHART OF CHORDS and GIANT ALBUM OF 184 SONGS free.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A White Bedspread For a Club of 14



Will grace and adorn your bedroom and put on an air of refinement that will reflect creditably on your taste and capabilities as a good housekeeper.

We have tried to convey to your eye through the illustration, the appearance of the spread or counterpane when carefully arranged on the bed. We well know our lady readers are familiar with such an article and will be quick to appreciate it; it finishes the appearance of the bed and dresses up the whole room.

The pattern we have selected is one that cannot fail to please, as it is very neat and pleasing. The material is fine quality and workmanship the best.

A half dozen nice spreads are none too many and you should add one more now to the number you already have on hand.

For a slight effort in our behalf we will give you one large spread suitable for a full size, full width and full length bed. The handsome figured design with deep bordered edge makes an effect pleasing and delightful.

Club Offer. We will send you by mail or express at our expense one of these large spreads as a reward for a club of only 14 yearly subscribers at 15 cents each, or 8 two-year 25-cent subscriptions. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Sideboard and Bureau Scarf



Also two nine-inch dollies to match. This scarf design is stamped on fine quality material, 60 inches in length, 18 inches wide, over ONE THOUSAND SQUARE INCHES; the largest pattern outfit we ever offered. In addition are two large dolly designs making a complete bureau or sideboard set that will please our lady readers. The edge of the scarf is to be worked in buttonhole stitch, the design in the center to be embroidered in long and short outline, stitch or solid. The two dollies may be worked the same; this makes a complete set that will be very useful and gain the envy and admiration of your friends. We send a circular describing many other patterns; all are free to you.

Special Offer: For a club of 3 yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15 cents each, we send this stamped pattern free.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

WOOD'S FAMOUS NATURAL HISTORY FREE.

A Genuine Revelation of the Animal Kingdom.

A Complete Encyclopedia of Zoology. Thrilling Adventures. A Panorama of Pictures. A Monster Menagerie.

Great Renewal and Premium Club Offer.

Great Book Free to All Club Workers.

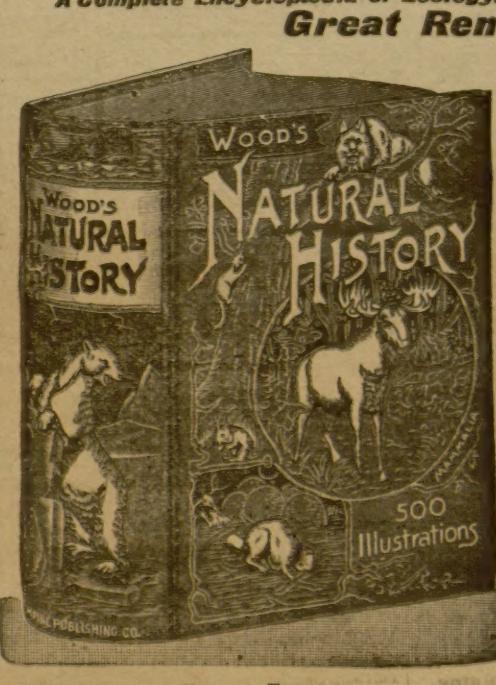
A Revolution in Book Making, Dumps Thousands of Volumes on the Market at One Tenth their Former Price, Creates a Panic, Demoralizes the Book Trade, and Gives Our Subscribers the Benefit of a Most Wonderful Bargain. Read About this Great and Wonderful Work, **WOOD'S NATURAL HISTORY**—the Standard Work for All Homes.

It is impossible to give in this announcement more than a slight idea of the magnitude of this great History, with its myriad pictures and accurate descriptions. It virtually goes into the haunts of all animals and shows them as they live.

Wood's Natural History is the recognized authority all over the world for accurate information regarding the habits, haunts, peculiarities and diseases of the Animal Kingdom. The work is a veritable treasure-house of valuable information, interestingly told, and replete with hundreds of accurate and artistic illustrations. This mammoth Cyclopedic of the Animal World consists of over eight hundred pages and is substantially bound in stiff paper covers. Size of open book, 8½ inches, and nearly 2 inches thick. It is in clear print on good paper, with five hundred illustrations by special artists. The countless anecdotes which it contains will make merry many a long winter evening, and the hundreds of pages of thrilling adventures which those daring people, who traverse mountain and morass, jungle and desert, to learn the habits of the animal kingdom undergo, will furnish true, heart-felt enjoyment to every member of the family—young and old. As the book contains full descriptions of all domestic animals, as well as treatment and cures for their diseases, no farmer should be without it, and as the list embraces everything, from the gnat to the giraffe, the bat to the bear, the mouse to the mastodon, the coyote to the cuscus, no boy, no hunter, no student—in fact, nobody should neglect this grandest of all offers. So thrilling and exciting are many of these adventures as to equal the wildest tales of the tropics, or the most blood-curdling ghost story; and yet they are all true, being the transcripts of personal experiences of noted travelers. Not only are they of sufficient importance to amuse and instruct the young, but they will absorb the attention and pass away many a dull hour for the old and world-worn reader; while every teacher in the land should provide herself or himself with the means of allaying that eager thirst for information which characterizes all young and restless minds. As a supplementary reader for schools, nothing could excel **Wood's Natural History**; because, in the first place, it will so absorb the attention of every scholar as to keep him interested in his work; and, in the second place, it is so instructive as to be well-nigh indispensable. And this is why every teacher and every scholar in the land should avail themselves of this unparalleled offer.

Special Club Offer. As long as our limited supply lasts, we will mail one copy of **Wood's Natural History** to any one who will send us a club of only 4 yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 15 cents each.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



ENGLISH EDITION.

HOW CAN WE HUMBUG YOU?

You Don't Pay A Cent

Until you know, until you see, until you feel, until you are sure. We cannot get a penny from you until you know that we have done the work, until you are willing to send it to us, until we have earned it of you as pay for what Vitæ-Ore has done for you. We take all the risk—we stand to lose all. You take no risk—you cannot lose anything. **We match our remedy against your ailment.** You must experience actual, positive, visible good before you pay for it. You must know it has helped you; you must feel better, stronger, healthier, from using it.

You Are To Be the Judge

You don't pay for promises, you pay for only what has been done. You pay for the work, not words, and if the work has not been done to your satisfaction, you don't pay for it—No, not a penny! You are to be the judge, and you can easily judge. You know if you feel better, if you sleep better, if you are stronger, more active, if your limbs do not pain you, if your stomach does not trouble you, if your heart does not bother you. You know whether or not your organs are acting better, whether or not health is returning to your body.

If You Cannot See It

If you cannot feel it, if you cannot be sure of it—that ends the matter and you pay nothing. How can we humbug you when you alone have the entire "say so"? How can you hesitate to accept our offer immediately if you are all-
ing and need help? What excuse have you? Read the offer and do not delay another day before writing for a package on trial. Start your cure immediately.

THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE

and curing such diseases as Rheumatism, Kidney, Bladder and Liver Diseases, Dropsy, Stomach Disorders, Female Ailments, Functional Heart Trouble, Catarrh of any part, Nervous Prostration, Anaemia, Sores and Ulcers, and worn out, debilitated conditions.

FATHER, MOTHER AND SON

All Permanently Cured of Serious Ailments

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Vitæ-Ore has done so much for myself and family.

My husband has been afflicted with Catarrh for years and in 1900 it settled in his Stomach and nothing would help him. His Stomach would hardly stand anything. Whenever he tried to eat it caused coughing spells, at which times he vomited blood, and his death was expected at almost any hour. It was then my sister visited me. She had used V.O. with good results, and had some with her, which she gave him to try. My husband got better almost from the first dose. We were out of danger for a short time. We sent for more Vitæ-Ore and he kept on taking it until he got completely well, and he has remained so ever since, although now sixty-seven years of age.

About that time my son took very sick and the doctors pronounced it Quick Consumption and said he could not get well. We gave him Vitæ-Ore and he grew well and healthy. He was then twenty-six years of age and is now past thirty-two, is married and has two beautiful and healthy children.

I personally suffered for many years with Female Trouble until doctors told me that I had to have an operation as the only thing that could give me relief, and I consented. This was over ten years ago and it left me very weak and but very little benefited. It was the Vitæ-Ore which has given me strength and new blood so that I have been able to attend to my house-work. I will be sixty-six years old in May, but don't feel that old; I go about my work and duties now much better than I did twenty years ago. All of this we owe to Vitæ-Ore.

MRS. EMMA SACKS, 922 So. Illinois St.



If You Don't Feel Right

If there is something wrong in the workings of your system, something wrong with your sleep, your digestion, your blood, your nerves and your vitality, you cannot afford to suffer another day when the thing that has set thousands right is offered you without a penny's risk, when it takes but a letter to start you on the treatment which has won international reputation by the work it has done for thousands. You cannot lose a penny—you win back health or pay nothing. Then send today for that which thousands have used and are using with the success denied them in other treatments.

A TRIAL OF VITÆ-ORE

Will tell you its own plain story, a story that has meant comfort, peace, and happiness to thousands of men and women.

AS A BEACON LIGHT

The goal you are seeking by the route so many have traveled with success. Every person who has let it guide them home to health is willing to act as a pilot for you; each knows the way from having followed it; attend their advice and follow the light. Thousands have followed it to guide them in the past, thousands are depending upon it today. Send for a trial package without delay.

Address, Theo. Noel Company, COMFORT DEPT., VITÆ-ORE BLDG. Chicago, Ill.

Our 30-Day Trial Offer

If You Are Sick we want to send you a full sized \$1.00 package of Vitæ-Ore, enough for 30 days' continuous treatment, by mail, postpaid, and we want to send it to you on 30 days' trial. We don't want a penny—we just want you to try it, just want a letter from you asking for it, and will be glad to send it to you. We take absolutely all the risk—we take all chances. You don't risk a penny! All we ask is that you use V.O. for 30 days and pay us \$1.00 if it has helped you, if you are satisfied that it has done you more than \$1.00 worth of positive, actual, visible good. Otherwise you pay nothing, we ask nothing, we want nothing. Can you not spare 100 minutes during the next 30 days to try it? Can you not give 5 minutes to write for it, 5 minutes to properly prepare it upon its arrival, and 3 minutes each day for 30 days to use it. That is all it takes. Cannot you give 100 minutes if it means new health, new strength, new blood, new force, new energy, vigor, life and happiness? You are to be the judge. We are satisfied with your decision, are perfectly willing to trust to your honor, to your judgment, as to whether or not V.O. has benefited you. Read what V.O. is, and write today for a dollar package on this most liberal trial offer.

WHAT VITÆ-ORE IS.

Vitæ-Ore is a mineral remedy, a combination of substances from which many world's noted curative springs derive medicinal power and healing virtue. These properties of the springs come from the natural deposits of mineral in the earth through which water forces its way, only a very small proportion of the medicinal substances in these mineral deposits being thus taken up by the liquid. Vitæ-Ore consists of compounds of Iron, Sulphur and Magnesium, elements which are among the chief curative agents in nearly every healing mineral spring, and are necessary for the creation and retention of health. One package of this mineral-substance, mixed with a quart of water, equals in medicinal strength and curative, healing value, many gallons of the world's powerful mineral waters, drunk fresh at the springs.

A MEXICAN WAR HERO TESTIFIES TO ITS POWERS

Read this Affidavit from One of the Few Survivors of this Conflict. Vitæ-Ore Prolonged His Life.

MIMS, TENN.

I, W. F. Clendening, of the County of Sumner, and State of Tennessee, do hereby testify under oath that I have been suffering from Kidney Trouble for more than three years. I had to get up eight and nine times a night to urinate. I also had a ringing in my ears and that has left me. I could not sleep and now I sleep like a babe. I am 81 years old and the Vitæ-Ore has done me more good than any other medicine and I owe all my present health to it. I went through the Mexican war in 1847 and 1848. I think Vitæ-Ore will prolong any man's life.



W. F. Clendening

STATE OF TENNESSEE | SS.

I, John M. Guthrie, acting Justice of the Peace for Sumner County, State of Tennessee, do hereby certify that W. F. Clendening appeared before me in person and made oath as to the truth and correctness of the above statement and signed and sealed same in my presence. Given under my hand and seal this 6th day of November, 1906.

J. M. Guthrie, J. P.

Feels Like a New Being

Rev. J. H. Maice, the Blind Evangelist, Tells of His Complete Cure from Complication of Troubles.

Rev. J. H. Maice, Author and Preacher, familiarly known all over central Pennsylvania as "The Blind Evangelist," a term by which he is held in sweet reverence by the thousands who have come under the magic of his eloquent voice and the charm of his gentle personality, knows the powers of Vitæ-Ore, having been restored by it to health and a life of usefulness and activity.

On the 4th of July, America's natal day, in the year 1893, he saw his wife and children, the fields and the sky, for the last time in the clear shapes in which God had made them, and gradually the light was blotted out until a total darkness hung over his life. That was not all, as a Rheumatic sickness came to add to his trial, and for many days he suffered all the tortures which the human frame is capable of enduring. At last Vitæ-Ore came to his aid, and drove out the humors which had so long distressed him. Read what he says:

CARLISLE, PENN.—For many long years I had been suffering from Sciatica and Muscular Rheumatism; at times I thought that it must kill me. No one can imagine what I endured from this dread disease. I had spent a great deal of money for doctors and all sorts of remedies, but nothing would cure me. I was also troubled with Piles, Constipation and weak Heart, my Kidneys were disordered, my Liver in bad shape, and altogether I had a good share of the trials which fall to the lot of man.

On the 24th day of November, 1903, I began to use Vitæ-Ore. The results were astonishing. I had not finished the third package before my Piles had entirely disappeared and my Rheumatism, which had so long remained unvanquished, was much improved. I continued using it until I had taken in all eight packages. I can safely say that I am entirely cured of all my diseases. I aches and pains, and feel like a new being.

I also know many others who have been cured of many different diseases through the use of Vitæ-Ore. A prominent minister in this place was suffering from Vertigo and Stomach Trouble and began using it upon my recommendation. One package cured him, soundly and perfectly. I can only say to all, try it and see for yourself that its merit has not been exaggerated. I believe in it, because I know. (REV.) J. H. MAICE.

All Pronounced Her Incurable.

THOMPSONVILLE, MICH.—I have spent hundreds of dollars, employing the best physicians in the State and some from Chicago. I have been examined with the X-Ray and all pronounced my case INCURABLE. Few seemed to know what my trouble was. Three packages of Vitæ-Ore have made a wonderful change in my condition. I can walk all day and am free from pain, something I have not been free from for ten years. MAY CONKEY.

Salt Rheum and Piles Cured.

DUNDEE, ILL.—For nearly nine years I have been afflicted with Salt Rheum on both of my limbs. I used nearly all the patent medicines and salves that were advertised to cure this trouble and spent several ten-dollar bills but to no avail. I was also afflicted with the Piles. After using four packages of Vitæ-Ore I can cheerfully say that I am cured and have not felt better for the last seven years. I am over sixty years old and can work like a man twenty years my junior. CHAS. DOSS.

Vitæ-Ore points the way for storm-tossed sufferers to a Haven of Health and Comfort. If you have been drifting in a sea of sickness and disease, towards the rocks and shoals of Chronic Invalidism, Port your helm before it is too late; take heed to the message of Hope and Safety it flashes to you, stop drifting about in a helpless, undecided manner, first on one course and then another, but begin this valuable treatment immediately to reach the goal you are seeking by the route so many have traveled with success. Every person who has let it guide them home to health is willing to act as a pilot for you; each knows the way from having followed it; attend their advice and follow the light. Thousands have followed it to guide them in the past, thousands are depending upon it today. Send for a trial package without delay.